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NEW YORK.

VOLUME VII

Autobiography in the Days of Frederick the Great

(1720—1770)

REV. JOHN WESLEY

REV. JOHN WESLEY, the founder of Methodism; CARLO GOLDONI, prince of Italian comedy writers; DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, standard of British scholars; WILHELMINE OF BAIREUTH, sister of Frederick the Great; DAVID HUME, chief of Scottish historians; FREDERICK THE GREAT, founder of Prussia's military empire; and JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, the freakish and most famous of autobiographers.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY BY

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

President of the University of Virginia

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INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME VII

AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN THE DAYS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

1730—1770

THE historical event of main importance in the middle period of the eighteenth century was the rise of Prussia. Some such outbreak as that with which modern Prussianized Germany has terrorized and agonized the world in our own day, took place upon a smaller scale almost two centuries ago.

King Frederick II, commonly called the Great, succeeded to the throne of Prussia in the year 1740, as a young man of twenty-eight. From the old king, his father, he inherited a large and well-drilled army, and a prosperous well-filled treasury. He had been educated in the French school of Louis XIV. He desired to emulate the career of that monarch, to rise by military conquest to a supreme pinnacle of earthly "glory"; and he thought that in the result of his father's years of patient toil, in Prussia's vast accumulated treasure of men and money he saw the means to success.

Young King Frederick therefore immediately reached forward and snatched some territory from his nearest neighbor, Austria. To this territory he had not a shadow of moral right or of legal claim; he pretended none. In a spirit that was the apotheosis of the practical statesmanship of the time, he merely pointed out that the lands were his because he held possession of them. Of course there was war. Austria resisted him; many thousands of soldiers, "powder-food," were slain on either side; and the chief murderer by his victories established himself in the seized territory. He had however aroused all Europe to a lively fear of him; each neighbor expected to be plundered next. Hence at length a coalition grew up against Frederick, and in the Seven Years' War from 1754 to 1761, Prussia had to battle against most of Europe.

It is worth noting that Britain continued as Frederick's ally

throughout, though not a very energetic one. The British attitude was perhaps a last echo of the long religious strife which had spread over the two preceding centuries. Frederick's two principal enemies, Austria and France, were the avowed champions of Catholicism. If Prussia, the one strong Protestant power on the continent, were too completely crushed, Britain might find herself in a precarious situation. A Catholic continent might easily be roused against her in the old religious strife. Hence Britain supplied Frederick with some aid; and he, fighting with his back to the wall, won some truly remarkable victories and, by a desperate courage worthy of a higher cause, held off all his enemies. Prussia escaped extinction—barely escaped. Europe grew weary of assailing her; peace was agreed upon; and the robber was permitted to retain his spoil.

Of these remarkable wars Frederick himself wrote a history. It is, naturally enough, a partisan statement. Not only does Frederick see events only from his own side, but his presentation of facts is often misleading. As history his work has no high value, and as autobiography it has less. One value however it has, which makes some parts of it of interest to every modern reader. Frederick explains himself and his ideas and motives with a frankness which would be cynical if it were not so wholly self-complacent. The Prussia of to-day has merely spoken again with Frederick's voice, except that Frederick had no tribal God to couple with himself in defiance of the world. He was openly an atheist and depended wholly on himself.

Fortunately we are not limited to Frederick's own vague account of himself for our personal knowledge of his character and career. He had an older sister, Wilhelmina, the closest friend and comrade of his life; and she also wrote an autobiography. This narrative of Wilhelmina is by far the most valuable German document of its day. All that she and Frederick suffered from the brutality of their father, all the crude savagery of the German court of those days, would be barely credible without her direct testimony. If anything can excuse Frederick for becoming the man he was, it is the way in which he was brought up. Yet when we parallel his marauding career with the pure high thoughts of Wilhelmina,

her persistent nobleness in the face of suffering, we cannot but feel that all our pity, all our admiration, our laudation, should go to the sister rather than the brother. It is among the most interesting accidents of autobiography that we are thus enabled to place this brother and sister side by side and listen to them both.

Frederick and Wilhelmina show us the Germany of their day. The Britain we can gather from Dr. Samuel Johnson and David Hume. Johnson was born in the same year with the Princess Wilhelmina. He became the chief literary figure of his age in London; and the best biography—not autobiography—in the English tongue was written about him by his friend and admirer Boswell. We also gain considerable first-hand knowledge of him through his letters. Hume was another literary man, a Scotchman who made London his chief abiding place. He was a very noted philosopher; and, having written some doctrines in sharp opposition to the general sentiment of his day, he with true Scotch seriousness resolved to give an account of his own life rather than leave it to the unfriendly pens of his opponents.

The England of Johnson and Hume was a more serious land than that of Colley Cibber a generation before; or at least it developed more serious autobiographies. Perhaps the cares of empire began to weigh upon the British mind; for these were the days when she established her Indian empire, and began settling Australia, and captured Canada. The mighty "England over the seas" owes its creation to these days and to ponderous, thoughtful men like Johnson and like Hume.

Of the Italy of the period we get a glittering picture from Goldoni. Italy which had suffered so sorely from many invading armies that it had come to be called "the battle ground of Europe," began about the middle of the eighteenth century to reassert itself, to regain its ancient joyous spirit. If you read Goldoni's account of his career, you will think of Italy as the home of laughter and the dance. Goldoni, to be sure, came of a powerful family with wealthy friends, so that his life had more of an opportunity for joy than that of the bulk of impoverished Italians. Nevertheless he is typical of his countrymen, men who had learned that serious effort brought small reward, at least to them; and so they had developed the

power to laugh or fight or die with equal self-abandonment, and acting equally on the spur of the moment. Read Goldoni and you will know eighteenth century Italy.

Noteworthy as Goldoni's autobiography thus becomes, it is by no means the most celebrated one of its period. That honor unquestionably belongs to France and to the *Confessions* of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Few books of the world have been so widely read, so widely discussed, as Rousseau's *Confessions*. The book has even been said to mark an epoch in the development of mankind. Notice however that it only "marks" an epoch, not "creates" one. In other words it is merely the best expression of the spirit of its age, a spirit already visible everywhere, surging up to action in a thousand minds. France of this age was the France of the philosophers. The great lords, like Saint Simon in the preceding generation, still held visible and external sway over the nation, like an outworn mechanism not yet cast aside. But the royal power had not only grown weak, it had become disgraced in all men's eyes by the contemptible reign of Louis XV, who squandered the resources of his realm at the behest of one mistress after another.

Meanwhile in the absence of any strong control the literary men were molding a new France, a thinking, arguing France which was soon to scourge itself into a frenzy of resentment, which would wipe away all lords and princes and their mistresses whatsoever. Voltaire and Rousseau were the chief molders of this new France; and in Rousseau's books we get a striking picture of the medley of old and new. Rousseau still "loves a lord" as abjectly almost as any London tradesman. Yet he has constant glimmerings of the truth that he is greater than the pomposities to which he bows. The modern concept of Democracy, that each man is noble according to the measure of what is within him, not what gifts of fortune lie around, this is strong in Rousseau. His interest in each human individual is intense. And most intense of all is his interest in himself.

Hence Rousseau set out on the bold task of analyzing himself exactly, and presenting the full picture to the world. To him this effort seemed the most valuable gift that could be given to his fellows, the absolute knowledge of what one man

really was. He resolved that no fault should be too mean, no emotion too shy or too bestial, to be confessed. It is this which constitutes the remarkable character of his book. The revelations of folly which Pepys made unconsciously, trusting to his secret code of writing, Rousseau makes consciously, deliberately. In the highest spirit of man's universal brotherhood, he points to his weaknesses and summons you to sympathize, to search your own heart and recognize that you are indeed his brother.

Thus it is that Rousseau marks for us what he did not create, the tremendous growth of Democracy, the increasing sense of the independence and importance and equality of each individual. This spirit in the next generation was to burst forth in the American and in the French Revolution.

ROUSSEAU'S CONFESSIONS

By Edwin A. Alderman, D.C.L., LL.D.

THE publication of this series of all the great autobiographies of the world is an undertaking of singular interest and unquestioned value. If history is the essence of innumerable biographies it is perhaps not extravagant to claim that philosophy and certain subtle aspects of the spiritual history of man may be gathered from the revelations of great autobiographies. This series of volumes is therefore making a very definite contribution to literature and life, by grouping under able editorship these great human documents in obtainable and enduring form and putting them in the way of just interpretation and wider understanding.

Among the truly great Self-Stories none grips the mind and intrigues the imagination more intensely than the *Confessions* of the great Genevese, Jean Jacques Rousseau. Rousseau was born at Geneva, of old French stock, June 28, 1712. His life constitutes, subjectively, at least, the most amazing human story of the 18th century. It is not forgotten that Bonaparte fulfilled a part of his mighty destiny in that era nor that Voltaire held captive the intellect of mankind by sheer brilliancy dignified by high purpose to Crush the Infamous, but the supremacy of Napoleon was in the field of action, and the supremacy of Voltaire was in the field of mental cleverness. Rousseau alone was easily supreme in the field of feeling, emotion, and descriptive power.

He lived to the age of sixty years. Fame did not come to him until after middle life. The last fifteen years of his life were clouded by hallucinations and creeping insanity. In his early and middle years he was a wanderer—a sort of glorified tramp—on the face of the earth, accumulating experience of every emotion, base and exalted, ignoble and lofty, beastly and divine, of which our complex nature can conceive. His life

went out in sordid tragedy and almost grotesque horror pursued by dusky phantoms of persecution and injustice. "By the serene moon-rise of a summer night, his body was put under the ground on an island in the midst of a small lake, where the poplars throw shadows over the still water, silently figuring the destinies of mortals. Here it remained for sixteen years. Then amid the roar of cannon, the crash of trumpet and drum, and the wild acclamations of a populace gone mad in exultation, terror, fury, the poor dust was transported to the national temple of great men." If Jean Jacques had kept his life—secure there in his stately pantheon—his fame as a far-shining teacher of men would have far exceeded his fame as a great writer and an unforgettable personality.

"I would fain show to my fellows"—declared he—in the opening words of the *Confessions*—"a man in all the truth of nature" and hence it is Jean Jacques himself, naked to all ages, that the world has interest in rather than Jean Jacques, the idolized inspirer of the French Revolution, the hero of intellectual Europe for three generations, the author of the most influential treatise on Education ever written, the discoverer of the doctrine of popular sovereignty, and the inventor of most of those flashing phrases like "liberty, equality, fraternity," and "the consent of the governed" which have led men up the heights to self-government, and even to-day remain as stumbling blocks to every form of tyranny and oppression.

Men do not any longer read the philosophic and sentimental writings of Rousseau. The theories of life and nature that moved Herder, Robespierre, Mirabeau, Napoleon and Byron are no longer dynamic in society. *The New Heloisa, Emile, The Social Contract,* and *The Discourses and Reveries,* now appeal only to the technical scholar or the curious student of history. The man Rousseau as revealed in the *Confessions,* however, still wears flesh and blood. That this is so is a triumphant assertion of the tremendous dramatic value of each individual life, no matter how humble, if the life be lived through sincerely and passionately.

The *Confessions* to which the world owes its intimate knowledge of Rousseau was composed in two parts. The first part was written in England, in the autumn and winter of

1766. The second part in France in 1767 and 1768, exactly ten years before his death. It was fashionable in France and indeed all through the world in the 18th century to write memoirs. One recalls the memoirs of Catherine, Casanova, Goethe, Hume, Frederick and our own Benjamin Franklin. Catherine and Casanova spoke out callously and cynically, but for the most part the stories were mere polite histories of the authors' outer lives decorated to fit in handsomely with the color of the time. Rousseau struck an entirely different note. Queerly enough his purpose in writing the *Confessions* was to protect himself against the defamation of the hosts of enemies by whom he fancied himself surrounded. But once having set his hand to the task the essential qualities of the man asserted themselves. These qualities are unquailing veracity in the description of passion or nature, a brilliant and moving style, an intense sincerity even in his insincerities which drove him on to hide nothing that would make him ridiculous and hateful in common opinion and to invent nothing that would attract sympathy or admiration.

One cannot summarize the *Confessions* or dismiss them with mere impressionistic analysis. The whole story must be read through. They contain odious erotics. They record vices whose grotesqueness, as Mr. Morley says, stirs us more deeply than downright atrocities and excites in us a livelier irritation than old Benvenuto Cellini quickens in us when he coolly confesses to a horrible massacre. Hume once said of Rousseau that "he was like a man stripped not only of his clothes but of his skin and turned out in this attire to combat with the rude and boisterous elements," and nowhere is this truthful characterization more apparent than in the *Confessions*. We behold super-nakedness, in a sort of ecstasy, crying out to an artificial world to behold the natural man, and under this fearful guise again reasserting the fundamental theory of his life—the essential goodness of nature and the importance of understanding nature and restoring its reign.

The pathological exaltation of the opening pages of the *Confessions* is scarcely equaled in human literature and there are certain revelations in the body of the book, like the famous incident of stealing the ribbon and with unbelievable meanness seeking to fasten the guilt on an innocent

girl with whom he was falling in love, or his deliberate effort to trace the awakening of sensuality in youth, which shock and disgust. His relations with Madame de Warens and Madame d'Houdêtot amazed a society not encircled by puritanical traditions and his choice of Therese Le Vasseur as a wife after long years of concubinage—a dull, pock-marked, low born wench—can only be explained on the theory that we are dealing with one of those singular spirits whose law of life was sensation and emotion rather than intelligence or discipline. The *Confessions* lays bare the story of one of the great geniuses of all times, told by himself in fearful detail with a certain madness of sincerity. He has broken every law and committed every sin and yet declares with the conviction of a devotee that he will approach his Maker with his head upright and his soul unafraid.

In so far as the sober opinion of mankind may adumbrate the judgment of his Maker, that opinion has clothed Rousseau in glory and set him in honor in spite of unexampled weaknesses of body. Jean Jacques loved justice, held a steadfast faith in human nature, and tied his policy to freedom. Thus there is presented the strange paradox of a man who ruthlessly sent his bastard children to a public asylum, becoming the foremost reformer of his age, quickening the love of children throughout the world, turning, by his glowing periods, the women of France away from empty artifice, to suckling at their breasts the children they had borne. Lafayette and Danton drew from him their aspirations. The great Revolution flowed forward on the tide of his fierce feeling. The American colonists inherited independence from the passion of his influence upon France and took from his writings the ideas and phrases of the Great Charter. He sounded, in these later ages, the first clear trumpet note for the great battle of humanity in its progress toward liberty and democracy.

JOHN WESLEY

THE FOUNDER OF METHODISM; THE GREAT REVIVER OF RELIGIOUS FAITH IN ENGLAND

1703-1791

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

The Reverend John Wesley was a man of high birth who abandoned his place in the social world to become the most effective "revivalist" of the eighteenth century. In early manhood he was a clergyman of formal exactitude and rigid doctrine; but while quarreling with a congregation in what was then the British colony, now the American State of Georgia, Wesley became dissatisfied with his own harshness. Returning to England in 1738 he met the noted Moravian missionary, Peter Bohler, under whose influence a new light dawned on Wesley. He tells us of this solemn experience in his celebrated "Journal." Thereafter he became the chief preacher of the new "Methodists."

For fifty years John Wesley traveled all over England preaching to most enormous audiences. He endured much persecution, but triumphed over all, and at his death he left the mass of the British working classes in a position of religious earnestness and enthusiasm wholly unlike the indifferentism which had previously been their characteristic attitude. Almost his last words were "The best of all is God is with us."

Wesley's writings are almost as numerous as were his preachings. The best known is his voluminous "Journal," which he began in 1735 when setting out for Georgia and continued throughout his life. The consecutive volumes were issued in various years, the first in 1738, the last in 1791. We give here the best known section of the whole, the part in which he reviews his own spiritual life up to the moment of his conversion and then describes the inspiration of that moment and the ensuing days of joy. The section thus forms a brief spiritual "autobiography" by itself.

FROM THE "JOURNAL OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY"

SUN. 14 [May, 1838]. I preached in the morning of St. Ann's, Aldersgate; and in the afternoon at the Savoy Chapel,

free salvation by faith in the blood of Christ. I was quickly apprised, that at St. Ann's, likewise, I am to preach no more.

So true did I find the words of a friend, written to my brother about this time.

"I have seen, upon this occasion, more than ever I could have imagined, how intolerable the doctrine of faith is to the mind of man; and how peculiarly intolerable to religious men. One may say the most unchristian things, even down to Deism; the most enthusiastic things, so they proceed but upon mental raptures, lights and unions; the most severe things, even the whole rigor of ascetic mortification; and all this will be forgiven. But if you speak of faith in such a manner as makes Christ a Savior to the utmost, a most universal help and refuge; in such a manner as takes away glorying, but adds happiness to wretched man; as discovers a greater pollution in the best of us, than we could before acknowledge, but brings a greater deliverance from it than we could before expect; if any one offers to talk at this rate, he shall be heard with the same abhorrence as if he was going to rob mankind of their salvation, their Mediator, or their hopes of forgiveness. I am persuaded that a Montanist, or a Novatian, who from the height of his purity should look down with contempt upon poor sinners, and exclude them from all mercy, would not be thought such an overthrower of the Gospel, as he who should learn from the Author of it, to be a friend of publicans and sinners, and to sit down upon the level with them as soon as they begin to repent.

"But this is not to be wondered at. For all religious people have such a quantity of righteousness, acquired by much painful exercise, and formed at last into current habits; which is their wealth, both for this world and the next. Now all other schemes of religion are either so complaisant, as to tell them they are very rich, and have enough to triumph in; or else, only a little rough, but friendly in the main, by telling them, their riches are not yet sufficient, but by such arts of self-denial and mental refinement, they may enlarge the stock. But the doctrine of faith is a downright robber. It takes away all this wealth, and only tells us it is deposited for us with somebody else, upon whose bounty we must live

like mere beggars. Indeed they that are truly beggars, vile and filthy sinners, till very lately, may stoop to live in this dependent condition: it suits them well enough. But they who have long distinguished themselves from the herd of vicious wretches, or have even gone beyond moral men; for them to be told that they are either not so well, or but the same needy, impotent, insignificant vessels of mercy, with the others; this is more shocking to reason than transubstantiation. For reason had rather resign its pretensions to judge what is bread or flesh, than have this honor wrested from it to be the architect of virtue and righteousness. But where am I running? My design was only to give you warning, that wherever you go, 'this foolishness of preaching' will alienate hearts from you, and open mouths against you."

Fri. 19. My brother had a second return of his pleurisy. A few of us spent Saturday night in prayer. The next day, being Whitsunday, after hearing Dr. Heylyn preach a truly Christian sermon, (on "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost:" "and so," said he, "may you all be, if it is not your own fault,") and assisting him at the Holy Communion, (his curate being taken ill in the church,) I received the surprising news, that my brother had found rest in his soul. His bodily strength returned also from that hour, "Who is so great a God as our God?"

I preached at St. John's, Wapping, at three, and at St. Bennett's, Paul's Wharf, in the evening. At these churches, likewise, I am to preach no more. At St. Antholin's I preached on the Thursday following.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I had continual sorrow and heaviness in my heart; something of which I described, in the broken manner I was able, in the following letter to a friend:—

"O why is it, that so great, so wise, so holy a God will use such an instrument as me! Lord, 'let the dead bury their dead!' But wilt thou send the dead to raise the dead? Yea, thou sendest whom thou wilt send, and showest mercy by whom thou wilt show mercy! Amen! Be it then according to thy will! If thou speakest, Judas shall cast out devils.

"I feel what you say, (though not enough,) for I am under the same condemnation. I see that the whole law of God is

holy, just, and good. I know every thought, every temper of my soul, ought to bear God's image and superscription. But how am I fallen from the glory of God! I feel that 'I am sold under sin.' I know that I, too, deserve nothing but wrath, being full of all abominations; and having no good thing in me, to atone for them, or to remove the wrath of God. All my works, my righteousness, my prayers, need an atonement for themselves. So that my mouth is stopped. I have nothing to plead. God is holy; I am unholy. God is a consuming fire; I am altogether a sinner, meet to be consumed.

"Yet I hear a voice (and is it not the voice of God?) saying, 'Believe, and thou shalt be saved. He that believeth is passed from death unto life. God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"O let no one deceive us by vain words, as if we had already attained this faith! By its fruits we shall know. Do we already feel 'peace with God,' and 'joy in the Holy Ghost'? Does 'his Spirit bear witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God'? Alas, with mine he does not. Nor, I fear, with yours. Oh, thou Saviour of men, save us from trusting in anything but thee! Draw us after thee! Let us be emptied of ourselves, and then fill us with all peace and joy in believing, and let nothing separate us from thy love, in time or in eternity!"

What occurred on Wednesday the 24th, I think best to relate at large, after premising what may make it the better understood. Let him that cannot receive it, ask of the Father of Lights, that he would give more light to him and me.

1. I believe, till I was about ten years old, I had not sinned away that "washing of the Holy Ghost" which was given me in baptism, having been strictly educated and carefully taught, that I could only be saved "by universal obedience, by keeping all the commandments of God;" in the meaning of which I was diligently instructed. And those instructions, so far as they respected outward duties and sins, I gladly received, and often thought of. But all that was said to me of inward obedience or holiness I neither understood nor remembered. So that I was, indeed, as ignorant of the

true meaning of the Law, as I was of the Gospel of Christ.

2. The next six or seven years were spent at school; where, outward restraints being removed, I was much more negligent than before, even of outward duties, and almost continually guilty of outward sins, which I knew to be such, though they were not scandalous in the eye of the world. However, I still read the Scriptures, and said my prayers, morning and evening. And what I now hoped to be saved by, was, 1. Not being so bad as other people. 2. Having still a kindness for religion. And 3. Reading the Bible, going to Church, and saying my prayers.

3. Being removed to the University, for five years, I still said my prayers, both in public and in private, and read, with the Scriptures, several other books of religion, especially comments on the New Testament. Yet I had not all this while so much as a notion of inward holiness; nay, went on habitually and (for the most part) very contentedly, in some or other known sin; indeed, with some intermission and short struggles, especially before and after the Holy Communion, which I was obliged to receive thrice a year. I cannot well tell what I hoped to be saved by now, when I was continually sinning against that little light I had, unless by those transient fits of what many divines taught me to call repentance.

4. When I was about 22, my father pressed me to enter into Holy Orders. At the same time the providence of God directing me to Kempis's "Christian Pattern," I began to see, that true religion was seated in the heart, and that God's law extended to all our thoughts, as well as words and actions. I was, however, very angry at Kempis, for being too strict, though I read him only in Dean Stanhope's translation. Yet I had frequently much sensible comfort in reading him, such as I was an utter stranger to before; and meeting likewise with a religious friend, which I never had till now, I began to alter the whole form of my conversation, and to set in earnest upon a new life. I set apart an hour or two a day for religious retirement. I communicated every week. I watched against all sin, whether in word or deed. I began to aim at, and pray for, inward holiness. So that now, "doing so much, and living so good a life," I doubted not but I was a good Christian.

5. Removing soon after to another college, I executed a resolution, which I was before convinced was of the utmost importance, shaking off at once all my trifling acquaintance. I began to see more and more the value of time. I applied myself closer to study. I watched more carefully against actual sins. I advised others to be religious, according to that scheme of religion by which I modeled my own life. But meeting now with Mr. Law's "Christian Perfection" and "Serious Call," (although I was much offended at many parts of both, yet) they convinced me more than ever of the exceeding height, and breadth, and depth of the law of God. The light flowed in so mightily upon my soul, that everything appeared in a new view. I cried to God for help, and resolved not to prolong the time of obeying him as I had never done before. And by my continued "endeavor to keep his whole law," inward and outward, "to the utmost of my power," I was persuaded that I should be accepted of him, and that I was even then in a state of salvation.

6. In 1730, I began visiting the prisons, assisting the poor and sick in town, and doing what other good I could, by my presence or my little fortune, to the bodies and souls of all men. To this end I abridged myself of all superfluities, and many that are called necessaries of life. I soon became a by-word for so doing, and I rejoiced that "my name was cast out as evil." The next spring I began observing the Wednesday and Friday fasts, commonly observed in the ancient Church; tasting no food till three in the afternoon. And now I knew not how to go any farther. I diligently strove against all sin. I omitted no sort of self-denial which I thought lawful; I carefully used, both in public and in private, all the means of grace at all opportunities. I omitted no occasion of doing good: I for that reason suffered evil. And all this I knew to be nothing, unless as it was directed toward inward holiness. Accordingly this, the image of God, was what I aimed at in all, by doing his will, not my own. Yet when, after continuing some years in this course, I apprehended myself to be near death, I could not find that all this gave me any comfort, or any assurance of acceptance with God. At this I was then not a little surprised, not imagining I had been all this time building on the sand, nor considering

that "other foundation can no man lay, than that which is laid by God, even Christ Jesus."

7. Soon after a contemplative man convinced me, still more than I was convinced before, that outward works are nothing, being alone; and in several conversations instructed me how to pursue inward holiness, or a union of the soul with God. But even of his instructions, (though I then received them as the words of God,) I cannot but now observe, 1. That he spoke so incautiously against trusting in outward works, that he discouraged me from doing them at all. 2. That he recommended (as it were, to supply what was wanting in them) mental prayer, and the like exercises, as the most effectual means of purifying the soul, and uniting it with God. Now these were in truth, as much my own works as visiting the sick or clothing the naked; and the union with God thus pursued, was as really my own righteousness, as any I had before pursued under another name.

8. In this refined way of trusting to my own works, and my own righteousness, (so zealously inculcated by the mystic writers,) I dragged on heavily, finding no comfort or help therein, till the time of my leaving England. On shipboard, however, I was again active in outward works; where it pleased God, of his free mercy, to give me twenty-six of the Moravian brethren for companions, who endeavored to show me a more excellent way. But I understood it not at first. I was too learned and too wise. So that it seemed foolishness unto me. And I continued preaching and following after and trusting in that righteousness, whereby no flesh can be justified.

9. All the time I was at Savannah I was thus beating the air. Being ignorant of the righteousness of Christ, which by a living faith in him bringeth salvation "to every one that believeth," I sought to establish my own righteousness, and so labored in the fire all my days. I was now, properly under the law; I knew that the law of God was spiritual; I consented to it, that it was good. Yea, I delighted in it, after the inner man. Yet was I carnal, sold under sin. Every day was I constrained to cry out, "What I do, I allow not; for what I would, I do not; but what I hate, that I do. To will is indeed present with me; but how to perform that which is

good, I find not. For the good which I would, I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do. I find a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me; even the law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and still bringing me into captivity to the law of sin."

10. In this vile, abject state of bondage to sin, I was indeed fighting continually, but not conquering. Before, I had willingly served sin; now it was unwillingly; but still I served it. I fell and rose, and fell again. Sometimes I was overcome, and in heaviness; sometimes I overcame, and was in joy. For as in the former state, I had some foretastes of the terrors of the Law, so had I in this, of the comforts of the Gospel. During this whole struggle between nature and grace, (which had now continued above ten years,) I had many remarkable returns to prayer; especially when I was in trouble. I had many sensible comforts, which are indeed no other than short anticipations of the life of faith. But I was still under the law, not under grace: (the state most who are called Christians are content to live and die in). For I was only striving with, not freed from sin; neither had I the witness of the Spirit with my spirit; and indeed could not; for I sought it not by faith, but (as it were) by the works of the law.

11. In my return to England, January, 1738, being in imminent danger of death, and very uneasy on that account, I was strongly convinced that the cause of that uneasiness was unbelief, and that the gaining a true, living faith, was the one thing needful for me. But still I fixed not this faith on its right object: I meant only faith in God, not faith in or through Christ. Again, I knew not that I was wholly void of this faith; but only thought I had not enough of it. So that when Peter Böhler, whom God prepared for me as soon as I came to London, affirmed of true faith in Christ, (which is but one,) that it had those two fruits inseparably attending it, "Dominion over sin, and constant peace from a sense of forgiveness," I was quite amazed, and looked upon it as a new Gospel. If this was so, it was clear, I had not faith. But I was not willing to be convinced of this. Therefore, I disputed with all my might, and labored to prove, that faith might be where these were not; especially where the sense of

forgiveness was not: for all the Scriptures relating to this, I had been long since taught to construe away, and to call all Presbyterians who spoke otherwise. Besides, I well saw, no one could (in the nature of things) have such a sense of forgiveness, and not feel it. But I felt it not. If then there was no faith without this, all my pretensions to faith dropped at once.

12. When I met Peter Böhler again, he consented to put the dispute upon the issue which I desired, viz. Scripture and experience. I first consulted the Scripture. But when I set aside the glosses of men, and simply considered the word of God, comparing them together, endeavoring to illustrate the obscure by the plainer passages, I found they all made against me, and was forced to retreat to my last hold, "That experience would never agree with the *literal interpretation* of those Scriptures. Nor could I, therefore, allow it to be true, till I found some living witnesses of it." He replied, "He could show me such at any time; if I desired it, the next day." And accordingly, the next day, he came with three others, all of whom testified of their own personal experience, that a true living faith in Christ is inseparable from a sense of pardon for all past, and freedom from all present sins. They added with one mouth, that this faith was the gift, the free gift of God, and that He would surely bestow it upon every soul who earnestly and perseveringly sought it. I was now thoroughly convinced; and, by the grace of God, I resolved to seek it unto the end; 1. By absolutely renouncing all dependance, in whole or in part, upon my own works or righteousness, on which I had really grounded my hope of salvation, though I knew it not, from my youth up. 2. By adding to the constant use of all the other means of grace, continual prayer for this very thing, justifying, saving faith; a full reliance on the blood of Christ shed for *me;* a trust in him as *my* Christ, as *my* sole justification, sanctification, and redemption.

13. I continued thus to seek it, (though with strange indifference, dullness, and coldness, and usually frequent relapses into sin,) till Wednesday, May 24. I think it was about five this morning that I opened my Testament on those words: Τὰ μέγιστα ἡμῖν και τίμια ἐπαγγέλματα δεδωρηται, ινα

γένηθε θειας κοινωνοί φύσεως. "There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, even that ye should be partakers of the divine nature." (2 Pet. i. 4.) Just as I went out, I opened it again on those words: "Thou are not far from the kingdom of God." In the afternoon I was asked to go to St. Paul's. The anthem was, "Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice. O let thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint. If thou, Lord, will be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it? But there is mercy with thee; therefore thou shalt be feared. O Israel, trust in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption. And he shall redeem Israel from all his sins."

14. In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate-street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me, that he had taken away *my* sins, even *mine,* and saved *me* from the law of sin and death.

15. I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner despitefully used me and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart. But it was not long before the enemy suggested, "This cannot be faith; for where is thy joy?" Then was I taught that peace and victory over sin are essential to faith in the Captain of our salvation; but, that as to the transports of joy that usually attend the beginning of it, especially in those who have mourned deeply, God sometimes giveth, sometimes withholdeth them, according to the counsels of his own will.

16. After my return home, I was much buffeted with temptations; but cried out, and they fled away. They returned again and again. I as often lifted up my eyes, and he sent me help from his holy place. And herein I found the difference between this and my former state chiefly consisted. I was striving, yea, fighting with all my might under

the law, as well as under grace; but then I was sometimes, if not often, conquered: now, I was always conqueror.

17. Thur. May 25. The moment I awaked, "Jesus, Master," was in my heart and in my mouth; and I found all my strength lay in keeping my eye fixed upon him, and my soul waiting on him continually. Being again at St. Paul's in the afternoon, I could taste the good word of God in the anthem, which began, "My song shall be always of the loving-kindness of the Lord: with my mouth will I ever be showing forth thy truth from one generation to another." Yet the enemy injected a fear, "If thou dost believe, why is there not a more sensible change?" I answered, (yet not I,) "That I know not. But this I know, I have 'now peace with God.' And I sin not to-day, and Jesus my Master has forbidden me to take thought for the morrow."

18. "But is not any sort of fear (continued the tempter) a proof that thou dost not believe?" I desired my Master to answer for me; and opened his book upon those words of St. Paul: "Without were fightings, within were fears." Then, inferred I, Well may fears be within me; but I must go on, and tread them under my feet.

Fri. May 26. My soul continued in peace, but yet in heaviness, because of manifold temptations. I asked Mr. Telchig, the Moravian, what to do. He said, "You must not fight with them as you did before, but flee from them the moment they appear, and take shelter in the wounds of Jesus." The same I learned also from the afternoon anthem, which was, "My soul truly waiteth still upon God; for of him cometh my salvation; he verily is my strength and my salvation; he is my defense, so that I shall not greatly fall. O put your trust in him always, ye people; pour out your hearts before him; for God is our hope."

Sat. 27. Believing one reason of my want of joy was, want of time for prayer, I resolved to do no business till I went to church in the morning, but to continue pouring out my heart before Him. And this day my spirit was enlarged; so that though I was now also assaulted by many temptations, I was more than conqueror, gaining more power thereby to trust and to rejoice in God my Savior.

Sun. 28. I waked in peace, but not in joy. In the same

even, quiet state I was till the evening, when I was roughly attacked in a large company as an enthusiast, a seducer, and a setter forth of new doctrines. By the blessing of God I was not moved to anger; but, after a calm and short reply, went away; though not with so tender concern as was due to those who were seeking death in the error of their life.

This day I preached, in the morning, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, on, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith;" and, in the afternoon, at the chapel in Long Acre, on God's justifying the ungodly;—the last time (I understand) I am to preach at either. "Not as I will, but as thou wilt."

Mon. 29. I set out for Dummer with Mr. Wolf, one of the first-fruits of Peter Böhler's ministry in England. I was much strengthened by the grace of God in him: yet was his state so far above mine, that I was often tempted to doubt whether we had one faith. But, without much reasoning about it, I held here: "Though his be strong and mine weak, yet that God hath given some degree of faith even to me, I know by its fruits: for I have constant peace; not one uneasy thought: and I have freedom from sin; not one unholy desire."

Yet on Wednesday did I grieve the Spirit of God, not only by not "watching unto prayer," but likewise by speaking with sharpness instead of tender love, of one that was not sound in the faith. Immediately God hid his face, and I was troubled; and in this heaviness I continued till the next morning, June 1, when it pleased God, while I was exhorting another, to give comfort to my soul, and (after I had spent some time in prayer) to direct me to those gracious words, "Having, therefore, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus,—let us draw near, with a true heart, in full assurance of faith. Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; (for he is faithful that promised;) and let us consider one another, to provoke unto love and to good works."

Sat. June 3. I was so strongly assaulted by one of my old enemies, that I had scarce strength to open my lips, or even to look up for help. But after I had prayed faintly as I could, the temptation vanished away.

Sun. 4. Was indeed a feast-day. For, from the time of my rising till past one in the afternoon, I was praying, reading the Scriptures, singing praise, or calling sinners to repentance. All these days I scarce remember to have opened the Testament, but upon some great and precious promise. And I saw more than ever, that the Gospel is, in truth, but one great promise, from the beginning of it to the end.

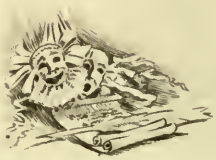
Tues. 6. I had still more comfort, and peace, and joy; on which I fear I began to presume. For, in the evening, I received a letter from Oxford, which threw me into much perplexity. It was asserted therein, "That no doubting could consist with the least degree of true faith: that whoever, at any time, felt any doubt or fear, was not weak in faith, but had no faith at all; and that none hath any faith till the law of the spirit of life has made him wholly free from the law of sin and death."

Begging of God to direct me, I opened my Testament on 1 Cor. iii. ver. 1, &c., where St. Paul speaks of those whom he terms, babes in Christ; who were "not able to bear strong meat," nay, in a sense, carnal; to whom, nevertheless, he says, "Ye are God's building, ye are the temple of God." Surely, then, these men had some degree of faith; though it is plain their faith was but weak.

After some hours spent in the Scripture and prayer, I was much comforted. Yet I felt a kind of soreness in my heart, so that I found my wound was not fully healed. O God, save thou me, and all that are weak in the faith, from doubtful disputations!

Wed. June 7. I determined, if God should permit, to retire for a short time into Germany. I had fully proposed before I left Georgia so to do, if it should please God to bring me back to Europe, and I now clearly saw the time was come. My weak mind could not bear to be thus sawn asunder; and I hoped the conversing with these holy men, who were themselves living witnesses of the full power of faith, and yet able to bear with those that are weak, would be a means, under God, of so establishing my soul, that I might "go on from faith to faith, and from strength to strength."

THE END



CARLO GOLDONI

1707-1793

CARLO GOLDONI

THE PRINCE OF ITALIAN COMEDY WRITERS

1707-1793

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

In the whole range of autobiography there is none of a more consistent, cheerful sweetness than that of Goldoni. To read him is to love him, and to love humanity, to smile not only with the lips but with the heart. Goldoni was the chief comic writer in the Italy of his day, and his autobiography reads like one of his own gay comedies. Never were adventures and misadventures more buoyantly and blithely disclosed than in this story of his life. Yet under his light-hearted gayety and raillery, there is a righteous spirit, untouched by the licentiousness and immorality of his time; a generous heart, uncorroded by envy or malice, incapable of meanness or revenge. Goldoni understood himself and others with a truly uncanny penetration.

The creator of the modern Italian comedy, Goldoni was born of wealthy family in Venice in 1707. He was educated for the law, a profession which he practiced desultorily. Frequently also he was obliged to turn for self-support to some diplomatic service, a career for which his charming manners rendered him eligible and in which he attained considerable success. But always the lure of the theater pursued him and, debonair, happy-go-lucky, he abandoned lucrative positions to write more comedies.

Italian comedy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was half farce, half pantomime. Harlequin and Pantaloon were the principals, all the actors wore conventional masks and the conversation and buffoonery were improvised anew at each performance. Goldoni determined to substitute for this the comedy of character, according to Molière. It was truly a gigantic undertaking. But his success is attested by his lasting popularity and by the fact that his comedies are played and laughed over year after year in his native Italy. He was no poet, his genius cannot compare with that of Molière, and his language is frequently faulty; yet his marvelous sympathy with and knowledge of his light-hearted countrymen are proved by his continued high favor among them.

Goldoni's plays are most noteworthy for their cleverly human character drawing, and his memoirs hold the same charm. With humorous, kindly satire, of himself as well as others, he describes his companions and adventures, painting in vivid and entrancing colors the life of his day. Wherever we read of Italians of the eighteenth century, they are having the best of times; eating, drinking, singing, gaming, making love as lightly and gracefully as the fairy princes of romance. The wars of Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Austrians, who constantly made Italy their battle-ground, seemed to disturb not at all the Italian pleasure parties, save as occasionally a city is besieged or a treasure stolen. Goldoni's memoirs are no exception, his youth seems to have been one round of pleasure, which, under his skillful pen, makes vastly interesting reading.

MEMOIRS OF CARLO GOLDONI

THE life of every author, good or bad, is at the head of his works or in the memoirs of the time.

The life of a man, it is true, ought not to appear till after his death; but do these posterior portraits bear any resemblance to the originals? If they proceed from a friend, the language of praise is not always the language of truth; if from an enemy, biting satire is too often substituted for criticism.

My life is not interesting; but it may happen that some time hereafter a collection of my works may be found in the corner of some old library. This will perhaps excite a curiosity to know something of the singular man who undertook the reformation of the theater of his country, who gave to the stage and the press one hundred and fifty comedies of character and intrigue, in prose and in verse, and who saw eighteen editions of his theater published during his own lifetime. It will be undoubtedly said, "This man must have been very rich; why did he quit his country?" Alas! posterity must be informed that Goldoni found repose, tranquillity, and comfort only in France, and that he finished his career by a French comedy which had the good fortune to succeed on the theater of that nation.

I thought that the author alone could give a certain and satisfactory idea of his character, his anecdotes, and his writings; and I imagined also, that by publishing the memoirs of his life in his own lifetime, if their accuracy was not chal-

lenged by his contemporaries, his veracity might be relied on by posterity.

This is all that I had to say to my readers. I request them to read me, and to be so good as to yield me their belief; truth has always been my favorite virtue. I have always found my account in it; it has saved me from the necessity of studying falsehood, and the mortification of blushing.

I

I WAS born at Venice, in the year 1707, in a large and beautiful house between the bridges of Nomboli and Donna Onesta, at the corner of the street Cà cent' anni, in the parish of St. Thomas. Julius Goldoni, my father, was born in the same city; but all his family were of Modena. My grandfather, Carlo Goldoni, went through his studies in the famous college of Parma. There he formed an acquaintance with two noble Venetians, which soon ripened into the most intimate friendship. They prevailed on him to follow them to Venice. His father being dead, he obtained permission from his uncle, who was a colonel and governor of Finale, to settle in the country of his friends, where he obtained a very honorable and lucrative appointment in the office of the Five Commercial Sages, and where he married a Miss Barili of Modena, the daughter of one counselor of state of the Duke of Parma, and the sister of another. This was my paternal grandmother.

On her death my grandfather became acquainted with a respectable widow who had two daughters: he married the mother, and the eldest daughter was wedded to his son. They were of the Salvioni family, and, though not rich, were in easy circumstances. My mother was a pretty brunette, and though a little lame, was still very attractive. All their property came into the hands of my grandfather.

He was a worthy man, but by no means an economist. Fond of pleasure, the gay mode of life of the Venetians was well suited to his disposition. He took an elegant country-house, belonging to the Duke of Massa-Carrara, in the Marca Trevigiana, six leagues from Venice, where he lived in great splendor. The grandees of the neighborhood could not brook the idea of Goldoni drawing all the villagers and strangers

about him; and one of his neighbors made an attempt to deprive him of his house; but my grandfather went to Carrara, and took a lease of all the duke's property in the Venetian territories. He returned quite proud of his victory, and lived more extravagantly than ever. He gave plays and operas, and had the best and most celebrated actors and musicians at his command; and we had visitors from all quarters. Amidst this riot and luxury did I enter the world. Could I possibly contemn theatrical amusements, or not be a lover of gayety?

My mother brought me into the world with little pain, and this increased her love for me; my first appearance was not, as usual, announced by cries, and this gentleness seemed then an indication of the pacific character which from that day forward I have ever preserved. I was the idol of the house: my nurse maintained that I was clever; my mother took the charge of my education, and my father of my amusement. He ordered a puppet-show to be constructed for me, which he contrived to manage himself, with the assistance of three or four of his friends; and at the age of four this was a high entertainment for me.

My grandfather died in 1712, of a defluxion in the chest, occasioned by his exertions in a party of pleasure, which in six days brought him to his grave. My grandmother soon followed him. This caused a terrible change in our family, which, from the most fortunate state of affluence, was all at once plunged into the most embarrassing mediocrity. My father's education was not what it ought to have been; he was by no means destitute of abilities, but they had never been properly cultivated. He could not retain his father's situation, which a crafty Greek contrived to get possession of. The free property of Modena was sold, and the entailed mortgaged; and all that remained was the property of Venice, the fortunes of my mother and aunt. To add to our misfortune, my mother gave birth to a second son, John Goldoni, my brother. My father found himself very much embarrassed; but as he was not over fond of indulging in melancholy reflections, he resolved on a journey to Rome to dispel his uneasiness. I shall relate in the following chapter what he did there, and what became of him. I must return to myself, for I am the hero of my own tale.

My mother was left alone at the head of the house, with her sister and her two children. She put the youngest out to board; and, bestowing her whole attention on me, she determined on bringing me up under her own eye. I was mild, tranquil, and obedient: at the age of four, I could read and write, I knew my catechism by heart, and a tutor was procured for me. I was very fond of books, and I learned with great facility my grammar, and the principles of geography and arithmetic; but my favorite reading was comedies. The small library of my father contained a tolerable number, and I employed almost all my leisure moments in reading them. I even copied the passages with which I was most delighted. My mother gave herself no concern about the choice of my reading; it was enough that my time was not taken up with the usual playthings of children. Among the comic authors whom I frequently read and reread, Cicognini had the preference. This Florentine author, very little known in the republic of letters, was the author of several comedies of intrigue, full of whining pathos and commonplace drollery; still, however, they were exceedingly interesting, for he possessed the art of keeping up a state of suspense, and he was successful in winding up his plots. I was infinitely attached to him, studied him with great attention, and, at the age of eight, I had the presumption to compose a comedy.

The first person to whom I communicated this circumstance was my nurse, who thought it quite charming. My aunt laughed at me; my mother scolded and caressed me by turns; my tutor maintained that there was more wit and common-sense in it than belonged to my age; but what was most singular, my godfather, a lawyer, richer in gold than in knowledge, could not be prevailed on to believe that it was my composition. He insisted that it had been revised and corrected by my tutor, who was quite shocked at the insinuation. The dispute was growing warm, when, luckily, a third person made his appearance, and instantly restored tranquillity. This was M. Vallé, afterwards the Abbé Vallé of Bergamo. This friend of the family had seen me busied at my comedy, and had witnessed my puerilities and my little sallies. I had entreated him to speak to nobody on the subject: he had kept my secret; and on this occasion he put my

incredulous godfather to silence, and rendered justice to my good qualities.

In the first volume of my edition of Pasquali, I cited the Abbé Vallé, who was living in 1770, in confirmation of the truth of this anecdote, suspecting that there might be other godfathers not disposed to give me credit. If the reader ask what was the title of my play, I cannot satisfy him, for this is a trifle I did not think of when composing it: it would be easy for me to invent one now; but I prefer giving a true statement of things to the embellishing them. This comedy, in short, or rather this piece of infantile folly, was circulated amongst all my mother's acquaintance. A copy was sent off to my father; and this leads me again to speak of him.

My father was only to have remained a few months in Rome, but he stayed four years. In this great capital of the Christian world there was an intimate friend of his, M. Alexander Bonicelli, a Venetian, who had lately married a Roman lady of great wealth, and who lived in great splendor. M. Bonicelli gave his friend Goldoni a very warm reception: he received him into his house, introduced him into all societies, and to all his acquaintance, and recommended him powerfully to M. Lancisi, the first physician and secret *camériere* of Pope Clement XI. This celebrated doctor, by whom the republic of letters and the faculty have been enriched with excellent works, conceived a strong attachment for my father, who possessed talents and who was looking out for employment. Lancisi advised him to apply himself to medicine and he promised him his favor, assistance, and protection. My father consented: he studied in the college della Sapienzia, and served his apprenticeship in the hospital del Santo Spirito. At the end of four years he was created doctor, and his Mæcenas sent him to make his first experiments at Perugia.

My father's début was exceedingly fortunate: he contrived to avoid those diseases with which he was unacquainted; he cured his patients; and the "Venetian doctor" was quite in vogue in that country. My father, who was perhaps a good physician, was also very agreeable in company; and to the natural amenity of his countrymen, he added an acquaintance with the usages of genteel company in the place which he had quitted. He acquired the esteem and the friendship

of the Bailloni and the Antinori, two of the most noble and wealthy families of the town of Perugia.

In this town, and thus happily situated, he received the first specimen of his eldest son's abilities. Defective as this comedy must have been, he was infinitely flattered with it; for, calculating by the rules of arithmetic, if nine years gave four carats of talent, eighteen might give twelve; and, by regular progression, it was possible to arrive even at a degree of perfection. My father determined on having me with himself. This was a sad blow for my mother, who at first resisted, then hesitated, and at last yielded. One of the most favorable opportunities occurred at this time. Our family was very intimate with that of Count Rinalducci de Rimini, who, with his wife and daughter, was then at Venice. The Abbé Rinalducci, a Benedictine father, and the count's brother, was to set out for Rome; and he undertook to pass through Perugia, and to take the charge of me to that place.

Everything was got ready, and the moment of departure arrived. I will not speak of the tears of my tender mother: those who have children well know what is suffered on such trying occasions. I was very warmly attached to her who had given me birth, who had reared and cherished me; but the idea of a journey is a charming consolation for a young man. Father Rinalducci and myself embarked in the port of Venice, in a sort of felucci, called peota-zuecchina, and we sailed for Rimini. I suffered nothing from the sea; I had even an excellent appetite, and we landed at the mouth of the Marecchia, where horses were in readiness for us. When a horse was brought to me, I was in the greatest possible embarrassment. At Venice no horses are to be seen in the streets; and though there are two academies, I was too young to derive any advantage from them. In my infancy I had seen horses in the country, but I was afraid of them, and did not dare to approach them. The roads of Umbria, through which we had to pass, were mountainous, and a horse was the most convenient mode of conveyance for passengers; there was, therefore, no alternative. They laid hold of me by the middle, and threw me on the saddle. Merciful Heaven! Boots, stirrups, whip, and bridle! what was to be done with all these things? I was tossed about like a sack; the reverend father

laughed very heartily at me, the servants ridiculed me, and I even laughed at myself. I became by degrees familiarized to my pony: I regaled it with bread and fruit, and in six days' time we arrived at Perugia.

My father was glad to see me, and still more glad to see me in good health. I told him, with an air of importance, that I had performed the journey on horseback; he smiled as he applauded me, and he embraced me affectionately. The place where we were lodged was exceedingly dismal, and the street steep and dirty; I entreated my father to remove, but he could not, as the house belonged to the hotel or palace d'Antinori; he paid no rent, and was quite near the nuns of St. Catharine, whose physician he was.

I now viewed the town of Perugia; my father conducted me everywhere himself; he began with the superb church of San Lorenzo, which is the cathedral of this country, where the ring with which St. Joseph espoused the Virgin Mary is still preserved: it is a stone of a transparent bluish color, and very thick contour; so it appeared to me,—but this ring, it is said, has the marvelous property of appearing under a different color and form to every one who approaches it. My father pointed out to me the citadel, built when Perugia was in the enjoyment of republican liberty, by order of Paul the Third, under the pretext of a donation to the Perugians of an hospital for patients and pilgrims. He introduced pieces of cannon in carts loaded with straw, and the inhabitants soon found themselves obliged to acknowledge Paul the Third. I saw fine palaces and churches, and agreeable walks. I asked whether there was a theater, and I was told there was none. "So much the worse," said I; "I would not remain here for all the gold in the world!"

After passing a few days my father determined that I should renew my studies; a very proper resolution, which accorded with my own wishes. The Jesuits were then in vogue, and on being proposed to them, I was received without difficulty. At Venice I had gone through the first year of under grammar, and I might now have entered the upper, but the time which I had lost, the distraction occasioned by traveling, and the new masters under whom I was about to be placed, induced my father to make me recommence my

studies; in which he acted very wisely, for you will soon see, my dear reader, how the vanity of the Venetian grammarian, who plumed himself on the composition of a play, was in an instant woefully mortified. The literary season was well advanced, and I was received in the under class as a scholar properly qualified for the upper. My answers to the questions put to me were incorrect; I hesitated in my translations; and the Latin which I attempted to make was full of barbarisms and solecisms; in short, I became the derision of my companions, who took a pleasure in challenging me; and as every encounter with them ended in my defeat, my father was quite in despair, and I myself was astonished and mortified, and believed myself bewitched.

The time of the holidays drew near, when we had to perform a task, which in Italy is called the *passage Latin;* for this little labor decides the fate of the scholar, whether he is to rise to a higher class, or continue to remain in the same. The latter alternative was all that I had a right to expect. The day came: the regent or rector dictated; the scholars wrote down; and every one exerted himself to the utmost. I strained every nerve, and figured to myself my honor and ambition at stake, and the concern of my father and mother; I saw my neighbors bestowing a side glance at me, and laughing at my endeavors: *facit indignatio versum.* Rage and shame spurred me on and inspired me; I read my theme, I felt my head cool, my hand rapid, and my memory fresh; I finished before the rest, I sealed my paper, took it to the regent, and departed very well pleased with myself. Eight days afterwards the scholars were collected together and called on; and the decision of the college was published. The first nomination was, "Goldoni to the Upper"; on which a general laugh burst out in the class, and many insulting observations were made. My translation was read aloud, in which there was not a single fault of orthography. The regent called me to the chair; I rose to go; I saw my father at the door, and I ran to embrace him.

The regent wished to speak to me in private; he paid me several compliments, and told me, that notwithstanding the gross mistakes which I committed from time to time in my ordinary lessons, he had suspected that I was possessed of

talents from the favorable specimens he occasionally perceived in my themes and verses; he added that this last essay convinced him that I had purposely concealed my talents, and he alluded jocularly to the tricks of the Venetians. "You do me too great an honor, reverend father," said I to him; "I assure you I have suffered too much during the last three months to amuse myself at such an expense: I did not counterfeit ignorance; I was in reality what I seemed, and it is a phenomenon which I cannot explain." The regent exhorted me to continue my application, and as he himself was to pass to the upper class to which I had gained a right of entrance, he assured me of his favor and good-will.

My father, who was perfectly satisfied with me, endeavored to recompense and amuse me during the time of the vacation. He knew that I was fond of plays; he admired them also himself; he even collected a society of young people, and obtained the use of a hall in the palace d'Antinori, where he constructed a small theater; the actors were formed by himself, and we represented plays. In the Pope's dominions (except the three legations) women are not allowed on the stage. I was young, and by no means ugly, and a female character was allotted to me; I even got the first character and was charged with the prologue. This prologue was so singular a piece that it has never gone out of my head, and I must treat my reader with it. In the last century the Italian literature was so corrupted that both prose and poetry were turgid and bombastical; and metaphors, hyperboles, and antitheses supplied the place of common-sense. This depraved taste was not altogether extirpated in 1720; and my father was accustomed to it. The following is the commencement of the precious composition which I was made to deliver: "Benignissimo cielo!" (I was addressing my auditors) "ai rai del vostro splendidissimo sole, eccoci qual farfalle, che spiegando le deboli ali de' nostri concetti, portiamo a si bel lume il volo," etc.; which, in plain English, signifies, "Most benign Heaven, in the rays of your most resplendent sun, behold us like butterflies, who, on the feeble wings of our expressions, take our flight to your admirable light," etc.

This charming prologue procured me an immensity of

sweetmeats, with which the theater was inundated, and myself almost blinded. This is the usual expression of applause in the Pope's dominions. The piece in which I acted was "La Sorellina di Don Pilone" (The Little Sister of Don Pilone), and I was highly applauded; for in a country where plays are rare the spectators are not difficult to please. My father said that I seemed to comprehend my part, but that I should never be a good actor; and he was not mistaken. We continued to act till the end of the holidays. I took my place at the opening of the classes; at the end of the year I passed to rhetoric; and I finished my course with the friendship and esteem of the Jesuits, who did me the honor to offer me a place in their society,—an honor which I did not accept. During this period great changes took place in our family. My mother could no longer bear the absence of her eldest son; and she entreated her husband either to return to Venice or to permit her to join him. After many letters and many discussions, it was at length decided that Madame Goldoni, with her sister and her youngest son, should join the rest of the family; and this was immediately carried into execution.

My mother could not enjoy a single day of good health in Perugia, so much did the air of the country disagree with her. Born and brought up in the temperate climate of Venice, she could not bear the cold of the mountains. She suffered a great deal, and was almost at death's door, but she was resolved to surmount the pains and dangers of her situation so long as she believed my residence in that town necessary, that the course of my studies, which were now so far advanced, might not be exposed to interruption. When my course was finished, she prevailed on my father to satisfy her, and he very willingly consented. The death of his protector, Antinori, had been productive of several disagreeable circumstances; the physicians of Perugia bore him little good-will, and this induced him the more readily to resolve on quitting the territory of Perugia and approach the mouth of the Adriatic.

II

In a few days the project was carried into execution. A carriage, capable of holding four persons, was purchased, and we had my brother into the bargain. We took the road of Spoleti, as the most commodious, and we arrived at Rimini, where the whole family of Count Rinalducci was assembled, and where we were received with transports of joy. It was of the utmost consequence that my literary application should not be a second time interrupted. My father destined me for medicine, and I had to enter on the study of philosophy.

The Dominicans of Rimini enjoyed a great reputation for logic, the key to all the sciences, physical as well as speculative. Count Rinalducci introduced us to Professor Candini, and I was intrusted to his care. As the count could not keep me in his own house, I was boarded with M. Battaglini, a merchant and banker, the friend and countryman of my father. Notwithstanding the remonstrances and regrets of my mother, who would never willingly part from me, the whole family set out for Venice, where I could only join them when it might be thought proper to send for me. They embarked for Chiozza, in a bark belonging to that place; and the wind being favorable, they arrived there in a very short time; but, on account of the fatigue of my mother, they were obliged to stop there for the sake of allowing her a little repose.

This place agreed very well with my mother, the air of Chiozza corresponding with that of her native place. She was elegantly lodged, enjoyed an agreeable view, and a charming degree of freedom; her sister was complaisant, my brother was still an infant unable to speak, and my father, who had projects, communicated his reflections to his wife, by whom they were approved. "We must not return to Venice," said he, "till we are in a situation to enable us to live without being burdensome to any one." It was necessary, therefore, that he should first go to Modena to arrange the family affairs. This was accordingly done. My father was now at Modena, my mother at Chiozza, and myself at Rimini.

I had great want of some agreeable amusement to relieve

the ennui which overpowered me. I soon found an opportunity, of which I availed myself; and my readers will not be displeased perhaps to pass with me from the circles of philosophy to those of a company of comedians. We had one at Rimini, which appeared to me quite charming. It was the first time I saw women on the stage; and I found that they ornamented the scene in the most attractive manner. Rimini is in the legation of Ravenna; women are admitted on the theater, and we do not see there, as at Rome, men without beards or even the signs of them. The first day or two, I went very modestly into the pit; but seeing young people like myself on the boards, I endeavored also to get there, and succeeded without difficulty. I bestowed a side-glance on the ladies, who looked boldly at me. By and by I grew more familiar, and from one subject of conversation to another, and from question to question, they learned that I was a Venetian. They were all country-people of my own, and I received compliments and caresses without number from them. The director or manager himself loaded me with kindness; he asked me to dine with him, and I went. The reverend Father Candini was now entirely out of my head.

The comedians were on the point of finishing their engagement, and taking their departure, which was a most distressing circumstance for me. On a Friday, a day of relaxation for all Italy, the state of Venice excepted, we formed a rural party; all the company were with us, and the manager announced the departure for the following week; he had engaged the bark, which was to conduct them to Chiozza. "To Chiozza!" said I, with a cry of surprise. "Yes, sir, we are to go to Venice, but we shall stop fifteen or twenty days at Chiozza, to give a few representations in passing." "Ah! my mother is at Chiozza; how gladly would I see her!" "Come along with us." "Yes, yes," cried one and all; "with us, with us, in our bark; you will be very comfortable in it; it will cost you nothing; we shall play, laugh, sing, and amuse ourselves." How could I resist such temptations? How could I lose so fine an opportunity? I accepted the invitation, and I began to prepare for my journey.

I opened the business to my landlord, but he opposed me warmly. As I insisted, however, he communicated my project

to Count Rinalducci, and I had every one against me. I pretended to acquiesce, and I kept myself quiet. On the day fixed for my departure I put two shirts and a night-cap into my pocket; I repaired to the port, was the first to enter the vessel, and concealed myself well under the prow. I had my inkhorn with me; I wrote an excuse to M. Battaglini: I told him I could not resist the desire of seeing my mother; I requested him to make a present of my clothes to the nurse who took care of me in my illness; and I told him that I was on the point of departure. This was a fault, I own; I have committed others, and I shall own them in the same manner. The players arrived. "Where is M. Goldoni?" Goldoni then sallied out of his hiding-place, at which every one began to laugh. I was feasted and caressed. We set sail. Adieu, Rimini. My comedians were not Scarron's company, but on the whole, they presented a very amusing *coup-d'œil.* Twelve persons, actors as well as actresses, a prompter, a machinist, a store-keeper, eight domestics, four chambermaids, two nurses, children of every age, cats, dogs, monkeys, parrots, birds, pigeons and a lamb; it was another Noah's ark! The bark was very large, and divided into a number of apartments. Every female had her little corner, with curtains. An excellent bed was fitted up for me beside the manager; and all of us were comfortable. The steward, who was at the same time cook and butler, rang a little bell, which was our signal for breakfast. On this we all assembled in a sort of saloon in the middle of the vessel above the chests, trunks, and packages. An oval table was covered with coffee, tea, milk, roast meat, water, and wine.

We remained four hours at table; we played on different instruments, and sang a great deal. The actress who played the waiting-maid sang divinely. I considered her attentively; she produced a singular sensation in me. Alas! an adventure took place which interrupted the happiness of the society. A cat escaped from her cage, the favorite of the principal actress, who called on every one for assistance. She was briskly chased, but, being as wild as her mistress, she skipped, leaped about, and crept into every hole and corner. When she found herself at last rather warmly pursued, she climbed up the mast. Seeing the distress of Madame Clarice, a

sailor sprang up after her, when the cat leaped into the sea, where she remained. Her mistress was in despair, she attempted to kill every animal within reach of her, and to throw her waiting-maid into the watery grave of her darling. We all took the part of the waiting-maid, and the quarrel became general. The manager made his appearance, laughed, rallied, and caressed the afflicted lady. She at last began herself to laugh, and the cat was forgotten. The wind was unfavorable, and we remained three days at sea, always with the same amusements, the same pleasures, and the same appetite. We arrived on the fourth day at Chiozza.

I had not the address of my mother's lodgings, but I had not long to inquire,—Madame Goldoni and her sister wore a head-dress; they were in the rich class, and known by everybody. I requested the manager to accompany me: he very readily consented, and announced himself on his arrival. I remained in the antechamber. "Madam," said he to my mother, "I come from Rimini; I have news from your son." "How does my son?" "Very well, madam." "Is he content with his situation?" "Not remarkably so, madam; he suffers a great deal." "From what?" "From being so far from his tender mother." "Poor child! I wish I had him beside me." (All this was heard by me, and my heart beat within me.) "Madam," continued the manager, "I offered to bring him with me." "Why then did you not?" "Would you have been pleased?" "Undoubtedly." "But his studies?" "His studies! Could he not return? Besides, masters are everywhere to be had." "Then you would willingly see him?" "With the greatest joy." "Here he is, then, madam." On this he opened the door, and I made my entrance; I threw myself at my mother's feet, who cordially embraced me; neither of us could speak for our tears. The actor, accustomed to scenes of this nature, after passing some agreeable compliments, took his leave of my mother, and departed; I remained with her, and frankly owned the folly I had committed; she scolded me one moment, and caressed me the next, and we were quite pleased with each other. My aunt was then out; on her entrance, we had a repetition of the same surprise and the same caresses. My brother was at that time boarded out.

On the day after my arrival, my mother received a letter from M. Battaglini at Rimini, who communicated to her my prank, of which he complained bitterly, and informed her that she would soon receive a portmanteau, containing my books, linen, and other articles, which my nurse knew not what to do with. My mother was very uneasy, and disposed to scold me; but apropos of letters, she remembered that she had received a very interesting one from my father; she went to look for it, and put it into my hands: the following is the substance of it.

"Pavia, March 17, 1721.

"My dear Wife,—I have news for you concerning our dear son, which will give you great pleasure. I quitted Modena, as you know, to go to Piacenza, for the sake of arranging affairs with my cousin, M. Barilli, who still owes me a part of my mother's fortune; and if I can join this sum to the arrears which I have just received at Modena, we shall be able to settle ourselves comfortably.

"My cousin was not at Piacenza; he had set out to Pavia, to be present at the marriage of a nephew of his wife. As the journey was not long, I resolved on joining him at Pavia. I found him, spoke to him, he owned the debt, and matters are arranged. He is to pay me in six years; but you shall hear what has happened to me in this town.

"On alighting at the hotel of the Red Cross, I was asked my name, for the purpose of having it entered at the police. Next day, the landlord introduced a servant of the governor's to me, who very politely asked me to repair, at my convenience, to the government palace. Notwithstanding the word *convenience*, I was far from being at my ease at that moment, and I was quite at a loss to conjecture what they could possibly want with me. I went first to my cousin, and after our affairs were settled, I spoke to him of this sort of invitation, which disquieted me a great deal, and I asked him whether he was personally acquainted with the governor of Pavia. He told me he was, that he had known him a long time, that he was the Marquis Goldoni-Vidoni, of a good family of Cremona, and a senator of Milan. At the name of Goldoni, I banished every fear; I conceived the most flattering ideas, and I was not deceived. I went to

see him in the afternoon; he received me in the most respectful and gracious manner. It was my signature which had inspired him with the desire of knowing me. We talked a great deal; I told him that I was originally from Modena: he did me the honor of observing that the town of Cremona was not very distant from Modena. People came in, and he asked me to dine with him next day. I did not fail to go, as you may well believe; there were four of us at table, and we had a very good dinner. The two other guests left us after coffee, and the senator and myself were left by ourselves. We spoke of a number of things, but principally of my family, my situation, and my actual circumstances; in short, he promised to do something for my eldest son. At Pavia there is a university as famous as that of Padua, and several colleges, where those who have exhibitions are alone received. The marquis engaged to obtain for me one of those exhibitions in the Pope's College; and if Carlo behaves himself, he will take care of him.

"Write nothing of this to my son. At my return I shall send for him. I wish to have the pleasure of informing him of it myself.

"I shall not be long, I hope," etc.

The contents of this letter were quite calculated to flatter me, and inspire me with the most unbounded hopes. I then felt all the imprudence of my proceeding. I dreaded my father's indignation, and I was afraid lest he should be inclined to distrust my conduct in a town still more distant, and where I should be much more at liberty. My mother informed me that she would endeavor to screen me from my father's reproaches,—that she would take everything on herself, particularly as my repentance appeared sincere. I was reasonable enough in fact for my age; but I was apt to act inconsiderately at times. This has done me much injury, as the reader will see, and perhaps he will sometimes be inclined to pity me.

In six days my father arrived. I trembled all over: my mother concealed me in her dressing-closet, and took the rest on herself. My father ascended the steps; my mother ran to meet him; my aunt did the same, and the usual embraces

took place. My father appeared chagrined and thoughtful, and he had not his usual gayety. They supposed him fatigued. On entering the room, my father's first words were, "Where is my son?" My mother answered with perfect sincerity, "Our youngest son is boarded out." "No, no," replied my father in a rage, "I want the eldest, and he must be here. In concealing him from me, you are doing very wrong; he must be corrected for his misconduct." My mother was quite at a loss what to do or say; she uttered vaguely, "But—how?" My father interrupted her, stamping with his feet: "Yes, I have been informed of everything by M. Battaglini, who wrote to me at Modena, and I found the letter in passing through it." My mother entreated of him, with an afflicted air, to hear me before condemning me. My father, still in a rage, asked again where I was. I could contain myself no longer; I opened the glass door, but I durst not advance. "Go out," said my father to his wife and sister; "leave me alone with this profligate." When they were gone, I came forward trembling: "Ah, father!" "How, sir! How do you happen to be here?" "Father—you have been told." "Yes, I have been told that, in spite of remonstrances and good advice, and in opposition to every one, you have had the insolence to quit Rimini abruptly." "What should I have done at Rimini, father? It was lost time for me." "How, lost time! Is the study of philosophy lost time?" "Ah! the scholastic philosophy, the syllogisms, the enthymemas, the sophisms, the negos propos and concedos; do you remember them, father?" (He could not avoid displaying a slight movement of the lips which indicated his desire to laugh; I was shrewd enough to perceive it, and I took courage.) "Ah, father!" I added, "teach me the philosophy of man, sound moral philosophy, and experimental natural philosophy." "Come, come; how did you arrive here?" "By sea." "With whom?" "With a company of players." "Players!" "They are very respectable people, father." "What is the name of the manager?" "He is Florindo on the stage, and they call him Florindo de' Macaroni." "O, I know him: he is a worthy man; he acted Don Giovanni in the 'Festino di Pietra'; he thought proper to eat the macaroni belonging to Harlequin, and that is the way he came by that

surname." "I assure you, father, that this company—" "Where is the company gone to?" "It is here." "Here?" "Yes, father." "Do they act here?" "Yes, father." "I shall go to see them." "And I also, father?" "You, rascal! What is the name of the principal actress?" "Clarice." "O, Clarice!—excellent, ugly, but very clever." "Father—" "I must go to thank them." "And I, father?" "Wretch!" "I beg your pardon." "Well, well, for this time."

My mother, who had heard everything, now entered: she was very glad to see me on good terms with my father.

My mother then took up my cause with warmth. She advised my father to send me to Venice and settle me with my uncle Indric, one of the best attorneys of the capital, and she proposed to accompany me herself and to remain with me there till my departure for Pavia. My aunt supported her sister's project. I held up my hands and wept for joy. My father consented, and I was to go instantly to Venice. I was now contented, and my vapors were immediately dissipated. Four days afterwards my mother and myself took our departure. We had but a passage of eight leagues, and we arrived at Venice at the hour of dinner. We went to lodge with M. Bertani, a maternal uncle of my mother; and next day we called on M. Indric, by whom we were very politely received. M. Paul Indric had married my paternal aunt. It was a charming family: a good husband and father, a good mother and wife, and children excellently brought up. I was entered in the office. I was the fourth clerk, but I enjoyed certain privileges which my consanguinity could not fail to procure me.

My present occupation was more agreeable than that under my father at Chiozza: but the one seemed as useless to me as the other. Supposing that I should be called to the bar at Milan, I could derive no advantage from the practice of that at Venice, which is unknown to all the rest of Italy. It was impossible to foresee that by a series of singular adventures I should one day plead in the courts where I then considered myself a stranger. Discharging my duty with accuracy, and meriting my uncle's praise, I contrived nevertheless to avail myself of the pleasures of a residence at Venice and to partake of its amusements. It was my native

place; but I was too young when I quitted it to know anything of it again.

I acquitted myself tolerably well in my employment with the attorney at Venice. I possessed great facility in giving a summary and abstract of a law-suit, and my uncle would fain have kept me, but I was recalled by a letter from my father. The situation in the Pope's College had become vacant, and was kept open for me. The Marquis Goldoni communicated the circumstance to us, and advised us to lose no time in setting out. My mother and myself quitted Venice and returned to Chiozza. My trunks were ready and corded, my mother and my aunt in tears. My brother, who had been taken home, wished to accompany me. The separation was highly pathetic; but the chaise arrived, and we were obliged to part.

On arriving at Milan, we lodged at the inn of the Three Kings, and the day following we went to pay our visit to the Marquis Goldoni. It is impossible to be better received than we were. My protector seemed satisfied with me, and I was perfectly so with him. The college was spoken of, and the day was even fixed for my making my appearance in Pavia; but the marquis, on looking more attentively at me, asked my father and myself why I was in a lay dress, and why I did not wear the clerical band (petit collet). We were quite at a loss to know what he meant. At length we learned for the first time that to enter the College of Ghislieri, called the Pope's College, it was essentially necessary, first, that those who held exhibitions should be tonsured; secondly, that they should have a certificate of their civil situation and their moral conduct; thirdly, another certificate of their not being married; and fourthly, a certificate of baptism. My father and myself were quite thunderstruck, for all this was new to us. The senator conceived that we ought to have been informed of it, for he had instructed his secretary to transmit us a note on the subject; but this note was still remaining in his bureau. This occasioned a number of excuses and a number of entreaties for pardon on the part of the secretary. The master was kind, and we should have gained nothing in being cross.

But it was necessary to remedy the mistake. My father

resolved to write to his wife. She went immediately to Venice, and set on foot every species of solicitation. The certificates of celibacy and good morals were easily procured, and the baptismal certificate still more so; but the great embarrassment was the tonsure, as the patriarch of Venice would not grant dimissorial letters without the constitution of the patrimony ordained by the canons of the church. What was to be done? The property of my father was not situated in the Venetian dominions, and my mother's was entailed. We were obliged to apply to the senate for a dispensation. What delays, contradictions, and loss of time! The senatorial secretary made us pay dear for his excuses and his blunders. There was nothing but patience for us. My mother gave herself a deal of trouble, and she was at length successful; but while she was laboring for her son at Venice, what were we about at Milan?

We had a letter from Senator Goldoni for M. Lauzio, professor of law; who himself conducted me to the university. I followed him into his class, and did not lose my time waiting for my title of collegian.

I now received a letter from Venice, with the dimissorials, certificates, and baptismal extract. The latter was on the point of plunging us into a new embarrassment. I was two years under the age requisite for my reception into the college. I know not to what saint I was beholden for the miracle; but I do know well, that I went to bed one night only sixteen, and rose next morning two years older. I received then the tonsure from the hands of Cardinal Cusani, archbishop of Pavia; and I went with my father on leaving his eminence's chapel, to present myself in the college. The superior, called prefect, was the Abbé Bernerio, professor of canon law in the university, and apostolical prothonotary, and in virtue of a bull of Pius V. he enjoyed the title of prelate, immediately subject to the holy seat. I was received by the prefect, vice-prefect, and almoner. They delivered to me a short sermon, and introduced me to the oldest of the scholars. I was then installed. My father embraced and quitted me, and next day he took the road for Milan on his way home.

Perhaps, my dear reader, I abuse your complaisance too

much, in taking up your time with trifles, which can but little interest or amuse you; but I have a strong desire to mention this college to you, where I ought to have made my fortune, and where I met with a sad reverse. I wish to avow my errors, and to prove to you at the same time that at my age and in my situation the utmost virtue was requisite to avoid them. Listen to me with patience. We were very well fed and lodged in this college; we had liberty to go out to the university, and we went where we pleased. The regulation allowed two to go out together, who were also to return together. We separated at the first turning, after appointing a rendezvous for our return, and when we returned alone, the porter took his money and said nothing. His place was worth that of the porter of a minister of state. Our college was not, as you may perceive, a community of boys. We acted precisely as we pleased. There was a great deal of dissipation within, and a great deal of freedom without. I learned there fencing, dancing, music, and drawing; and I learned also all possible games of commerce and chance. The latter were prohibited, but they were not the less played, and that of primero cost me dear.

On going out, we looked at the university at a distance, and contrived to find our way into the most agreeable houses. Hence the collegians at Pavia are viewed by the townspeople in the light of officers in garrison towns; they are detested by the men and received by the women. My Venetian jargon was agreeable to the ladies, and gave me some advantage over my comrades; my age and figure were not unpleasing, and my couplets and songs were by no means ill relished. Was it my fault that I did not employ my time well? Yes; for among the forty which our number consisted of, there were several wise and considerable individuals, whom I ought to have imitated; but I was only sixteen, I was gay, weak, fond of pleasure, and I yielded to temptation. But enough for my first year of college; the holidays are approaching; they begin about the end of June, and terminate with October.

III

I QUITTED Chiozza in a secular dress, and returned in an ecclesiastical one. My band was not much calculated to inspire devotion; but my mother, who was piously inclined, imagined she was receiving an apostle. She embraced me with a certain degree of consideration, and requested me to correct my brother, who was causing her some uneasiness. He was a very impatient and unruly lad, who absented himself from school for the sake of fishing, and who at eleven years of age fought like a devil, and cared for nobody. My father, who knew him well, destined him for a soldier; but my mother wished to make a monk of him, and this was a subject of continual dispute betwixt them. I troubled myself very little about my brother. I sought for amusement, and found none. Chiozza appeared to me more dirty than ever. I had formerly a small library, and I looked for my old Cicognini, of which I could find but a part, my brother having used the rest in making papers for his hair.

The holidays were now drawing to an end, and my departure became necessary. An Abbé of our acquaintance was going to Modena, and my father availed himself of the opportunity. He was the more disposed to make me take that road, as I was to be supplied with money in Modena.

I had enough to pay the expenses of posting to Pavia; but not finding my cousin Zavarisi at Modena, who had orders to supply me with some money, I should have been quite destitute on reaching college, where those who have exhibitions require a purse for their pocket expenses. I arrived in the evening of the same day at Piacenza. I had a letter of recommendation from my father for Counselor Barilli, whom I accordingly visited, and who received me very politely. He offered to lodge me in his house; an offer which I very properly accepted. He was indisposed and desirous of repose, and I was equally so,—so that we made a hasty supper and went early to bed. Reflecting seriously on my situation, I was tempted to borrow a hundred crowns from my dear relation, who appeared so good and kind to me; but he no longer owed anything to my father, having paid him even before the two last installments became due; and I was afraid lest my

age, and my quality of scholar, should appear by no means calculated to inspire him with confidence in me.

In this state of irresolution and apprehension, I went to bed; but thank Heaven! neither embarrassments nor chagrins nor reflections have ever destroyed my appetite or disturbed my repose; and I slept soundly. Next morning the counselor sent to inquire whether I would breakfast with him. I was completely dressed, and on descending I found everything ready. My landlord had a dish of soup, and there was a cup of chocolate for me; and, breakfasting and talking together, the conversation became at last interesting. "My dear child," said he, "I am old, I have had a dangerous attack, and I expect every day the orders of Providence to take my leave of this world." I was proceeding to say those kind things which are usually uttered in such cases; but he interrupted me. "No flattery, my friend; we are born to die, and my career is far advanced. I have satisfied your father," he continued, "for the remainder of the dower which was due from my family to his; but on searching among my papers and the accounts of my domestic concerns, I have found an account opened between M. Goldoni your grandfather, and myself." "O heavens," said I to myself, "do we then owe him anything?" "I have made every examination," added the counselor; "I have compared letters and books, and I am certain that I still owe a sum to his heirs." I began now to breathe, and I wished to speak, but he still interrupted me and continued his discourse. "I should not like to die," said he, "without discharging it. I have heirs who only wait for my death to dissipate the property which I have saved for them, and your father would have some difficulty in procuring payment. Ah! if he were here," continued he, "with what pleasure would I give him the money!"

"Sir," said I, with an air of importance, "I am his son; 'Pater et filius censentur una et eadem persona'; so says Justinian, as you know better than I do." "Aha!" said he, "you are studying law then?" "Yes, sir," said I; "and I shall be a licentiate in a short time; I shall go to Milan, where I mean to follow the profession of advocate." He looked at me, and smiled; and then asked me my age. I

was a little embarrassed, for my certificate of baptism and my reception in the college did not tally. I answered, however, with assurance and without violation of truth: "I have in my pocket, sir, the letters-patent of my college; would you wish to look at them? You will see that I was past eighteen when I was received, and this is my second year; eighteen and two are twenty, and I am close on my twenty-first year: 'Annus inceptus habetur pro completo'; and, according to the Venetian code, majority is attained at twenty-one." (I tried to perplex matters, but I was only nineteen.) M. Barilli, however, was not to be duped. He clearly saw that I was still in my minority, and that he should be risking his money. He had, however, a recommendation from my father in my favor, and why was he to suppose me capable of deceiving him? But he changed the discourse; he next asked me why I had not followed the profession of my father, and no longer talked of money. I answered, that I had no taste for medicine; and immediately recurring to what was uppermost in my mind, "Might I ask you, sir," said I, "what is the amount of the sum you owe my father?" "Two thousaid lire of this country; the money is in that drawer." Still, however, he did not touch it. "Sir," added I, with a degree of curiosity somewhat keen, "is it in gold or silver?" "It is in gold," said he, "in sequins of Florence, which, after those of Venice, are in the greatest request. They are very convenient for carrying. Would you," said he, with a waggish air, "take the charge of them?" "With the greatest pleasure, sir," replied I, "I shall give you a receipt, I shall inform my father, and account to him for it." "Will you dissipate it?" said he; "will you dissipate this money?" "Alas! sir," replied I, with vivacity, "you do not know me; I assure you, I am incapable of a bad action; the almoner of the college is the treasurer whom my father has appointed for my little revenue; and upon my honor, sir, on reaching Pavia, I shall place the sequins in the hands of this worthy abbé."

"Well, well," said he, "I shall rely on your honesty; write me a discharge agreeably to this draft which I have prepared." I took the pen; M. Barilli opened his drawer and spread out the sequins on the desk. I looked at them with an eye of affection. "Stop," said he, "I forgot you are travel-

ing, and there are robbers." I remarked that I traveled post, and that there was nothing to apprehend. He was of a different opinion, however, and continued to insist on the danger. I brought in my guide, the brother of the butler, and then M. Barilli appeared satisfied. He delivered a lecture to both of us. I still trembled. At last he gave me the money, and I was consoled for everything. The counselor and myself dined together, and after dinner the horses arrived. I took my leave, and set out for Pavia. Scarcely had I entered the town, when I went to deposit the sequins in the hands of my treasurer. I asked six for myself, which he gave me, and I continued to manage the remainder of the sum so well, that I had enough for the whole season at college and my expenses home.

This year I was somewhat less dissipated than the former. I attended to my lessons at the university, and seldom accepted the parties of pleasure to which I was invited.

In October and in November four of my companions were licentiated. In Italy no ceremony can take place without the decoration of a sonnet. I was supposed to possess a faculty of versification, and had become the panegyrist of the deserving and undeserving. During the Christmas holidays the Marquis Goldoni came to Pavia, at the head of a commission from the senate of Milan, to investigate a canal in the district of Pavia, which had become the subject of several lawsuits, and he did me the honor of taking me with him. Six days afterwards I returned to the college, quite proud of the distinction I had received. This piece of ostentation was highly injurious to me; it excited the envy of my companions, who from that moment, perhaps, meditated the revenge which they took the following year.

When the holidays came, I was desirous of passing them at Milan; but two countrymen of my own whom I met by chance in a tennis-court induced me to alter my determination. These were the secretary and *maître d'hôtel* of the resident of the republic of Venice at Milan. This minister (M. Salvioni) having quitted this life, it became necessary for his suite and equipages to return to Venice; and the two persons in question were at Pavia for the purpose of hiring a covered barge, in which they offered to give me a place. They

assured me that the society would be delightful, that I should want neither for good cheer, play, nor excellent music, and all gratis. Could I refuse such an opportunity?

When the company was ready to set off, I was sent for; I repaired to the banks of the Ticino, and entered the covered barge where all were assembled. Nothing could be more convenient or more elegant than this small vessel, called burchiello, and which had been sent for expressly from Venice. There was a roomy apartment and an antechamber covered over with wood, surmounted with a balustrade, lighted up on both sides, and adorned with glasses, paintings, and engravings, and fitted up with cupboards, benches, and chairs, in the first style of convenience. It was a very different affair from the bark of the comedians of Rimini.

We were in all ten masters and a number of domestics. There were beds under the prow and under the poop; but we traveled only by day; and it was decided that we should sleep in good inns, or when we could find none, that we were to demand hospitality from the rich Benedictines who are in the possession of immense property along the two banks of the Po. All these gentlemen played on some instrument. We had three violins, a violoncello, two oboes, a French horn, and a guitar. I was the only person who was good for nothing. I was ashamed of it, and by way of remedying my want of ability, I employed myself two hours every day in putting in verse, either good or bad, the anecdotes and agreeable adventures of the preceding day. This piece of complaisance was productive of great pleasure to my traveling companions, and served to amuse us after our coffee. Music was their favorite occupation. At the close of day they ranged themselves on a sort of deck which formed the roof of our floating habitation, and, making the air resound with their harmony, they attracted from all quarters the nymphs and shepherds of this river, which was the grave of Phaeton. Perhaps, my dear reader, you will be inclined to observe that I am a little pompous here. It may be so; but this is the way I painted our serenade in my verses. The fact is, that the banks of the Po (called by the Italian poets the king of floods) was lined with all the inhabitants of the environs, who came in crowds to hear us. The display of hats and handkerchiefs in the air

was a sufficient indication of their pleasure and their applause.

We arrived at Cremona at six o'clock in the evening. The inhabitants had got notice that we were to pass through that place; and the banks of the river were filled with people awaiting our arrival. We landed; we were received with transports of joy. We were ushered into a superb house which was partly in the town and partly in the country. We gave a concert, and the musicians of the town added to the pleasure. We had a splendid supper, danced the whole night, and, with the sun, returned to our barge, where we found our mattresses delicious. The same scene nearly was repeated at Piacenza, Stellada, and at the Bottrigues, in the house of the Marquis Tassoni; and in this manner, amidst every species of delight and amusement, we arrived at Chiozza, where I was to separate from the most amiable and interesting society in the world. My companions were friendly enough to accompany me. I introduced them to my father, who thanked them most sincerely, and even urged them to sup with him, but they wished to reach Venice that evening. They asked me for the verses which I had composed on our voyage. I requested time to make a fair copy of them. I promised to send them, and I kept my word.

My mother had formed an acquaintance with a Donna Maria-Elizabetta Bonaldi, a nun of the convent of St. Francis, sister of M. Bonaldi, advocate and notary, of Venice. They had received in this convent, from Rome, a relic of their seraphic founder, which was to be exposed with pomp and edification. For this purpose a sermon was requisite, and Donna Bonaldi, on the faith of my clerical habiliments, believed me moralist, theologian, and orator. She was the protector of a young abbé, graceful in manner, and possessed of a good memory; and she entreated of me to compose a sermon and confide it to her protégé, being sure that he would deliver it admirably. I at first sought to be excused, but afterwards reflecting that the panegyric of Pius V. was delivered every year in my college, and was composed by one of the students, I accepted this opportunity of exercising myself in an art which did not appear to me very difficult. I composed my sermon in fifteen days. The little abbé committed it to mem-

ory, and delivered it as well as an old practiced preacher could have done. The sermon produced the greatest effect: the audience wept, applauded, and kept sidling upon their chairs. The orator grew warm, and worked away with his hands and feet. On this the applause increased, and the poor devil was quite exhausted. He called for silence from the pulpit; and silence immediately ensued. It was known that I composed it, and the compliments and happy presages were numberless. I had highly flattered the nuns, and turned the discourse on them in a delicate manner, ascribing to them the possession of every virtue unblemished by bigotry (I knew them, and was well aware that they were not bigots); and this was the means of procuring me a magnificent present in embroidery, lace, and sweetmeats. The labor of my sermon and the discussions which followed occupied me so long that my holidays had nearly expired. My father wrote to Venice for a carriage to convey me to Milan.

I believed myself on the very pinnacle of good fortune, while I stood on the verge of ruin.

IV

Everything went on charmingly, and I was considered a spirited young man, desirous of acquiring honor. In the meantime some amusement was necessary. Two days afterwards I went out for the purpose of paying visits; and I began with the house which I was fondest of. I rang the bell (in Italy there are no porters) and, on the door being opened, I was told that the lady of the house was sick, and that her daughter received no visits. I was sorry for this, and a number of compliments passed on both sides. I went to another door, and, on seeing the servant, asked if I could have the honor of seeing the ladies. "They are all in the country, sir" (and yet I had seen two female heads at the window). As I could make nothing of all this, I went to a third place, and still nobody was at home. I own that I was very much piqued, that I believed myself insulted, and I could not conjecture the cause. I resolved, however, not to expose myself to any more of those unpleasant occurrences, and with a troubled mind and enraged heart I returned home.

In the evening I related, at the fireside where the students

generally assembled, with an air of greater indifference than I really felt, the adventure which I had experienced. Some pitied me and others laughed at me. On the arrival of the supper hour, we entered the refectory, and afterwards withdrew to our respective rooms. While I was musing on the unpleasant circumstances which I had experienced, I heard a knocking at my door, and four of my comrades immediately entered, who told me they had something serious to communicate to me. As I had not a sufficient number of chairs for them, we made a settee of the bed. I willingly prepared to listen to them; but all four wished to speak at once; each had his story to tell, and each his opinion to give. The following is the substance of what I could gather from their account.

The towns-people of Pavia were sworn enemies to the students, and, during the last holidays, they had entered into a conspiracy against us. It was agreed on at their meetings, that any girl who received the visits of a student should never be asked in marriage by a townsman, and a resolution to this purpose was signed by forty of them. This resolution had been circulated in every house; the mothers and daughters had taken the alarm, and the students had all of a sudden become a dangerous object in their eyes. The general opinion of my four companions was in favor of revenge. I had no great desire to interfere in the business; but they treated me as a coward and a poltroon, and I was foolish enough to consider my honor at stake, and to promise not to quit the party.

I imagined I was speaking to four friends; but they were traitors who ardently desired my ruin. They still entertained a grudge against me for the affair of the preceding year, and they had nourished hatred against me for a whole twelvemonth in their hearts, and wished for nothing more than an occasion for giving vent to it. I was their dupe, but I had scarcely entered my eighteenth year, and I had to do with old foxes of twenty-eight and thirty.

These worthies were in the habit of carrying pistols in their pockets, to the use of which I was an entire stranger. They very generously furnished me with them; I thought them pretty, I delighted in handling them, and my head was quite turned. I had fire-arms on me and knew not what to do with them. Could I dare to force open a door? Independently

of the danger of such an attempt, it would have been a violation of the rules of decency and respectability. I wished to rid myself of this useless encumbrance; my good friends frequently came to visit me and renew the powder in the pan; they recounted unheard-of feats of courage, the obstacles which they had surmounted, the rivals whom they had vanquished; I, in my turn, had also sprung over barriers, reduced mothers and daughters to subjection, and made head against the bravos of the town; we were all equally veridical, and all of us perhaps equally brave.

When the traitors saw that notwithstanding my pistols, I did nothing to draw attention towards me, they went to work in a different way. An accusation was lodged with the superiors against me of having fire-arms in my pockets, and I was visited one day, on entering the college, by the servants, who found my pistols on me. The prefect of the college was not at Pavia, and the vice-prefect ordered me to be confined to my room under arrest. I was desirous of taking advantage of this time to get on with my thesis, but my pretended friends still came to tempt me, and to employ more dangerous means of seduction, as they had a tendency to tickle my self-love.

"You are a poet," said they; "and you have consequently much more sure and efficacious instruments for your revenge than pistols and other fire-arms; a stroke of the pen, judiciously applied, is a bomb which crushes the principal object, and of which the splinters carry havoc right and left among the adherents. Courage! courage!" they all exclaimed at once; "we shall furnish you with singular anecdotes, and you will be revenged, and we also." I was quite aware of the danger and inconveniences to which they wished to expose me, and I represented to them the troublesome consequences which might be the result. "By no means," said they; "nobody will know; we are all four good friends, and men of honor; we promise to observe the utmost discretion, and we are willing to take a solemn and sacred oath that nobody shall ever learn anything of the business." Constitutionally weak, and occasionally foolish and imprudent, I yielded to the temptation; and in thus satisfying the desires of my enemies, I put arms in their hands against myself. My first idea was to

compose a comedy in the manner of Aristophanes; but distrusting the sufficiency of my powers, and being limited besides in point of time, I composed an Atellano, a species of rude comedy among the Romans, abounding in pleasantry and satire. The title of my Atellano was the Colossus. That I might give the perfection of beauty in all its proportions to the colossal statue, I took the eyes of Miss Such-a-one, the mouth of another, the neck of a third, etc.; but the artists and amateurs were of different opinions, and found defects everywhere.

This satire was calculated to wound the delicacy of several decent and respectable families, and, unfortunately for me, I contrived to give an interest to it by amusing and attractive sallies, and by traits of that *vis comica,* which in me had a great deal of nature and very little prudence. My work was charming in the opinion of my four enemies; they immediately sent for a young man who made two copies of it in one day, which the knaves seized upon, and circulated in every society and coffee-house of the town. My name was not to be mentioned, the oaths of secrecy were reiterated, and they kept their word, for my name was not pronounced; but having formerly composed a quatrain, containing my name, surname, and country, they tacked this quatrain to the tail of the Colossus, as if I had had the audacity to boast of it.

The Atellano became the novelty of the day, and those who were not implicated in it laughed at the work, while they condemned the author. Twelve families cried for vengeance, and my life was sought after; but fortunately for me, I was still under arrest. Several of my companions were insulted; the Pope's College was besieged; the prefect was written to, who returned precipitately, and, wishing to save me, wrote immediately to the Senator Goldoni. The latter dispatched letters to the Senator Erba Odescalchi, governor of Pavia; the archbishop from whom I had received the tonsure was applied to in my favor, as well as the Marquis Ghislieri, by whom I was named; but all my protections, and all manner of proceedings were useless; my sacrifice was inevitable, and had it not been for the privilege of the place in which I was, I should have been laid hold of by the ministers of justice. My exclusion from college was announced to me, and I was

detained till the storm was calmed, that I might take my departure without danger.

What an accumulation of horror, remorse, and regret! My hopes vanished, my situation sacrificed, my time lost! Parents, protectors, friends, acquaintances, would all be justified in taking part against me; I was afflicted and inconsolable; I kept my room, I saw nobody, and nobody came to see me. What a miserable state of mind,—what a wretched situation! In my solitude I was oppressed with grief, and filled with objects which incessantly tormented me, and projects which rapidly succeeded one another on my mind. The injury which I had done to myself, and the injustice which I had been guilty of towards others, were perpetually before my eyes; and the sense of this injustice weighed more on my mind than my own personal disaster. If at the distance of sixty years, there should still remain at Pavia some remembrance of my person and my imprudence, I entreat the forgiveness of those whom I offended, while I assure them that I have been amply punished for my fault, and that I believe it to be sufficiently expiated.

While I was plunged in remorse, and occupied with these reflections, I received the following letter from my father, which was a terrible augmentation of my chagrin and despair:—

"I should wish you, my dear son, to pass the vacation this year at Milan. I have engaged to go to Udine in Venetian Friuli, to undertake a cure, which may occupy me some length of time, and I am uncertain but I may also be obliged to go into Austrian Friuli, on account of another person suffering under the same disease. I shall write a letter of acknowledgment to the marquis for his generous offers to us, but you must also on your part endeavor to merit his goodness. You inform me that you have shortly to defend a thesis; endeavor to acquit yourself with honor. By this means you will please your protector, and highly delight your father and mother, who love you dearly," etc.

This letter completed my degradation. "How," said I, "shall I dare to exhibit myself before my parents, covered with shame and universal contempt?" I was in such dread of

this terrible moment, that to extricate myself from the consequences of one fault I meditated another, which might have totally ruined me. "No; I will not expose myself to the most deserved and the most cutting reproaches; no, I will not appear before my irritated family; Chiozza shall never see me more; I will go anywhere rather than return to it; I will run away, and try my fortune, and either make reparation for my fault, or perish. I will go to Rome, where I shall perhaps find the friend of my father who was so kind to him, and who will not abandon me. Ah! if I could but become the pupil of Gravina, the man the most versant in belles-lettres, and the most skilled in the dramatic art. Ah! if he should but conceive such an affection for me as he had for Metastasio! Have not I also good dispositions, talents, and genius! Yes, I must to Rome. But how can I get thither? Have I money enough? I must go afoot—afoot!—yes, afoot. And my trunk and my effects? Let the trunk and effects go to the devil. All that I want is some shirts, some stockings, neckcloths, and night-caps." While occupied with these extravagant reflections, I kept filling a portmanteau with linen, which I placed in the bottom of my trunk, destining it for my journey to Rome.

As my departure was to be instantaneous, I wrote to the almoner of the college for money, who, in his answer, informed me that he had no property of my father's in his hands, but that, nevertheless, the expense of my passage by water, and my board to Chiozza, should be defrayed by him, and that the proveditor of the house would furnish me with a small supply, for which my father should be accountable. At the break of the following day a coach came for me; and after my trunk was put into it, the proveditor entered it along with me. We drove to the Ticino, where we got into a small boat, and at the place where the Ticino flows into the Po, we went on board a large and ugly bark, which had brought a lading of salt. My guide consigned me over to the care of the master, to whom he whispered something. He afterwards gave me a small packet from the almoner of the college, and after saluting me and wishing me a prosperous voyage, he at last took his leave. The first thing I did was to examine my treasure. I opened the packet. Heavens! what

an agreeable surprise for me: I found in it forty-two sequins of Florence (nearly twenty louis-d'ors). This was sufficient to take me to Rome, supposing I traveled post and took my trunk with me. But how could the almoner, who had no money belonging to my father, confide this sum to me? While I was occupied with these reflections and these charming projects, the proveditor made his appearance again in his boat. He had committed a mistake: the money given to me belonged to the college, and was destined to pay a wood-merchant; and he took back the packet, and gave me thirty paoli in lieu of it, amounting to the value of about twelve shillings!

I was now rich with a vengeance! I did not want money for my passage to Chiozza, but how was I to manage my journey to Rome? The sequins which I had been handling added mightily to my mortification; but I was obliged to console myself in the best way I could, and to bring my mind to bear with the inconveniences of a pilgrimage. My bed was under the prow, and my trunk beside me: I dined and supped with the master of the bark, whose long stories were quite insufferable.

On the second day we arrived at Piacenza, where the master, having some business to transact, was induced to land. This appeared to me a favorable moment for my escape. I took my portmanteau, and told my gentleman that I was commissioned to give it to Counselor Barilli, and that I would take this favorable opportunity to do so; but the knave would not let me go. He said he had positive instructions to detain me; and when I persisted in my intention, he threatened to have recourse to violent measures. I was obliged to yield to force, and stomach my chagrin: I had no alternative but to go to Chiozza, or throw myself into the Po. I retired to my nook: my misfortunes had not hitherto drawn a tear from me, but I now wept bitterly. In the evening I was sent for to supper, but refused to go. A few minutes afterwards, I heard the words "Deo gratias" pronounced in a pathetic tone by an unknown voice. It was still tolerably light; and on looking through a crevice of the door, I observed a monk, who was addressing himself to me. I opened, and let him in. He was a Dominican of Palermo, the brother of a famous

Jesuit, highly celebrated as a preacher; and he had embarked that day at Piacenza, and, like myself, was bound for Chiozza. He knew my story, the master having revealed everything to him; and he came to offer me the temporal and spiritual consolation which his vocation entitled him to bestow upon me, and which my situation seemed to require. He displayed a great deal of sensibility and fervency in his discourse. I saw him shed tears; at least I saw him apply his handkerchief to his eyes. I was touched with this, and abandoned myself to his mercy.

The master sent to inform us that they were waiting for us. The reverend father was by no means disposed to lose his collation, but, seeing me full of compunction, he begged the master to have the goodness to wait a moment. Then turning towards me, he embraced me, and, with tears in his eyes, pointed out to me the dangers of my situation, and showed me that the infernal enemy might take possession of me and plunge me into an eternal abyss. I have already hinted that I was subject to fits of hypochondriacal vapors, and I was then in a most deplorable situation. My exorcist, perceiving this, proposed confession to me. I threw myself at his feet. "God be praised!" said he; "yes, my dear child, prepare yourself till my return"; and he then went and supped without me. I remained on my knees and began a conscientious examination of myself. In half an hour the father returned with a wax-light in his hand and seated himself on my trunk. I delivered my confiteor, and went through my general confession with the requisite humility and contrition. It was necessary to exhibit signs of repentance; and the first point was to make reparation for the injury done by me to the families against whom I had directed my satire. But how was this to be done at present? "Till you are enabled to retract your calumnies," said the reverend father, "you can only propitiate the wrath of God by means of alms; for almsgiving is the first meritorious work which effaces sin." "Yes, father," said I to him, "I shall bestow them." "By no means," he replied; "the sacrifice must be instantly made." "But I have only thirty paoli." "Very well, child; in foregoing the money which we possess we have as much merit as if we gave more." I drew forth my thirty paoli, and re-

quested my confessor to take the charge of distributing them to the poor. This he willingly acceded to, and then he gave me absolution. I wished to continue still longer, having some things to say which I had forgotten; but the reverend father began to doze, and his eyes closed every moment: he told me to keep myself quiet, and he took me by the hand, gave me his benediction, and hurried away to his bed.

We were still eight days longer on our passage; I wished to confess myself every day, but I had no more money for penitence. I arrived, trembling, at Chiozza, with my confessor, who undertook to bring about a reconciliation between me and my relations. My father was at Venice on business; my mother saw me coming, and received me with tears; for the almoner of the college had not failed to inform my family of the particulars of my conduct. The reverend father had but little difficulty in touching the heart of a tender mother; she possessed ability and firmness, and, turning towards the Dominican, by whom she was fatigued, "My reverend father," said she, "if my son had committed a knavish action, I would never have consented to see him more; but he has been guilty of a piece of imprudence, and I pardon him."

My traveling companion would have wished that my father had been at home to present him to the prior of St. Dominic. There was something under this which I could not well comprehend. My mother told him that she expected my father in the course of the day; at which the reverend father appeared satisfied, and without any ceremony he invited himself to dine with us. While we were at table my father arrived, and I rose and shut myself in the adjoining room. On my father's entrance he perceived a large cowl. "This is a stranger," said my mother, "who demanded hospitality." "But this other plate,—this other chair?" It was no longer possible to be silent respecting me; my mother wept; the monk harangued; he did not forget the parable of the prodigal son. My father was good-natured, and very fond of me; in short, I was sent for, and at last restored to favor.

In the afternoon my father accompanied the Dominican to his convent. They were unwilling to receive him, as all monks who travel ought to have a written permission from their superiors, which they call obedience, and which serves

for a passport and certificate; and the one in the possession of the present applicant was old, torn, and illegible, and his name unknown. My father, who had credit, got him to be received, on condition that he should not remain long. Let us finish the history of this worthy monk. He spoke to my father and mother of a relic which was set in a silver watch, and he made them fall on their knees when he showed them a piece of cord twisted round iron wire. This was a piece of the lace of the Virgin Mary, which had even served for her divine Son; and the proof was confirmed, as he said, by a miracle which never failed; for when the lace was thrown into the fire, the flames respected the relic; it was drawn out uninjured; and it was then plunged into oil, which immediately became miraculous oil and performed wonderful cures. My father and mother could have wished to see this miracle, but it could not be performed without preparations and pious ceremonies, and in presence of a certain number of devout persons, for greater edification and the glory of God. A good deal of conversation took place on this subject; and as my father was the physician of the nuns of St. Francis, he managed matters with them so well that they determined to allow the miracle to be performed according to the instructions of the Dominican; and the day and place were fixed for the ceremony taking place. The reverend father contrived to procure a good stock of oil and some money for the masses which were necessary for him on his journey. Everything was executed; but next day the bishop and magistrate having learned that a religious ceremony had taken place without permission, in which a strange monk had dared to put on the stole, bring people together, and boast of his miracles, proceeded separately to the verification of the facts. The miraculous lace, which resisted the flames, was nothing more nor less than iron wire arranged in such a manner as to deceive the eyes. The nuns were reprimanded, and the monk disappeared.

My father and myself took our departure a few days afterwards for Friuli, and we passed through Porto-Gruero, where my mother possessed some revenue as a public creditor. This small town, on the borders of Friuli, is the residence of the Bishop of Concordia, a city of great antiquity, but almost abandoned on account of the badness of the air. Continuing

our route, we passed the Tailliamento, sometimes a river and sometimes a torrent, which must be forded, as there are neither bridges nor ferry-boats; and we at length arrived at Udine, the capital of Venetian Friuli.

V

I was delighted to see again that virtuous mother who was so tenderly attached to me; my mother and myself were very partial to each other; but how different the love of a mother for her son from that of a son for his mother! Children love from gratitude; but mothers love by a natural impulse, and self-love has not a less share in their tender friendship; they love the fruits of their conjugal union, conceived by them with satisfaction, carried by them with pain in their bosom, and brought into the world with so much suffering. They have seen them grow up from day to day; they have enjoyed the first display of their innocence; they have been accustomed to see them, to love them, to watch over them. I am even disposed to believe that the last reason is the strongest of all, and that a mother would not be less fond of a child changed at nurse than of her own, provided she had *bonâ fide* received it for her own, had taken care of its first education, and been accustomed to caress and cherish it.

This is a digression foreign to these memoirs, but I like to gossip occasionally; and without hunting for fine things, nothing interests me more than the analysis of the human heart. But to resume the thread of our discourse.

My father received a letter from his cousin Zavarisi, a notary at Modena, to the following import: The duke had renewed an ancient edict by which every possessor of rents and real property was prohibited from absenting himself from his dominions without permission, and these permissions cost a great deal. M. Zavarisi added in his letter, that as my views respecting Milan had failed, it would be advisable for my father to send me to Modena, in which there was a university as at Pavia, where I might finish my legal studies, receive a license, and afterwards be entered as an advocate! This worthy relation, who was sincerely attached to us, put my father in mind that his ancestors had always held distinguished places in the duchy of Modena; that I might revive

the ancient credit of our family, and, at the same time, save the expense of a permission, which would require to be renewed every two years. He concluded with telling us that he would take care of my person, and that he would see that I should be comfortably and respectably boarded. In a postscript he mentioned that he had a good marriage in view for me. This letter gave rise to endless reasonings for and against between my father and mother. The master, however, carried the point, and it was decided that I should instantly depart with the courier of Modena.

I entered the packet-boat of Modena; we were fourteen passengers: our conductor, named Bastia, was a very aged and spare man, of a severe physiognomy, but a very respectable man and even devout withal. We took our first dinner all of us together at the inn, where the master procured the necessary provisions for our supper, which was to be taken on our passage. At nightfall two lamps diffused a light everywhere and the courier then made his appearance in the midst of us with a chaplet in his hands and begged and exhorted us very politely to recite along with him aloud a third part of a rosary and the litanies of the Virgin. We all gave our assent to the pious request of the good man Bastia, and ranged ourselves in two rows to divide the pater-nosters and ave-marias, which we recited with becoming devotion. In a corner of the boat there were three of our travelers who sat with their hats on and kept laughing and mimicking us. Bastia, having perceived this, requested the three gentlemen to observe good manners at least, if they were not disposed to be devout. The three unknown persons on this laughed full in his face. The courier was vexed, but said nothing further, as he knew not whom he had to do with; but a sailor, who recognized them, told the courier they were three Jews. Bastia's fury exceeded all bounds, and he cried out like a mad person, "What! you are Jews, and at dinner you ate bacon!" At this unexpected sally everybody began to laugh, and the Jews as well as the rest. The courier continued, "I pity those who are so unfortunate as not to know our religion; but I despise those who observe none. You ate bacon; you are knaves." The Jews in a fury threw themselves on the courier: we took the reasonable part of defending him, and we forced the

Israelites to keep by themselves. Our rosary, thus interrupted, was postponed to the following day. We supped with tolerable gayety, and we went to sleep on our little mattresses. Nothing extraordinary took place during the remainder of the voyage.

On approaching Modena, Bastia asked me where I meant to lodge. I knew not myself, as M. Zavarisi was to find me out a boarding-house. Bastia requested me to board with him; he was acquainted with M. Zavarisi, and he flattered himself that it would meet with his approbation. This was actually the case; and I went to lodge with the courier. It was a most sanctified house: father, sons, daughters, daughter-in-law, and children were all possessed of the greatest devotion. I found no amusement with them; but as they were honest people, who lived prudently and tranquilly, I was very well pleased with their attentions; and people are always estimable when they fulfill their social duties.

But a frightful scene which I witnessed a few days after my arrival, a horrible ceremony, a piece of pomp of religious jurisdiction, struck me so much, that my mind was troubled and my senses agitated! I saw in the middle of a crowd of people, a scaffold elevated to the height of five feet, on which a man appeared with his head uncovered and his hands tied. This was an abbé of my acquaintance, an enlightened literary man, a celebrated poet, well known and highly esteemed in Italy; it was the Abbé J—— B—— V——. One monk held a book in his hand; another interrogated the sufferer, who answered haughtily. The spectators clapped with their hands, and encouraged him: the reproaches augmented; the man subjected to this piece of degradation trembled with rage: I could bear the scene no longer. I went off in a state of thoughtfulness and agitation, and quite stunned; my vapors instantly attacked me: I returned home, and shut myself up in my room, plunged in the most dismal and humiliating reflections for humanity. "Good God!" said I to myself, "to what are we subject in this short life, which we are obliged to drag out? Here is a man accused of uttering improper language to a woman who had been taking the sacrament. Who denounced him? The woman herself. Heavens! is not misfortune alone a sufficient punishment?"

Whilst I was indulging my sad reveries, Father Bastia, knowing of my return, came to propose to me to join his family in reciting the rosary. I required something to relieve my mind, and I accepted the proposal with pleasure. I said my rosary with devotion, and I found my consolation in it. Supper was served up, and the Abbé V—— was spoken of. I marked the horror which I felt for that spectacle; my host, who was of the secular society of that jurisdiction, considered the ceremony superb and exemplary. I asked him how the spectacle terminated. He told me that his pride had at length been humbled; that his obstinacy had at length yielded; that he was obliged to avow with a loud voice all his crimes, to recite a formula of retractation presented to him, and that he was condemned to six years' imprisonment. The terrible aspect of this man under his ignominious treatment never quitted me. I saw no one; I went to mass every day with Bastia: I went to sermon and to prayers with him; he was quite contented with me, and endeavored to nourish in me that unction which appeared in my actions and my discourse, by accounts of visions, miracles, and conversions. My resolution was taken, and I was firmly resolved to enter the order of Capuchins. I wrote to my father a very labored letter, which, however, was destitute of common-sense. I requested his permission to renounce the world, and envelope myself in a cowl. My father, who was no fool, took care not to oppose me: he flattered me a great deal; he seemed satisfied with the inspiration I displayed, and merely begged me to join him immediately on the receipt of his letter, promising me that he himself and my mother wished for nothing more than to see me satisfied.

At sight of this answer, I prepared for my departure. Bastia, who did not that day take the charge of the bark for Venice, recommended me to his comrade, who was to perform the voyage. I bade adieu to the devout family; I begged to be remembered in their prayers, and I parted from them under the workings of contrition. On arriving at Chiozza, my dear parents received me with endless caresses. I asked their benediction, which they gave me with tears; and I spoke of my project, which they did not disapprove. My father proposed to take me with him to Venice; but this I refused

with all the frankness of devotion. On his telling me, however, that it was to present me to the guardian of the Capuchins, I willingly consented. We went to Venice, where we visited our relations and friends, dining with some and supping with others. They deceived me. I was taken to the play, and in fifteen days there was no longer any thought of the cloister. My vapors were dissipated, and I was restored to reason. I pitied always the man whom I saw on the scaffold; but I discovered that it was not necessary to renounce the world to avoid it. My father took me back to Chiozza, and my mother, who was pious without being bigoted, was very glad to see me in my usual state.

For my part, I knew not what was to become of me. At the age of twenty-one I had experienced so many reverses, so many singular catastrophes had happened to me, and so many troublesome events, that I no longer flattered myself with anything, and saw no other resource in my mind than the dramatic art, which I was still fond of, and which I should long before have entered into, if I had been master of my own will. My father, however, vexed to see me the sport of fortune, did not allow himself to be cast down by those circumstances, which began to wear a serious aspect both for him and me. He had been at a considerable and useless expense to give me a profession, and he could have wished to procure me a respectable and lucrative employment, which should cost him nothing. This was not so easily to be found; he did find one, however, and so much to my taste that I forgot all the losses which I had sustained, and I had nothing further to regret.

The republic of Venice sends a noble Venetian for governor to Chiozza, with the title of "podestà," who takes with him a chancellor for criminal matters; an office which corresponds with that of "lieutenant-criminel" in France; and this criminal chancellor must have an assistant in his office, with the title of coadjutor. These appointments are more or less lucrative, according to the country in which they are situated; but they are all very agreeable, as the holders of them are admitted to the governor's table, are in his excellency's party, and see every person of distinction in the place. However small the labor, it turns out pretty well. My father enjoyed

the protection of the governor, who was at that time the noble Francis Bonfadini. He was also very much connected with the criminal chancellor, and well acquainted with the coadjutor. In short, he procured my appointment as adjunct to the latter.

The period of the Venetian government is fixed; the governors are changed every sixteen months. When I entered my place, four months had only elapsed. Besides, I was a supernumerary, and could not pretend to any kind of emoluments; but I enjoyed all the pleasures of society, a good table, abundance of plays, concerts, balls, and fêtes. It is a charming employment; but as they are not regular offices, and as the governor can give the commission to whomsoever he pleases, there are some of their chancellors who languish in inaction, and others who pass over the rest, and have no time to repose themselves. It is personal merit which brings them into repute; but most frequently protections carry the day. I was aware of the necessity of securing a reputation to myself; and in my quality of supernumerary, I took every means of instructing myself, and making myself useful. The coadjutor was not too fond of employment; I assisted him as much as possible; and at the end of a few months I had become as competent as himself. The chancellor was not long in perceiving it; and he gave me thorny commissions without their passing through the channel of his coadjutor, which I was fortunate enough to execute to his satisfaction.

Criminal procedure is a very interesting lesson for the knowledge of human nature. The guilty individual endeavors to clear himself of his crime, or to diminish the horror of it: he is either artful by nature, or becomes so through fear: he knows that he has to do with intelligent persons, with professional people, and yet he does not despair to deceive them. The law has prescribed to criminals certain forms of interrogation which must be followed, lest the demands should be captious, and lest weakness or ignorance should be surprised. However, it is necessary to know a little, or endeavor to conjecture the character and mind of the man about to be examined; and, observing a medium between rigor and humanity, an endeavor is made to discover the truth without constraining the individual. What interested me the most

was the review of the procedure, and the report which I prepared for my chancellor; for on those reviews and reports the situation, honor, and life of a man frequently depends. The accused are defended, the matter is discussed; but the report produces the first impression. Woe to those who draw up reviews without knowledge, and reports without reflection. Do not say, my dear reader, that I am puffing myself off; you see when I commit imprudent actions, I do not spare myself; and I must be requited when I confess that I am pleased with myself.

The sixteen months' residence of the podestà drew to a close. Our criminal-chancellor was already retained for Feltre, and he proposed to me the place of principal coadjutor, if I would follow him. Charmed with this proposition, I took a suitable time to speak of it to my father; and next day an engagement was concluded between us. Here I was at length settled. Hitherto I had looked only on employments at a distance; but now I held one which pleased and suited me. I resolved with myself never to quit it; but man proposes, and God disposes.

Everybody went away, and I remained at Chiozza till M. Zabottini (this was the name of the chancellor) called me to Venice for the journey to Feltre. I had always cultivated the acquaintance of the nuns of St. Francis, where there were charming boarders; the Signora B—— had one under her direction who was very beautiful, very rich, and very amiable; she would have pleased me infinitely, but my age, my situation, and my fortune forbade me to flatter myself with the idea: the nun, however, did not despair; and when I called on her she never failed to send for the young lady to the parlor. I felt that I was becoming seriously attached; the directress seemed satisfied; I did not comprehend her: I spoke to her one day of my inclination and my fear; and she encouraged me and confided the secret to me. This lady possessed merit and property; but there was a stain on her birth. "However, this small defect is nothing," said the lady with the veil; "the girl is prudent and well educated; and I answer for her character and conduct. She has," she continued, "a guardian, who must be gained over; but let me alone for that. This guardian, who is very old and very in-

firm, has, it is true, some pretensions to his ward: but he is in the wrong, and—as I stand for something in this business —let me alone, I say again; I shall arrange things for the best." I own, from this discourse, this confidence, and this encouragement, I began to believe myself fortunate. Miss N—— did not look upon me with an unfavorable eye, and I reckoned the affair as good as concluded. The whole convent perceived my inclination for the boarder, and there were ladies acquainted with the intrigues of the parlor who took pity on me, and informed me of what was passing. They did it in this way. The windows of my room were exactly opposite to the steeple of the convent; several apertures were contrived in its construction, through which the figures of those who approached them were confusedly seen. I had several times observed figures and signs at these apertures, and I learned in time that those signs marked the letters of the alphabet, that words were formed of them, and that a conversation could thus be carried on at a distance. I had almost every day a quarter of an hour of this mute conversation, which was of a discreet and decorous nature. By means of this manual alphabet I learned that Miss N—— was on the point of being married to her guardian. Indignant at the proceedings of Lady B——, I called on her after dinner, determined to display my resentment. I demanded to see her; she came, and on looking steadily at me, perceived that I was chagrined, and dexterously took care not to give me time to speak; she began the attack herself with a sort of vigor and a degree of vehemence.

"Very well, sir," said she, "you are displeased, I see by your countenance." I wished to speak then, but she would not listen to me; she raised her voice, and continued: "Yes, sir, Miss N—— is to be married, and her guardian is to marry her." I wished to speak loud in my turn. "Silence, silence," cried she, "listen to me; this marriage is my contrivance; I have, after mature consideration, been induced to second it, and it was for you that I solicited it." "For me!" said I. "Yes; silence," said she, "and you shall see the design of an honest woman, who is attached to you. Are you," continued she, "in a situation to marry? No, for a hundred reasons. Would the lady have waited your convenience? No, for it

was not in her power; she must have married; a young man would have married her, and you would have lost her forever. Now she is to be married to an old man, to a valetudinary, who cannot live long; you will receive a pretty widow who will be richer than she is at present; and in the meantime you can go on in your own way. Yes, yes, she is yours; I pledge myself for that; I give you my word of honor."

Miss N—— now made her appearance and approached the grate. The directress said to me, with a mysterious air, "Compliment Miss on her marriage." I could hold out no longer. I made my bow, and went away without saying a word. I never saw either the directress or the boarder again; and happily I soon forgot both of them.

I was entrusted some time afterwards with another commission of a much more agreeable and amusing nature. This was to carry through an investigation ten leagues from the town, into the circumstances of a dispute where fire-arms had been made use of, and dangerous wounds received. As the country where this happened was flat, and the road lay through charming estates and country-houses, I engaged several of my friends to follow me; we were in all twelve, six males and six females, and four domestics. We all rode on horseback, and we employed twelve days in this delicious expedition. During all this time we never dined and supped in the same place; and for twelve nights we never slept on beds. We went very frequently on foot along delightful roads bordered with vines, and shaded with fig-trees, breakfasting on milk, and sometimes sharing the ordinary fare of the peasants, which is a soup composed of Turkey corn called polenta, and of which we made most delicious toasts. Wherever we went, we saw nothing but fêtes, rejoicings, and entertainments; and at every place where we stopped in the evening we had balls the whole night through, in which the ladies played their part as well as the men. In this party there were two sisters, one married and the other single. The latter was very much to my liking, and I may say I made the party for her alone. She was as prudent and modest as her sister was headstrong and foolish; the singularity of our journey afforded us an opportunity of coming to an explanation, and we became lovers.

My investigation was concluded in two hours; we selected another road for our return, to vary our pleasure; but on our arrival at Feltre, we were all worn out, exhausted, and more dead than alive. I felt the effects for a month, and my poor Angelica had a fever of forty days.

The poor little girl loved me with tenderness and sincerity, and I loved her also with my whole soul; I may say she was the first person whom I ever loved. She aspired to become my wife, which she would have been if certain singular reflections, that, however, were well founded, had not turned me from the design. Her elder sister had been remarkably beautiful; and, after her first child, she became ugly. The youngest had the same skin and the same features; she was one of those delicate beauties whom the air injures, and whom the smallest fatigue or pain discomposes; of all which I saw a convincing proof. The fatigue of our journey produced a visible change upon her; I was young, and if my wife were in a short time to have lost her bloom, I foresaw what would have been my despair. This was reasoning curiously for a lover; but whether from virtue, weakness, or inconstancy, I quitted Feltre without marrying her.

VI

I HAD some difficulty in tearing myself from the charming object with whom I first tasted the charms of virtuous love. It must be owned, however, that this love was not of a very vigorous description, as I could quit my mistress. A little more mind and grace would perhaps have fixed me; but she possessed beauty alone; and even that beauty seemed to me on its decline. I had time for reflection, and my self-love was stronger than my passion.

I required something to divert my thoughts from the subject, and several circumstances occurred calculated to produce this effect. My father, who could never settle in one place (a propensity which he left as an inheritance to his son) had changed his country. In returning from Modena, whither he went on family affairs, he passed through Ferrara, and there he received a very advantageous offer of being settled as a physician at Bagnacavallo, with a fixed income. This was a favorable proposition, and he accepted it; and it was

arranged that I should join him there the very first opportunity my situation would admit of.

On leaving Feltre, I passed through Venice without stopping, and embarked with the courier of Ferrara. In the bark there were numbers of people, but they were ill assorted. Among others, there was a meager and pale young man with black hair, a broken voice, and a sinister physiognomy, the son of a butcher of Padua, who set up for a great man. This gentleman grew weary, and invited everybody to play; nobody, however, would listen to him, and I had the honor of taking him up. He proposed at first faro on a small scale, tête-à-tête, but this the courier would not have permitted. We played at a child's game, called "calacarte," in which he who has the greatest number of cards at the end of the game gains a fish, and he who has the greatest number of spades gains another. I lost my cards always, and never had any spades: at thirty sous the fish, he contrived to obtain from me two sequins; I suspected him, but I paid my money without saying anything.

On arriving at Ferrara I had need of repose, and I went to lodge at the hotel of St. Mark, where the post-horses were kept. While I was dining alone in my room, I received a visit from my gambler, who came to offer me my revenge. On my refusing, he laughed at me, and, drawing from his pocket a pack of cards and a handful of sequins, he proposed faro to me, which I still, however, refused. "Come, come, sir," said he; "I owe you your revenge. I am an honest man, willing to give it you; and you cannot refuse me. You don't know me," he continued. "To set your mind at ease with respect to me, there are the cards; hold you the bank and I shall punt." The proposition seemed to me fair; I was not yet cunning enough to suspect the tricks of this sleight-of-hand gentry; I believed in good earnest that chance would decide the business, and that I had an opportunity of recovering my money.

I drew ten sequins from my purse, as an equivalent for those of my antagonist, and I mixed the cards and gave him them to cut. He laid two punts, which I gained, and on which I was as frisky as a harlequin. I shuffled again, and gave the cards to him to cut: my gentleman doubled his stake

and gained; he made paroli: this paroli decided the bank, and I could not refuse to hold it. I held it accordingly, and I gained. On this he swore like a trooper, took up the cards, which had fallen on the table, counted them, found an odd card, and maintained there was a false deal. He attempted to seize my money, which I defended. He then drew a pistol from his pocket; and I started back and let go my sequins. On hearing my plaintive and trembling voice, a waiter of the hotel, leagued in all probability with the cheat, made his appearance, and announced to us that we had both incurred the most rigorous penalties denounced against games of hazard, and threatened to inform against us instantly if we refused to give him some money. I was not long in giving him a sequin for myself, and I took post instantly, enraged at having lost my money, and still more at having allowed myself to be swindled.

On arriving at Bagnacavallo, I was consoled with the sight of my dear parents. My father had had an attack of a mortal disease, and his only regret was, as he said, lest he should die without seeing me. Alas! he saw me, and I saw him; but this reciprocal pleasure lasted but a very short time.

On the fourteenth day my father was no more. He was buried in the church of St. Jerome of Bagnacavallo, the 9th March, 1731.

I endeavored to console my mother, and she in turn endeavored to comfort me: we required the assistance of each other. Our first care was to leave the place and return to my maternal aunt at Venice, and we lodged with her in the house of one of our relations, where fortunately there were apartments to let. During the whole journey from Romagna to Venice my mother did nothing but speak of my chancery-employment on the mainland, which she called a gypsy occupation, for it was necessary to be on the spot, and to be perpetually changing from country to country. She wished to live along with me, to see me occupied sedentarily beside her, and she conjured and solicited me with tears in her eyes to embrace the profession of an advocate. On my arrival at Venice, all our friends joined my mother in the same wish; I resisted as long as I could, but was at last obliged to yield. Did I act wisely? Will my mother long enjoy her son? She

had every reason to think so; but my stars perpetually thwarted every one of my projects. Thalia expected me in her temple, she led me to it through many a crooked path, and made me endure the thorns and the briers before yielding me any of the flowers.

VII

WAS now an advocate; my introduction to the bar had taken place, and the next thing was to procure clients. I attended every day in court, listening to the masters of the profession, and looking round everywhere to see if my physiognomy happened to take with any one who might think proper to give me an opportunity of appearing in a cause of appeal. A new advocate cannot shine and show himself off to advantage in the tribunals where causes originate; and it is in the superior courts alone that he can display his science, eloquence, voice, and grace; four means all equally necessary to place an advocate in the first rank at Venice. My Uncle Indric was liberal in his promises, and all my friends were incessantly flattering me; but in the meantime I was obliged to pass the whole of the afternoon and part of the evening in a closet, that I might not lose the first favorable instant.

As I wish to conceal nothing from my reader, I must reveal my secret to him. My affairs became deranged (I shall soon explain why and wherefore). My closet brought me in nothing, and I was under the necessity of turning my time to some account. The profits in comedy are very moderate in Italy for the author; and from the opera alone I could gain a hundred sequins at once. With this view I composed a lyrical tragedy, called Amalosonte. I was well pleased with my labor, and I found people to whom the reading of it seemed to give satisfaction; but, to tell the truth, I had not made choice of connoisseurs. I shall afterwards speak of this musical tragedy.

The unfortunate event which I am about to recount, and which I have already announced, might have appeared among the anecdotes of the two preceding years; but I prefer giving the whole story at once, to interweaving it piecemeal with the rest of my narration. My mother had been very intimate with Madame St. —— and Miss Mar——, two sisters living

apart, though lodged under the same roof. During her travels the acquaintance dropped; but it was renewed on our settling again at Venice. I was introduced to these ladies; and as Miss Mar—— was richest, she lodged on the first floor. As she saw company, she received the greatest number of visits. Miss Mar—— was not young; but she still possessed the remains of beauty. At the age of forty she was as fresh as a rose, as white as snow, with a natural complexion; large, sparkling, and intelligent eyes, a charming mouth, and an agreeable embonpoint. Her nose alone disfigured her somewhat. It was aquiline, and a little too much raised, which, however, gave her an air of importance when she assumed a serious tone. She had always refused marriage, though from her respectable air and her fortune, she could never have been in want of advantageous offers; and for my good or bad fortune, it so happened that I was the happy mortal who made the first impression on her. We understood one another, but durst not speak; for she acted the prude, and I was afraid of a refusal. I consulted my mother, who was by no means displeased; and even, from an opinion that the match was advantageous to me, took upon her to open the matter. She proceeded very slowly, however, not to draw me from my professional occupation, and she was desirous to see me first somewhat more firmly established.

Meanwhile, I continued to pass my evenings with Miss Mar——. Her sister used to join the party, with her two daughters, who were marriageable. The oldest was deformed, and the other was ugly. She had, however, black and roguish eyes, an abundance of entertaining drollery, and possessed the most natural and engaging gracefulness. Her aunt disliked her, for she had frequently opposed her in her temporary inclinations, and never failed to use her utmost efforts to supplant her in my good graces. For my part, I amused myself with the niece, and kept steadfast to the aunt. In the meantime an excellency contrived to introduce himself to Miss Mar——, and paid her some attentions, of which she was the dupe. Neither of them had the least affection for the other; the lady wished the title, and his excellency the fortune.

However, seeing myself deprived of the place of honor

which I had occupied, I was piqued, and, by way of revenge, paid my court to her detested rival. I carried my vengeance so far that in two months' time I became completely enamored, and I drew up for my ugly mistress a good contract of marriage, regular and formal in every respect. The mother of the young woman and her adherents, it is true, made use of every means to get hold of me. In our contract there were articles very advantageous for me; I was to receive an income belonging to the young lady; her mother was to give up her diamonds to her; and I was to receive a considerable sum of money from a friend of the family, whom they would not name to me.

I still continued to visit Miss Mar——, and passed the evenings as usual; but the aunt distrusted the niece, for whom my attentions were, as she could perceive, somewhat less reserved. She knew that for some time I usually ascended to the second floor before entering the first; she was devoured by vexation, and wished to get rid of her sister, her nieces, and myself. For this purpose she solicited her marriage with the gentleman whom she supposed she had secured; and proposed to him to agree upon the time and conditions: but what was her astonishment and humiliation to receive for answer that his excellency demanded the half of her property as a donation on marrying her, and the other half after her death! She was seized with transports of rage, hatred, and contempt; she sent a formal refusal to her suitor, and almost died of grief. All this was communicated by persons about the house to the eldest sister, and it threw both mother and daughter into the greatest joy. Miss Mar—— did not dare to speak; she was forced to stomach her chagrin; and, seeing me display marks of kindness for the niece, she cast now and then a furious look at me with her large eyes, which were inflamed with rage. In this society we were all of us bad politicians. Miss Mar——, who knew not the footing on which her niece received me, still flattered herself with the hope of tearing me from the object of her jealousy, and on account of the difference of fortune, of again seeing me at her feet; but the perfidious part of which I am now going to accuse myself soon completely undeceived her. I composed a song for my mistress, which was set to music by

an amateur of taste, with the intention of having it sung in a serenade on the canal which the house of these ladies overlooked. I took an opportunity favorable for the execution of my project, fully sure of pleasing the one and provoking the other.

About nine o'clock in the evening, when we were assembled in a party in the saloon of the aunt, a very noisy symphony was heard on the canal under the balcony of the aunt, and consequently also under the windows of the niece. We all rose that we might enjoy it; and on the conclusion of the overture, we heard the charming voice of Agnese, a female singer then in fashion for serenades, who, from the sweetness of her voice and the purity of her expression, gave an effect to the music and a celebrity to the couplets.

The song was successful at Venice, and sung up and down everywhere; but it lighted up the torch of discord in the minds of the two rivals, each of whom appropriated it to herself. I tranquilized the niece by assuring her in a whisper that the fête was intended for her, and I left the mind of the other in doubt and agitation. I received compliments from every one, which, however, I refused, and continued *incognito;* but I was by no means sorry to be suspected.

Next day I made my entrance at the usual hour. Miss Mar——, who was watching for me, saw me enter, came out to me in the passage, and made me accompany her into her room. Having requested me to sit down beside her, she said to me, with a serious and passionate air, "You have regaled us with a very brilliant entertainment; but as there are more women than one in this house, for whom, pray, was this piece of gallantry intended? I know not whether I have a right to return you my thanks." "Madam," I answered, "I am not the author of the serenade." Here she interrupted me with a proud and almost threatening air. "Do not conceal yourself," said she; "the effort is useless; tell me only whether this amusement was intended for me or for another. I must warn you," continued she, "that this declaration may become serious; that it ought to be decisive; and another word shall not be heard from me on the subject."

Had I been free, I know not what answer I should have made; but I was tied down, and had but one answer to give.

"Madam," said I, "supposing me to be the author of the serenade, I should never have dared to address it to you." "Why not?" said she. "Because," I answered, "your views are too elevated for me; and great lords alone can merit your esteem—" "This is enough," said she, rising: "I comprehend everything sufficiently: very well, sir, you will repent it." (She was in the right: I have repented it very much.)

War was now declared. Miss Mar——, piqued at being supplanted by her niece, and afraid of seeing her married before herself, turned her views elsewhere. Opposite her windows there was a respectable family, not titled, but allied to patrician families; and the eldest son had paid his court to Miss Mar——, and met with a refusal. She endeavored to renew the intercourse with the young man, who was not backward on his part; she purchased a very honorable situation for him, and in six days' time everything was agreed on and the marriage concluded. M. Z——, the new husband, had a sister who was to be married the same month to a gentleman of the mainland; both marriages of persons in easy circumstances; and that of my mistress and myself was to be the third; and notwithstanding our poverty, we were also obliged to put on an appearance of wealth and ruin ourselves. This was what deranged my affairs and reduced me to extremities. But how was I to extricate myself?

My mother knew nothing of what was going on in a house which she seldom visited. Miss Mar——, availing herself of the ceremonies usual on such occasions, was malicious enough to inform her of it; she sent her a marriage card; my mother was greatly astonished; she spoke to me; I was obliged to own everything; still, however, I endeavored to soften the folly committed by me in giving effect to promises of a nature not altogether to be relied on; and I concluded by telling her that at my age a wife of forty was not a suitable match for me. This last reason seemed to appease my mother more than all the rest. She asked me whether the time was yet fixed for my marriage. I told her that it was, and that we had still three good months before us. A marriage at Venice in form, and with all the customary follies, is a much more ceremonious affair than anywhere else. In the first place, there

is the signature of the contract, with the intervention of parents and friends, a formality which we avoided by signing our contract secretly. Secondly, the presentation of the ring. This is not the marriage-ring, but a stone ring, a solitary diamond, which the bridegroom must make a present of to his bride. The relations and friends are invited on this occasion: there is a great display in the house; great pomp and much dressing; and no meeting takes place at Venice without expensive refreshments. This expense we could not avoid; for our marriage, however ridiculous, could not be kept secret; and we were obliged to do like other people, and go completely through with things. The third ceremony is the presentation of the pearls. A few days before the nuptial benediction takes place, the mother, or the nearest relation of the bridegroom, waits on the bride, and presents her with a necklace of fine pearls, which the young lady wears regularly about her neck from that day to the termination of the first year of her marriage. Few families possess these pearl necklaces, or wish to be at the expense of them; but they are hired, and if they are anything beautiful, the hire is very high. This presentation is attended with balls, entertainments, and dresses, and consequently is very expensive.

I shall say nothing of the other successive ceremonies which are nearly similar to those which take place everywhere. I stop at that of the pearls, which I ought to have gone through, but which I omitted for a hundred reasons; the first of which was, that I had no more money. On the approach of this last preliminary of the nuptials, I intimated to my intended mother-in-law, that I now expected the performance of the three conditions of our contract. These were the revenues which were to be assigned over to me, the diamonds which the mother agreed to deposit in the hands of her daughter, or mine, before the day of the presentation of the pearls, and the putting me in possession of the whole or part of the considerable sum which was promised to her by the unknown protector. The following is the result of the conference which one of my cousins took the charge of. The revenues of the young lady consisted in one of those life-annuities destined by the republic for a certain number of females;

but they must all wait their turn; and there were still four to die before Miss St. —— could enjoy hers; she herself might even die before touching the first quarter's payment. As to the diamonds, they were decidedly destined for the daughter; but the mother, who was still young, would not consent to part with them during her own lifetime, and would only agree to give them after her death. With regard to the gentleman who was to give the money (for what reason is not so clear), he had undertaken a journey, and was not to return for some time.

Such was the comfortable situation in which I was placed. I had not sufficient means to support an expensive establishment, and still less to enable me to vie with the luxury of two fortunate couples. My closet yielded me little or nothing; I had contracted debts: I saw myself on the brink of a precipice, and I was in love! I mused, I reflected, I sustained a distressing conflict between love and reason; but at last the latter gained the victory over the dominion of the senses. I communicated my situation to my mother, who, with tears in her eyes, agreed with me that some violent resolution was absolutely necessary to avoid ruin. She mortgaged her property to pay my debts at Venice; I assigned over my Modena property for her maintenance, and I formed the resolution of departing. In the moment when I had the most flattering prospects, after the successful appearance made by me in court in the midst of the acclamations of the bar, I quitted my country, my relations, my friends, my love, my hopes, and my profession; I took my departure, and landed at Padua: the first step was taken, the rest cost me nothing; for, thanks to the goodness of my temperament, excepting my mother, everything else was soon forgotten by me; and the pleasure of liberty consoled me for the loss of my mistress.

VIII

Early one morning my servant burst into my room and drew aside the curtain. On seeing me awake, he exclaimed, "Ah, sir! I have great news to tell you: fifteen thousand Savoyards, horse and foot, have taken possession of the city, and are drawn up in the square of the cathedral." Astonished at this piece of unexpected news, I put a hundred questions to my

lackey, who knew nothing more than what he had already told me. I dressed myself with all possible expedition, and repaired to the coffee-house, where ten people endeavored to speak at once to me. All were anxious to be the first to inform me; and I had many different accounts, but the following is actually what took place. We were in the commencement of the war of 1733, called the war of Don Carlos. The King of Sardinia, having declared himself for that prince, had united his forces with those of France and Spain against the house of Austria. The Savoyards, having marched all night, arrived by break of day at the gates of Milan. The general demanded the keys of the town, and, Milan being too large for a defense, the keys were accordingly delivered over to him. Without inquiring farther into the matter, I deemed myself sufficiently instructed to communicate the event to the resident. I returned and wrote an account of it, which I sent off express to Venice, and three days afterwards the Venitian minister returned to Milan.

In the meantime the French troops soon made their appearance, and joined their allies the Sardinians, and they formed together that large army which was called by the Italians *l'armata dei Gallo-Sardi.* The allies prepared for laying siege to the castle of Milan, and they made approaches for the purpose of battering the citadel, which obliged the inhabitants of the parade to shift their quarters. The besieging army soon began to open their trenches and to construct their covered ways; the siege proceeded rapidly; the batteries kept firing night and day, and the guns of the citadel answered those of the besiegers. The bombs now and then improperly directed paid us a visit in the town.

A few days afterwards my minister received a ducal letter in parchment, and sealed with lead, from a courier of the republic of Venice, directing him to leave Milan and take up his residence at Crema during the war. This information the resident immediately communicated to me. He took this opportunity to get rid of his secretary, whom he disliked, and he conferred this honorable and lucrative situation on me, and ordered me to hold myself in readiness to set out next day.

After a siege of twenty days, during four of which there

was a practicable breach, the castle of Milan was under the necessity of capitulating, having demanded and obtained all the honors of war, drums beating, colors flying, and covered wagons to Mantua, which was the general rendezvous of the Germans, who were not yet sufficiently strong to oppose the progress of their enemies. The combined armies, profiting by this favorable conjuncture, laid siege a few days afterwards to Pizzighetone, a small frontier town in the Cremonese, at the confluence of the Serio and Ada, very well fortified and possessing a very considerable citadel. The theater of war advancing nearer and nearer to Crema, we were the better enabled to procure news, as we could distinctly hear the discharge of the guns; but hostilities did not proceed much farther, for the Germans, who were in expectation of orders from Vienna or Mantua, demanded an armistice of three days, which was readily granted to them.

On this occasion I was sent, in the quality of an honorable spy, to the camp of the allies. It is impossible to draw with accuracy such a picture as a camp presents during an armistice; the most brilliant festivity prevails, and altogether it exhibits the most astonishing spectacle which it is possible to imagine. A bridge thrown over the breach afforded a communication between the besiegers and the besieged: tables were spread in every quarter, and the officers entertained one another by turns: within and without, under tents and arbors, there was nothing but balls, entertainments, and concerts. All the people of the environs flocked there on foot, on horseback, and in carriages: provisions arrived from every quarter; abundance was seen in a moment, and there was no want of stage doctors and tumblers. It was a charming fair, a delightful rendezvous. I enjoyed it for several hours every day; and on the third I saw the German garrison march out with the same honors as those which had been granted to the castle of Milan. I was amused to see French and Piedmontese soldiers leaving their standards and thrusting themselves in the midst of the ranks of their countrymen, and thus desert with impunity.

One day when I was in my chamber, a servant entered with the information that I was wanted by the minister. I made my appearance before the resident, who gave me a manuscript

to copy. It was the manifesto of the King of Sardinia, with the reasons which induced him to engage in the French cause. This production was at that moment of some value, for the original was still in the press at Turin, and it required to be copied that it might be sent off to Venice.

The minister did not dine nor sup at home that day. He ordered me to bring him the manuscript and copy next morning when he awoke. The paper was pretty voluminous and badly written, but it required dispatch. I returned to my room, and sat down instantly to work, and labored at it till nine o'clock in the evening, taking no other dinner than a cup of chocolate. On finishing, I locked the two copies in my desk, and repaired to the Stag inn, where I engaged in a faro party with four gentlemen, none of whom were known to me. I punted and won, and I durst not therefore go away first. We passed the whole night at play. When I looked at my watch, I found it was seven o'clock in the morning. I was still a winner, but I could not remain any longer; and I therefore made my excuses to the company, and took my leave of them.

I met one of our servants a few steps from the inn, by whom I was informed that I had been sought for by order of the resident in every corner. He rose at five o'clock in the morning, and asked for me; and on being told that I had slept out all night, he became quite furious. I made all the haste I could home, and entered my chamber, from which I took the two papers, and delivered them to the minister. He gave me a very unpleasant reception, and even went so far as to suspect me of having communicated the King of Sardinia's manifesto to the extraordinary proveditor of the republic of Venice. This imputation hurt and distressed me very much, and, contrary to my usual mode of behavior, I gave way to an impulse of passion. The minister threatened to have me arrested. I quitted him, and sought a refuge with the bishop of the town, who took my part, and undertook to make up matters with the resident. I thanked him for his kind intention; but my resolution was taken to depart as soon as my innocence should be established. The resident had time to make inquiry where I had passed the night, and his opinion of me underwent a change; but I was unwilling to expose my-

self any more to similar unpleasant scenes, and I asked permission to give up my situation, which was accordingly granted. I called on the minister for the purpose of excusing myself, and returning him my thanks. I then packed up the different articles belonging to me, hired a chaise for Modena, where my mother still remained, and set out three days afterwards.

On arriving at Parma, the 28th of June, St. Peter's Eve, in 1733, a memorable day for that town, I went to lodge at the Osteria del Gallo. I was awaked next morning by a dreadful noise. On springing out of bed, and opening my room window, I perceived the place full of people running in all directions, and rushing against one another. There was nothing but weeping, crying, and distress: I observed women carrying their children in their arms, and others dragging them along the ground; men loaded with hampers, baskets, trunks, and packages; old men unable to support themselves; sick persons in their shirts; carts upturned and the horses running about loose. "What is the meaning of all this," said I; "is it the end of the world?"

I wrapped myself in my great-coat over my shirt, rushed hastily downstairs to the kitchen; but to all my demands and questions I could receive no answer. The innkeeper was packing up his plate, and his wife, with her hair all disheveled, held a box of jewels in her hand and her clothes in her apron. I wished to speak to her, but she threw me against the door and rushed out. "What is the matter? what is the matter?" I asked of every person I met. At length I perceived a man at the stable-door, whom I recognized to be my driver. I went up to him, and he was able to satisfy my curiosity in a few words.

"The whole place is in uproar," said he, "and not without reason; for the Germans are at the gates of the town, and if they enter it, it is sure to be pillaged. Every one is taking refuge in the church, and confiding their effects to the protection of God." "Will the soldiers," said I to him, "have time for reflection on such an occasion? Besides, are all the Germans Catholics?"

While I was thus conversing with my guide, the scene immediately changed, and nothing but cries of joy, ringing of

bells, and discharging of all manner of fireworks, was to be heard. The churches were immediately empty, the property was carried back again, friends were inquiring kindly for one another and embracing in an affectionate manner. How was this change brought about? The affair was this: a spy in the pay of both the allies and the Germans appeared the night before in the camp of the former at the village of St. Peter, a league distance from the city, and gave information that a detachment of the German troops were to forage the following day in the environs of Parma with the intention of surprising the town. The Marshal de Coigny, who then commanded the army, detached the two regiments of Picardy and Champagne to watch the enemy; but as this brave general never failed in precaution or vigilance, he caused the spy whom he distrusted to be arrested, and gave orders that the whole camp should remain under arms. M. de Coigny was not mistaken; on the two regiments arriving within sight of the ramparts of the town, they discovered the German army to the number of forty thousand, under Marshal de Mercy, with ten field-pieces. The French, who were advancing on the highway, surrounded with large ditches, had no means of retreat; they advanced boldly, but they were nearly all cut down by the enemy's artillery.

This was the signal of surprise for the French commander. The spy was instantly hanged, and the army began its march with the utmost expedition. The road was confined and the cavalry could not advance; but the infantry made such a vigorous charge that the enemy were forced to retreat, and it was then that the alarm of the Parmesans was converted into joy. Everybody ran to the ramparts of the town, and I ran with the rest. It was impossible to have a nearer view of a battle; the smoke frequently prevented us from distinguishing objects; but still we had a very rare *coup-d'œil,* such as few people can boast of having enjoyed. A continual fire was kept up for nine hours without interruption, and night separated the two armies. The Germans dispersed themselves among the mountains of Reggio, and the allies remained masters of the field of battle. Next day I saw Marshal de Mercy, who was killed in the heat of the battle, brought into Parma on a litter. This general was embalmed and sent to Germany,

as was also the Prince of Würtemberg, who shared the same fate.

But a much more horrible and disgusting spectacle was seen by me in the afternoon of the following day. This was the dead bodies which had been stripped during the night, and which were said to amount to twenty-four thousand. They were lying naked in heaps; and limbs, arms, skulls, and blood were scattered in all directions. What a carnage! The Parmesans dreaded lest the air should be infected from the difficulty of interring such a number of massacred bodies; but the republic of Venice, whose territories are almost contiguous to those of Parma, and which was interested in the preservation of the purity of the air, sent an abundance of lime, that all these carcasses might speedily disappear from the surface of the earth.

On the third day after the battle I was desirous of proceeding to Modena. My guide observed that the roads in that direction were all impracticable, on account of the continual incursions of the troops of the two parties. He added that if I wished to go to Milan, to which place he belonged, he would conduct me there, and if I were inclined to go to Brescia he knew one of his comrades who was on the point of setting out for that city with an abbé, whom I might accompany. I accepted this last proposition. Brescia was the more suitable place of the two for me, and I set out next day with the Abbé Garoffini, a very well-informed young man, who was a great lover of spectacles. We had a long conversation during our journey; and, as I had the disease common to all authors, I took care to mention my Belisarius. The abbé expressed a curiosity to hear it; and at our first dining station I drew my piece from my trunk and began the reading. I had not finished the first act before the driver urged us to proceed. The abbé was displeased, as he took an interest in the piece. "Never mind," said I, "I can read in the carriage as well as here." We resumed our seats in the chaise, and as the drivers go very slowly, I continued my reading without the slightest difficulty.

While we were both occupied in this manner, the carriage suddenly stopped, and we observed five men with mustachios and a military uniform, who with drawn swords ordered us

to alight. Could we hesitate to obey the absolute orders of these gentlemen? I alighted at one side, and the abbé at the other. One of them demanded my purse, which I instantly gave him; another took my watch; a third rummaged my pockets, and took my box, which was only shell; the two last treated the abbé in the same manner; and the whole five fell next upon our trunks, my little strong-box, and our bundles of night-clothes. When the driver found himself at liberty, he galloped off with his horses, and I took to flight also. I sprang over a very broad ditch, and ran across the fields, fearing that the rascals might also wish to take my great-coat, my coat and breeches, and even my life; and I esteemed myself exceedingly fortunate in escaping with the loss of my money and effects, and in having saved Belisarius from the wreck.

IX

At length, on the 24th November, 1734, my Belisarius appeared on the stage for the first time. It was my début, and it could not have been more brilliant or satisfactory for me. My piece was listened to with a silence altogether extraordinary and unusual in the Italian theaters. The public, accustomed to noise, gave vent to it between the acts; and by expressions of joy, clapping of hands, and reciprocal signs between the pit and boxes, the author and actors received the most distinguished marks of applause. All these displays of an unusual degee of satisfaction redoubled at the end of the piece to such a degree that the actors were quite affected. Some wept while others laughed, and these different effects flowed from the same feeling of joy. The author of the piece is not called for in Italy for the purpose of being seen and applauded on the stage. But when the principal actor presented himself to announce the play for the succeeding evening, all the spectators at once cried, "Questa, questa, questa," that is to say, "The same, the same"; and the curtain was dropped. The same piece was accordingly given next day, and it was continued to be given every day till the 14th of December, when the autumn performances were closed. This was a very fortunate commencement for me, for the piece was by no means so valuable as it had been estimated, and I

hold it myself in so little consideration that it shall never appear in the collection of my works.

On returning to Venice, the first thing I did was to embrace my mother; we had a long conversation together; my Venetian property was disencumbered; my Modena revenue increased; my brother had reëntered the army, and my mother was desirous that I should again resume my profession of advocate. I reasoned with her on the subject, and declared that as I had once quitted it, and made my appearance in my country in a character altogether different, I could no longer flatter myself with the confidence which I did not merit; while the career which I had entered upon was equally honorable, and might in time turn out lucrative.

My mother, with tears in her eyes, said that she durst not oppose my wish, that she reproached herself with having seduced me from the Criminal Chancery, and that, having confidence in my reason, honor, and activity, she left me at full liberty to choose my own profession. I thanked her and embraced her a second time; and from one thing to another I came to the article of Madame St. —— and her daughter, quite satisfied that the contempt expressed by these ladies for the employment chosen by me had relieved me from all fear and embarrassment.

"By no means," said my mother, "you are quite mistaken; Madame St. —— and her daughter have waited on me; they overpowered me with their politeness, and they spoke to me of you as an estimable and wonderful young man. Your distinguished success has rendered you in their eyes worthy of their consideration, and they still reckon on you."

"No," said I, with a tone of indignation; "no, my mother, I will never connect myself with a family by whom I was deceived, ruined, and at last treated with disdain."

"Do not alarm yourself," replied my mother; "they are not richer than they were; I shall return their visit, and endeavor to reason with them, and I undertake to procure your release. Let us talk of something else," continued she; "tell me what you have been doing since our separation."

I instantly satisfied her, and communicated several of my adventures, though I concealed also a great number. I made her successively weep, laugh, and tremble: we dined with our

relations; my mother was anxious to tell the company what I had imparted to her; but she only confused matters and excited their curiosity, and I was myself obliged to tell everything over again; when, exhilarated by the gayety of the repast, I ventured to mention a number of particulars which were quite new to my mother. "Ah, you knave!" she exclaimed from time to time, "you did not tell me this, or that, or that other." I passed my time very agreeably, and made old uncles and aunts laugh at my expense, who never laughed before in their lives. My conversation was perhaps in those days more engaging than my writings.

Towards the end of September my company of comedians returned to the capital; we rehearsed our opening piece, and on the 4th of October it appeared on the stage. The novelty produced surprise; the literary assembly was relished; the comedy in one act failed on account of the harlequin, who was not an agreeable actor; the comic opera was well received, and became a standing piece at the theater.

X

But at Genoa a piece of good fortune of still greater value happened to me, which shed its blissful influence over all the rest of my life: for I there married a prudent, kind, and charming young woman, who indemnified me for all the tricks played me by other women, and reconciled me to the fair sex. Yes, my dear reader, I became a husband, and I will tell you how. The director and myself were lodged in a house belonging to the theater. I had observed, opposite the windows of my room, a young woman who appeared to me rather pretty, and with whom I wished to form an acquaintance. One day, when she was alone at her window, I saluted her somewhat tenderly; she bowed and instantly withdrew, and did not make her appearance again. This excited my curiosity, and irritated my self-love. I endeavored to learn who lived opposite my apartments. The house belonged to M. Conio, a notary of the College of Genoa, and one of the four notaries deputed to the Bank of St. George; a respectable man, possessed of property, but who, having a very numerous family, was not in such easy circumstances as he ought to have been.

So far good: I was desirous of forming an acquaintance with M. Conio; I knew that Imer had paper of that bank derived from the rents of boxes which he negotiated by means of exchange brokers. I requested him to confide one of the bank-bills to my care, which he very willingly did; and I went to the Bank of St. George to present this bill to M. Conio, and to avail myself of that opportunity to discover his character. I found the notary surrounded with people, and I waited till they were gone; I then went up to him, and requested him to have the goodness to pay the value of my note. This worthy man received me with great politeness; but he told me that I had made a mistake, that the bills were not payable at the bank, but that the first exchange broker or merchant would have given me cash for them instantly. I begged to be excused; I told him that I was a stranger, and his neighbor. I had a great deal to say to him, but the hour was advanced, he requested permission to shut up his office, and told me that we should converse together on our way home.

We went out together, and he proposed taking a cup of coffee with me till dinner-time; I accepted the proposal, for in Italy we take ten cups of coffee a day. We entered a lemonade shop, and as M. Conio had seen me with the comedians, he asked me what characters I played. "Sir," said I, "your question does not offend me, for any other person would have made the same mistake." I told him who I was, and what my employment was; he apologized for his mistake: he was fond of plays, and frequented the theater where he had seen my pieces, and he was delighted as much to have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with me, as I was with him. This brought us together; he visited me, and I visited him in turn: I had opportunities of seeing Miss Conio, who appeared every day more agreeable and deserving in my eyes. In a month's time I demanded from M. Conio his daughter in marriage.

He was in no way surprised, having perceived my inclinations, and he had no apprehension of a refusal on the part of the young woman; but, like a wise and prudent man, he requested a little time, and wrote to the Genoese consul at Venice for information respecting my character. I could

not object to this delay, and I wrote off at the same time, imparting my project to my mother, and describing my future wife to her; and I requested her to send me instantly all the certificates which are necessary on similar occasions.

In a month's time I received my mother's consent and the requisite papers; and a few days afterwards M. Conio also received the most flattering accounts of me. Our marriage was fixed for the month of July, the portion agreed on, and the contract signed.

Imer knew nothing of all this; I had grounds for apprehending that he would endeavor to frustrate my project. He was in reality very much chagrined at it, as he was obliged to pass the summer at Florence, and I could not accompany him. I promised, however, that I would not quit the company; that I should labor for the season at Venice, and return in good time, and I kept my word. I was now the most contented and happy man in the world; but was it possible for me to experience happiness without some misfortune afterwards? I was seized with a fever on my marriage-night, and I experienced a second attack of the small-pox, which I had had at Rimini in my youth. Fortunately for me, I was not dangerously ill, and my features were not impaired. My poor wife shed many a tear over my pillow; she was then, and has always since been, my chief consolation.

XI

I WAS by no means theefore in easy circumstances in the beginning of the year 1740; and to add to my misfortune, I was all at once deprived of the best part of my rents. The war between the French and Spaniards on the one hand, and the Austrians on the other began to break out. It was called the war of Don Philip; and Lombardy was inundated with foreign troops to install that prince in the possession of Parma and Placentia. The Duke of Modena joined his forces to those of the Bourbons. He was a generalissimo of their army; and, to support the expenses of the war, he stopped the payment of the annuities of the ducal bank called Luoghi di Monte.

This void in my domestic affairs threw me into great con-

sternation. I could no longer maintain my rank in society. I formed the resolution of setting out instantly for Modena in quest of money at all hazards, and to pass on to Genoa, and demand justice. I wrote in consequence to the republic, and demonstrated the necessity of a journey, I demanded permission to appoint a substitute in my place, and I waited for the consent of the senate. In this expectation, and in the midst of my chagrins and embarrassments, my brother arrived from Modena, as much dissatisfied as myself with the suspension of our annuities, and still more piqued at not having been included in the new promotion made by his royal highness in his troops. He had quitted the service altogether, and came to enjoy his tranquillity at my expense.

I had reason to be satisfied with a prolongation of my stay in Venice, but I paid very dear for it in the sequel, and I was indebted to my brother for the cruel embarrassment in which I was placed. He entered my house one day at two o'clock in the afternoon, and pushed open with his cane the folding doors of my study. His hat was drawn over his brow, his countenance was red, his eyes sparkling,—I knew not whether from joy or rage. Looking hard at me with a disdainful air, "Brother," said he, "you will not always treat me as lightly as you do now." "What do you mean, brother?" "I do not compose verses, but every one has his value,—I have made a discovery." "If it can be of any use to you, I shall be exceedingly glad." "Yes, useful and honorable for me, and still more useful and honorable for you." "For me!" "Yes: I have made an acquaintance with a Ragusan captain, a man,—a man who has not his fellow. He keeps up a correspondence with the principal courts of Europe; he has commissions at which you would tremble; he is employed to raise recruits for a new regiment of two thousand Sclavonians; but, O heavens! if the government of Venice were to discover this, we should be ruined,—brother,—brother,—I have disclosed the matter, you know the importance of discretion."

I wished to suggest a few reflections to him. "Listen to me," said he, interrupting me; "there is a captaincy here open for me; I have served in Dalmatia, as you know; this my friend also knows; he knew my uncle Visinoni at Zara,

and he destines a company for me. But for you," continued he, "it is quite another affair." "For me? what the devil does he want with me?" "He knows you by reputation, he esteems you, you will be the auditor, the grand judge of the regiment." "I?" "Yes, you."

At that moment the servant entered, and announced to us that dinner was ready. "The deuce take both you and the dinner!" said my brother; "we have business to transact; leave us undisturbed." "But cannot you defer it," said I, "till after dinner?" "Not at all; it must wait." "Why?" "The captain is coming." "So you have asked him?" "Yes; are you displeased that I have taken the liberty to invite a friend?" "The captain is your friend, then?" "I have no doubt of it." "You have just formed acquaintance with him, and he is your friend already?" "We soldiers are not courtiers; we know one another at first sight; honor and glory form the bond of our union, and next moment we become friends."

My wife arrived, and entreated us to be done. "Good heavens! madam," cried my brother, "this is being very impatient." "It is your mother," said she, "who is growing impatient." "My mother, my mother,—let her dine and go to bed." "All this, my brother, smells sadly of gunpowder." "I am sorry, I am sorry; but the captain cannot be long." A knock was heard; it was the captain; a number of compliments and excuses passed, and we sat down to dinner.

This man had more the appearance of a courtier than a soldier. He was supple, mild, affected, his complexion was wan, his face long, his nose aquiline, and his eyes small, round, and greenish. He was very gallant, very attentive to the ladies, holding grave discourses to the old women, and saying pleasant things to the young, yet none of his little stories seemed to take off his attention from his dinner. We took our coffee at table; my brother put me in mind of the remainder of my stock of wine for the sake of entertaining his friend, and the Ragusan, my brother, and myself went to shut ourselves up in my study.

The society of this man was agreeable enough; I allowed myself to be gained over without difficulty; and I could not bring myself to suspect him. I wished, however, to have

nothing to reproach myself with. Wherever I heard persons mentioned as being concerned in the secret of the business in question, I began to make inquiries. I called on the merchants employed for the regimental uniforms. I spoke to the officers engaged by the brevet-colonel. He received one day a bill of exchange for six thousand ducats, drawn on MM. Pommer, brothers, German bankers; the bill was not accepted because they had received no letters of advice, but the signatures were exactly imitated. My belief was at length fixed, and I fell into the snare. Three days afterwards the Ragusan entered the house in great agitation and consternation; he had to pay six thousand livres in the course of the day, and he could procure no delay; the officers of the law would be dispatched in pursuit of him; the nature of the debt would discover everything; he was in despair, as all was ruined. I was affected by his discourse, my brother solicited me, my heart determined me. I made what efforts I could to raise this sum; I was fortunate enough to succeed, I gave it in the course of the day to my guest, and next day the scoundrel disappeared.

I was plunged in embarrassment; my brother made inquiries after him to kill him; but he was fortunately out of danger. All those who were duped by the Ragusan repaired to my house, and we were forced to stop their complaints to avoid the indignation of the government and the derision of the public. What resolution could I adopt? The robber left Venice on the 15th of September, 1741, and I embarked on the 18th with my wife for Bologna.

XII

The German troops quartered in the Bologna territories made some movements which alarmed the Spaniards. In three days the army decamped, and I remained at Rimini in a state of greater embarrassment than ever. I was a subject of the Duke of Modena; and I was Genoese consul at Venice; and these two nations in that war took the side of the Bourbons. I had every reason to fear being considered by the Austrians as a suspicious character. I communicated my fears to persons belonging to the country with whom I was acquainted. Everybody considered them well founded; but

then how was I to act? Neither horses nor carriages were to be had. The army had carried off everything.

I met one of the merchants whom I had seen by the seashore, and found him in great distress and agitation. "Well, sir," said I, "no news yet?" "Alas!" said he, "all is lost: the Austrian hussars have taken possession of Catholica; our bark, our effects and servants, are in their hands. I have just now received a letter from my correspondent at Rimini, communicating the news." "O heavens! what shall we do?" said I. "I know not," he replied; and abruptly quitted me.

I stood thunderstruck. The loss was irreparable for me; my wife and myself were very well equipped; we had three trunks, two portmanteaus, boxes, and bandboxes; and now we were left without a shirt. Great evils require great remedies. I formed my project instantly; I thought it a good one, and proceeded to communicate it to my protector. I found him apprised of the invasion of Catholica, and acquainted him with the loss of my effects. "I shall go and endeavor to recover them," said I; "I am not a soldier, I am not attached to Spain; I require merely a conveyance for myself and wife." Count de Grosberg admired my courage; and to get rid of us perhaps, he commenced with procuring for me the passports of the German commissary, who followed the Spanish troops for that purpose, and who gave orders to let me have a chaise. There was no post at that time; the drivers concealed themselves. One was at length discovered, and they forced him to take me. He was kept all night in M. de Grosberg's stables, and I set out early next morning.

I have not spoken of my wife since this last accident, for the sake of not tiring my reader's patience, but the situation of a woman who loses all at once—her jewels, dress, and everything belonging to her, may be easily imagined. However, she was of a thoroughly good and reasonable temper, and readily accompanied me on my journey. The driver, a fair speaking but crafty fellow, came for us when he was ready, and exhibited not the slightest mark of discontent; and we set out after taking some breakfast, quite tranquil and gay. The distance from Pesaro to Catholica was ten miles; we had gone three of them, when we were under the necessity of alighting. I ordered the driver to stop; we got down,

and the rascal turned the horses immediately, set off at a gallop for Pesaro, and left us in the middle of the highway without either resource, or the slightest hope of finding any. Not a living soul was to be seen. Not a peasant in the fields, not a single inhabitant in any of the houses; everybody dreaded the approach of the two armies; my wife wept, I raised my eyes towards heaven, and felt myself inspired. "Courage," said I, "my dear friend; we are but six miles from Catholica; we are young enough and strong enough to walk that distance; we must not return,—we must have nothing to reproach ourselves with." She complied with the best grace in the world, and we continued our journey on foot.

After an hour's walk we came to a rivulet too broad to be leaped and too deep to be forded by my wife. There was a small wooden bridge for the convenience of foot-passengers, but the planks were all broken. This did not disconcert me: I stooped down, my wife put her arms round my neck, I rose smiling, crossed over the steam with inexpressible joy, and said to myself, "Omnia bona mea mecum porto" (I carry all my property upon me). My feet and legs were wet, but it did not signify. We continued our journey, and after some time came to another stream like that we had passed. The depth was similar, and the bridge was equally ruinous. This was no obstacle; we passed it as we did the former, and with the same gayety. But it was a very different matter when, close upon Catholica, we came to a torrent of considerable breadth, which rushed along with great fury. We sat down at the foot of a tree, till Providence should afford us the means of crossing it without danger.

Neither carriages, horses, nor carts were to be seen; there was no inn in the neighborhood; we were fatigued, we had passed this day without eating anything, and we were therefore in want of some refreshment. I rose for the purpose of looking about me. "This torrent," said I, "must necessarily enter the sea. If we descend its banks, we shall at last come to the mouth of it." We proceeded accordingly down the stream, instigated by distress and supported by hope; and we began to discover sails, which were an indication of the proximity of the sea. This infused courage into us, and we quickened our pace. As we proceeded, we observed the torrent

become less and less agitated, and our joy was not to be contained when at length our eyes were blessed with the sight of a boat. It belonged to some fishermen, from whom we met with a very kind reception. They carried us over to the opposite bank, and returned us a thousand thanks for a paoli which I gave them. A second consolatory circumstance was neither less agreeable nor less necessary to us. A branch of a tree attached to a cottage announced a place of refreshment; we procured milk and new-laid eggs, with which we were highly satisfied.

The repose and slight nourishment which we had taken enabled us to proceed on our journey. We were guided by a lad of the inn to the first advanced posts of the Austrian hussars. I presented my passport to the sergeant, who detached two soldiers to escort us, and we arrived through fields of trodden grain, and vines and trees cut down in all directions, to the quarters of the colonel commandant. This officer received us at first as he would any two foot-passengers; but on reading the passport which one of the soldiers gave him, he requested us to be seated. Then looking at me with an air of goodness, he exclaimed: "What, are you M. Goldoni?" "Alas! I am, sir." "The author of Belisarius and of the Venetian Cortesan?" "The same." "And is this lady Madame Goldoni?" "She is my only remaining property." "I was told that you were on foot." "It is but too true, sir."

I then recounted to him the rascally trick which the driver of Pesaro played us; I described our sad journey to him, and concluded with mentioning the seizure of our property, assuring him that my resources and my situation in life depended altogether on my recovering them.

"Not so fast, if you please," said the commandant; "why do you follow the army? Why are you connected with the Spaniards?"

As the truth had never yet injured me, but had always, on the contrary, been my support and my defense, I gave him a short account of my adventures. I mentioned my Genoese consulate, my Modena annuities, my views of indemnification; and I told him that I should be completely ruined if I were deprived of the small remains of my wrecked fortune.

"Console yourself," said he, in a friendly tone to me, "you shall not lose it." My wife rose with tears of joy in her eyes, and I in turn wished to express my gratitude; but the colonel would not listen to me. He ordered my servant and all my property to be sent to me, but on one condition, that I might take any road but that of Pesaro. "No, certainly," said I, "your kindness, the obligations which I have—" He would not give me time to conclude; he had business, he embraced me, kissed my wife's hand, and went to shut himself up in his closet. His valet-de-chambre accompanied us to a very comfortable inn. I offered him a sequin, which he very nobly refused, and left us. An hour afterwards, my servant arrived in tears at seeing himself free and us happy; our trunks had been forced open, but I had the keys. A locksmith soon put them to rights.

XIII

I INTENDED to stay only a few days at Pisa, and I remained three years there. I settled in the place without wishing it, and entered into engagements without considering what I was about.

Walking one day near the castle, I observed a number of coaches round a gateway, and people entering. On looking in, I saw a vast court with a garden at the end of it, and a number of persons seated under a sort of arbor.

I inquired whether I could be present at the meeting. "By all means," said the porter; who accompanied me himself to the entrance of the garden, and then presented me to one of the valets of the academy, by whom I was seated in the circle. I listened attentively, and heard productions of every description. I applauded the bad as well as the good.

Everybody looked at me, and seemed curious to know who I was; I was seized with a desire to satisfy them. The man who procured me the place was not far from my chair. I called him, and desired him to ask the person who presided in the assembly whether a stranger might be permitted to express in verse the satisfaction which he had experienced. The president announced my demand to the assembly, who readily gave their consent.

I had a sonnet in my head, composed by me in my youth,

under similar circumstances; I hastily changed a few words to adapt it to the occasion. I delivered my fourteen verses with the tone and inflection of voice which set off sentiment and riming to the greatest advantage. The sonnet had all the appearance of being extemporaneous, and was very much applauded. I know not whether the sitting was to have been longer protracted, but all the assembly rose and flocked round me.

Here was a circle of acquaintances formed at once; a number of societies to choose from. That of M. Fabri was the most useful and agreeable for me. He was chancellor of the Jurisdiction of the Order of St. Stephen, and he presided over the Assembly of the Arcadi, under the pastoral title of Guardian.

Any foreign licentiate may practice at the bar of Pisa; and I undertook boldly to plead as a civil and criminal advocate.

The Pisans were every way as good as their word, and I was fortunate enough to satisfy them. I labored night and day; I had more causes than I could undertake; I found out the secret of diminishing the burden to the satisfaction of my clients; I demonstrated to them the folly of litigation, and endeavored to bring about a reconciliation with adverse parties. They paid me for my consultations, and we were all of us satisfied.

One day, as I was busied in reflections of this nature, a stranger, desirous of speaking to me, was announced. I observed a man nearly six feet high and broad in proportion, crossing the hall, with a cane in his hand, and a round hat, in the English fashion. He entered with measured step into my closet. I rose. He made a picturesque gesticulation by way of preventing me from putting myself under any constraint. He advanced, and I requested him to be seated. Our conversation began in this way:—

"Sir," said he, "I have not the honor of being known to you; but you must be acquainted with my father and uncle at Venice. I am your humble servant, Darbes." "What! M. Darbes, the son of the director of the post of Friuli; the boy who was supposed lost, who was so much sought after, and so much regretted?" "Yes, sir, that same prodigal, who

has never yet prostrated himself before his father." "Why do you defer affording him that consolation?" "My family, my relations, my country, shall never see me, till I return crowned with laurels." "What is your profession, sir?"

He rose, and struck his round belly with his hand, and in a tone which was a compound of haughtiness and drollery, said to me, "Sir, I am an actor." "Every description of talent is estimable," said I, "if he who possesses it has attained distinction." "I am," he replied, "the pantaloon of the company now at Leghorn; I am not the least distinguished of the company, and the public is pleased to flock to the pieces where I make my appearance. Medebac, our manager, traveled a hundred leagues in quest of me; I bring no dishonor on my relations, my country, or my profession; and without boasting, sir [striking his belly again, as before], Garelli is dead, and Darbes has supplied his place."

I wished to compliment him, but he threw himself into a comic posture, which set me a-laughing and prevented me from continuing. "It is not through vanity," he resumed, "that I make a boast of my advantages at present to you; I am an actor, and I am speaking to an author whose assistance I want." "You want my assistance?" "Yes, sir, I come to ask a comedy from you; I have promised my companions to obtain a comedy from Goldoni, and I am desirous of keeping my word."

"You wish one?" said I, smiling. "Yes, sir, I know you by reputation; you are as kind as you are able, and I know you will not refuse me." "I am occupied with business, and cannot gratify you." "I respect your occupations; you will compose the piece at your leisure, when you feel inclined."

He laid hold of my box while we were talking, took snuff from it, slipped into it several golden ducats, shut it again, and threw it down on the table with one of those gesticulations which indicate a wish to conceal what one would be very glad to have discovered. I opened my box and refused to accept the money. "Do not be displeased, I earnestly beg of you," said he; "this is merely to account of the paper." I wished to return the money; this gave rise to various postures and bows; he rose, withdrew, gained the door and disappeared.

What was to be done in such a case? I adopted, I think, the best resolution the affair admitted of. I wrote to Darbes that he might rely on the piece which he had demanded from me; and I requested to be informed whether he wished it for a pantaloon in a mask, or without one. Darbes soon answered me; he could not throw any gesticulations or contortions into his letter, but it was singular in its way. "I am to have then," said he, "a comedy from Goldoni. It will be the lance and buckler, with which I shall challenge all the theaters of the world— How fortunate I am! I bet a hundred ducats with our manager, that I should obtain a piece from Goldoni; if I gain the bet, the manager must pay, and the piece is mine. I am young, and not yet sufficiently known; but I will challenge Rubini, the pantaloon of St. Luke, and Corrini, the pantaloon of St. Samuel in Venice; I will attack Ferramonti at Bologna, Pasini at Milan, Bellotti, known by the name of Tiziani, in Tuscany, and even Golinetti in his retreat, and Garelli in his grave."

He concluded by telling me that he wished his character to be that of a young man without a mask, and he pointed out as a model an old comedy of art, called "Pantaloon Paroncin."

I finished my work in three weeks, and carried it myself to Leghorn, a town with which I was well acquainted, being but four leagues from Pisa, and where I had friends, clients, and correspondents. Darbes, to whom I sent notice of my arrival, called upon me at the inn where I lodged; I read over my piece to him; he appeared very well satisfied with it, and with many ceremonies, bows, and broken words, he very gallantly gave me the bet which he had gained, and, to avoid my thanking him, ran out instantly, under the pretext of communicating the piece to the manager.

XIV

After my conversation with Darbes, I looked at my watch. It was two o'clock. I could not, at such a late hour, break in on any of my friends, and I gave orders to have something brought me from the kitchen of my inn. As they were covering the table, M. Medebac was announced. On entering, he overpowered me with politeness, and invited me to dine

with him. The soups were already on my table, and I thanked him. Darbes, who accompanied the manager, took my hat and cane and presented them to me. Medebac insisted on his part; Darbes laid hold of my left arm and the other by the right; they locked me between them, dragged me along, and I was forced to accompany them.

On entering the manager's, Madame Medebac came to receive us at the door of her antechamber. This actress, as estimable on account of her propriety of conduct as her talents, was young and handsome. She received me in the most respectful and gracious manner. We sat down to a very respectable family dinner, which was served up with the utmost order and neatness. They had advertised for that day a comedy of art; but, by way of compliment to me, they changed the bills, and gave out "Griselda"; adding, "A tragedy by M. Goldoni." Although this piece was not altogether mine, my self-love was flattered, and I went to see it in the box destined for me.

I was extremely well pleased with Madame Medebac, who played the part of Griselda. Her natural gentleness, her pathetic voice, her intelligence, her action, rendered her altogether an interesting object in my eyes, and raised her as an actress above all whom I had ever known. I complimented Madame Medebac and her husband. This man, who was acquainted with my works, and to whom I had confided the mortifications experienced by me at Pisa, made a very interesting proposal to me a few days afterwards. I must mention it to my reader; for it was in consequence of this proposal of Medebac that I renounced the profession followed by me for three years, and that I resumed my old occupation.

"If you are determined on quitting Tuscany," said Medebac one day to me; "if you mean to return to the bosoms of your countrymen, your relations, and friends, I have a project to propose to you, which will at least prove to you the value which I set on your person and talents. There are two play-houses at Venice," continued he; "I engage to direct a third, and to take a lease of it for five or six years, if you will do me the honor of laboring for me."

The proposition appeared to me flattering; and it required no great offer to turn the scale in favor of comedy. I thanked

the manager for the confidence he reposed in me; I accepted the proposition; we made an agreement, and the contract was instantly drawn up. I did not sign it at that moment, for I wished to communicate it to my wife, who had not yet returned. I knew her docility, but I owed her my esteem and friendship. When she arrived, she approved of it, and I sent my signature to Leghorn.

I have sometimes been tempted to look upon myself as a phenomenon. I abandoned myself, without reflection, to the comic impulse by which I was stimulated; I have, on three or four occasions, lost the most favorable opportunities for improving my situation, and always relapsed into my old propensity; but the thought of this does not disturb me; for though in any other situation, I might perhaps have been in easier circumstances, I should never have been so happy. I was very pleased with my new situation, and my agreement with Medebac. My pieces were to be received without any power of rejection, and to be paid for without waiting the result. One representation was the same to me as fifty; and if I bestowed more attention and zeal in the composition of my works, to insure their success, I was stimulated solely by the love of glory and honor.

If my reader has had the complaisance to follow me thus far, the matter which I have now to offer to his attention will engage him perhaps to continue his kindness towards me. My style will be always the same, without elegance and without pretension, but animated by zeal for my art, and inspired by a love of truth.

XV

What satisfaction for me to return at the end of five years to my country, which had always been dear to me, and which improved in my eyes after every absence. After my last departure from Venice, my mother took apartments for herself and sister in the court of St. George, in the neighborhood of St. Mark. The quarter was beautiful, and the situation tolerable; and I joined my dear mother, who always caressed me, and never complained of me. She questioned me respecting my brother, and I made similar inquiries of her; neither of us knew what had become of him. My mother

believed him dead, and shed tears; but I knew him somewhat better, and was certain that he would one day return to be a burden to me. In this I was not deceived.

At the age of forty-three I had a great facility both in invention and execution, but still I was a man subject to infirmities like others. The assiduity of my labors at length undermined my health, and I fell sick, and paid the penalty of my folly. I was always subject to fits of spleen, which attacked body and mind at once; but I felt a renewal of them at this time with more violence than ever. I was literally worn out with fatigue, but still my wretched state was, in a great measure, occasioned by the chagrin which I felt. I must conceal nothing from my readers.

I had given sixteen pieces in the course of a year. The director, it is true, did not demand them; but still he profited by them. What benefit had I derived? Not a farthing beyond the annual stipulation, not the smallest gratification. I received abundance of praise, and a profusion of compliments, but not the most trifling acknowledgment. I was displeased at this, but I said nothing. However, we cannot live on glory alone; and I had no other resource but an edition of my works. Who would suppose that in this I should meet with opposition from Medebac, and that some of his protectors should approve of the opposition? This man disputed my right of authorship under the pretext of having purchased my works. Of the period of our engagement there was still some time to run; I could not, or rather I was unwilling, to enter into a litigation with persons whom I should have occasion to see every day; I was too great a lover of peace to sacrifice it to interest; and I yielded my pretensions, and was satisfied with the permission of printing every year a single volume of my comedies. From this singular permission I discovered that Medebac counted upon my remaining attached to him during my whole life; but I waited the expiration of my fifth year to take my leave of him. I gave the manuscripts of four of my pieces to Antonio Bettinelli, the bookseller, who undertook the first edition of my "Theater," and published the first volume at Venice in 1751.

In the beginning of the year 1754 I received a letter from my brother. For twelve years I had had no news of him; and

he gave me then an account of himself from the battle of Velletri, in which he was present, in the suite of the Duke of Modena, to the day in which he thought proper to write to me. This letter was dated from Rome, in which city he had married the widow of a lawyer, by whom he had two children; a boy of eight and a girl of five years of age. His wife was dead; he was tired of residing in a country where military men were neither useful nor held in estimation; and he was desirous of living beside his brother, and of presenting him the two shoots of the family of Goldoni. Far from being piqued at a silence and neglect of twelve years, I instantly felt an interest in these two children, who might perhaps stand in need of my assistance. I invited my brother to return to my house; I wrote to Rome, that he might be supplied with the money he stood in need of; and in the month of March of the same year I embraced with real satisfaction this brother, whom I had always loved, and my niece and nephew, whom I adopted as my children. My mother, who was still alive, felt a lively pleasure in seeing again a son whom she no longer reckoned among the living; and my wife, whose goodness and sweetness of disposition never varied, received these two children as her own, and took care of their education.

XVI

I WAS called to Parma in the month of March, 1756, by order of his royal highness the Infante Don Philip. This prince, who maintained a very numerous and able French company, was also desirous of having an Italian comic opera. He did me the honor to employ me in the composition of three pieces for the opening of this new entertainment. On arriving at Parma I was conducted to Colorno, where the court then was, and introduced to M. du Tillot, intendant-general of the house of his royal highness, who was afterwards a minister of state, and advanced to the title of Marquis de Felino. This worthy Frenchman, full of intellect, talents, and probity, received me with kindness; gave me a very pretty apartment; destined me a seat at his table, and directed me to M. Jacobi, then intrusted with the management of the entertainments, for my instructions. The same day I went to the court-comedy, and

saw, for the first time, French actors. I was enchanted with their acting, and astonished at the silence which prevailed in the theater. I do not recollect the name of the comedy which was that day represented; but on seeing, in one of the scenes, a lover warmly embrace his mistress, this action, which is natural and allowable to the French, but prohibited by the Italians, pleased me so much that I called out, "Bravo!" as loud as I could. My indiscreet and unknown voice shocked the silent assembly. The prince wished to know whence it came; I was named, and the surprise of an Italian author was considered pardonable. This sally was the means of my general introduction to the public. I went behind the scenes after the conclusion of the performance, where I was soon surrounded with people, and I thus formed a number of acquaintances, who made my residence in Parma very agreeable to me, and whom I regretted at parting. I had the honor, some days afterwards, of kissing the hands of the infante, infanta, and the princess-royal, their daughter. I enjoyed for some time the pleasures of Colorno, and then retired to Parma, to labor without interruption.

I continued my route for Rome, and on my arrival in that capital I wrote to Count ——. He sent his valet-de-chambre next day to me, and invited me to dine with him. A coach was in waiting at my door to take me, and I dressed, set out, and found all the comedians assembled at his house. After the usual ceremonies I applied to the person nearest me to learn from him his employment. "Sir," said he with an air of importance, "I play Punch." "What, sir," said I to him, "Punch in the Neapolitan language?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "in the same way as your Harlequins speak in Bergamask or Venetian. I have been, I may say without boasting, the delight of Rome for upwards of ten years. M. Francisco here plays *la Popa* (the waiting-maid), and M. Petrillo acts the mothers and sober-minded women, and for ten years we have been the support of the theater of Tordinona."

My countenance fell immediately, and I looked at the count, who was as embarrassed as myself. "I perceive, now that it is too late, the inconveniences of our situation," said he to me; "but we must endeavor to remedy matters as far as possible." I gave the Neapolitan and Roman actors to under-

stand that, for some time, masks had not been employed in my pieces. "Never mind; do not let that alarm you," said the celebrated Punch; "we are not puppets; we neither want judgment nor memory; let us see what you want with us."

I drew from my pocket the comedy which I had destined for them, and offered to read it. Everybody prepared to hear me; and I read "La Vedova Spiritosa." The comedy gave infinite pleasure to the count; and the comedians, not daring perhaps to say what they thought of it, acquiesced in the determination of the person who had the power of selecting the pieces. The parts were instantly ordered to be copied out, and the comedians withdrew. When seated at table I did not conceal from the count my fear that we had both of us committed a piece of imprudence, he in sending for me to Rome and myself in coming.

Whilst the comedians were learning their parts I thought only of seeing and examining everything in Rome, and visiting those to whom I had letters of recommendation. I had a letter from the minister of Parma for Cardinal Porto-Carrero, the Spanish ambassador, and another from Prince Rezzonico, the nephew of the reigning Pope, for Cardinal Charles Rezzonico, his brother.

I began by presenting this last letter to Cardinal Padrone, who received me with kindness and the same familiarity with which I was honored by his illustrious relations in Venice. He was not long in procuring me an opportunity to visit his holiness, and I was presented a few days afterwards alone and in a private closet; a favor which is very unusual. This Venetian pontiff, whom I had the honor of knowing in his episcopal city of Padua, and whose exaltation had been celebrated by my Muse, gave me the most gracious reception. He conversed with me for three quarters of an hour, always speaking to me of his nephews and nieces, and charmed with the news which I communicated to him.

His holiness touched a bell on his table, which was the signal for my departure. I took my leave with many bows and expressions of thanks; but the holy father did not seem satisfied: he moved his feet and hands, coughed, and looked at me, yet said nothing. What a blunder I had committed! Enchanted and overpowered with the honor conferred on me, I had for-

gotten to kiss the foot of the successor of St. Peter. I recovered at length from my absence, and prostrated myself. Clement XIII. loaded me with benedictions, and I departed mortified at my stupidity and edified by his indulgence. I continued my visits for several days. Cardinal Porto Carrero made me an offer of his table and the use of his coach. The same offer was made me by the chevalier Carrero, the Venetian ambassador, and I availed myself of the offers, and particularly of the carriages, which are as necessary at Rome as at Paris. I saw every day cardinals, princes, princesses, and foreign ministers; and immediately after my reception I was visited, next day, by valets who came to compliment me on my arrival, and to whom it was necessary to give from three to ten paoli according to the rank of their masters, and to those of the Pope three sequins. This is the custom of the country; the sum is fixed, and there is no abatement.

The letter delivered to me by the French ambassador was from M. Zanuzzi, the principal actor of the Italian theater at Paris. This man, equally respectable for his character and his talents, had carried with him, into France, the manuscript of my comedy, entitled "Harlequin's Child Lost and Found." This piece he had presented to his companions, by whom it was approved of and acted. It had given great pleasure, he told me, and had confirmed the reputation long enjoyed by several of my works in that country, where a desire was felt to have me.

M. Zanuzzi, after this introduction, informed me that he was empowered by the principal gentlemen of the king's bedchamber, intrusted with the regulation of theatrical entertainments, to offer me an engagement for two years, with an honorable salary.

Count Baschi described to me, at the same time, the eagerness which the Duke d'Aumont, the first gentleman of the chamber on duty, displayed to procure me; and he added, that, in case of any difficulty, he would make a demand in form to the government of the republic.

For a long time I had been desirous of seeing Paris, and I was at first tempted to answer in the affirmative; but I did not feel myself exactly at liberty to follow my own inclination exclusively, and I demanded some time for consideration.

I was in the receipt of a pension from the Duke of Parma, and I had an engagement at Venice. I was, therefore, under the necessity of asking the prince's permission, and obtaining the consent of the noble Venetian who was the proprietor of the theater of St. Luke. Neither of these I considered as difficult to obtain; but I loved my country, where I was cherished, caressed, and applauded. The criticisms against me had ceased, and I was in the enjoyment of a delightful tranquillity.

The engagement in France was only for two years; but I could easily see, that when once expatriated, I should find it very difficult to return. My situation was precarious, and required the exertion of painful and assiduous labors, and I trembled at the dreary days of old age, when our powers diminish and our wants increase.

XVII

On entering the kingdom of France, I was soon struck with the French politeness. I had experienced several disagreeable circumstances at the Italian custom-houses; but I was visited in two minutes at the barrier of St. Laurent, near the Var, and my trunks were not rummaged. On arriving at Antibes, I received unspeakable attention from the commandant of that frontier place. I wished to show him my passport. "I can dispense with that, sir," said he; "you are anxiously expected at Paris, and you must quicken your journey." I proceeded onwards, and slept the first night at Vidauban. Supper was brought in. We had no soup on the table; my wife required some, and my nephew was also desirous of having it. On calling for it, we found that no person takes soup in France in the evening. My nephew maintained that supper took its name from soup, and that consequently there ought to be soup at every supper. The landlord, who understood nothing of these distinctions, made his bow, and went out.

My young man was correct in the main, and I amused myself in entering on a short dissertation respecting the etymology of supper and the suppression of soup. "The ancients," said I, "made only one meal a day, the *cœna,* which was served up in the evening; and as this repast always began with soup, the French changed the word *cœna* into supper. In

progress of time luxury and gluttony multiplied the number of meals; soup was taken from the supper, and added to the dinner, and the *cœna* is now in France merely a supper without soup." My nephew, who kept a little journal of our travels, did not fail to enter in his memorandum-book this piece of erudition of mine, which, however whimsical it may appear, is not destitute of truth.

In the meantime I was assiduous in my attendance at the French theater. They had given the year before, "The Father of a Family," by M. Diderot; a new and successful comedy. It was generally said at Paris that this was an imitation of the piece composed by me under the same title, which was printed in my works. I went to the theater to see it, but I could perceive no resemblance to my play. The public were unjust when they accused this poet and philosopher of plagiarism, and this suspicion was infused into them by a criticism in the "Literary Year" (Année Littéraire). Diderot produced some years before a comedy entitled "The Natural Son"; and Freron, in speaking of it in his periodical work, stated that there was a great resemblance between the French piece and "The True Friend" of M. Goldoni. Freron contrasted the French and Italian scenes, and both seemed to be derived from the same source. In concluding this article the journalist observed that the author of "The Natural Son" promised to give "The Father of a Family"; that Goldoni had also given a play with that title; and that it would be seen whether they would by chance turn out the same. M. Diderot was far from being under the necessity of crossing the Alps for comic subjects to relieve his mind with after his scientific occupations. Three years afterwards he gave "The Father of a Family," which had no resemblance whatever to mine. My protagonist was a mild, wise, and prudent man, whose character and conduct were equally instructive and exemplary. That of M. Diderot, on the other hand, was a harsh and severe father, who pardoned nothing, and gave his malediction to his son. He was one of those wretched beings who exist in nature, but whom I should never have dared to bring on the stage. I did M. Diderot justice: I endeavored to undeceive those who supposed his "Father of a Family" to be taken from mine; but I said nothing respecting his "Nat-

ural Son." The author was displeased with Freron and me; he wished to give vent to his rage, and to let it fall on one or other of us. The preference was given to me. He printed a "Discourse on Dramatic Poetry," in which he treated me somewhat harshly. "Carlo Goldoni," he said, "has written in Italian a comedy, or rather a farce, in three acts." In another place he said, "Carlo Goldoni has composed some sixty farces." It was easy to see that this light way of treating me and my works was expressive of the consideration in which he held them, and that he called me Carlo Goldoni as we name Pierre le Roux in Rose and Colas. He is the only French writer who did not honor me with his kindness.

I was vexed to see a man possessed of such distinguished merit prejudiced against me. I did what I could to have an opportunity of meeting him, not with the view of complaining of his treatment of me, but to convince him that I did not deserve his indignation. I endeavored to procure an introduction to those houses which he was in the habit of frequenting; but I was never so fortunate as to fall in with him. At length, tired of waiting, I called upon him at his own house. I entered one day, escorted by M. Duni, who was one of his friends. After being announced and received, the Italian musician presented me as a literary man of his country, desirous of forming an acquaintance with those who were at the head of French literature. M. Diderot vainly endeavored to conceal the embarrassment into which he was thrown by my introducer. He could not, however, shrink from what the rules of politeness and society prescribed in such a case. We spoke of different matters, and at last the conversation fell on dramatic works. Diderot honestly owned to me that some of my pieces had caused him a deal of chagrin; I courageously answered him that I perceived this. "You know, sir," said he, "what it is for a man to be wounded in his most delicate part." "Yes, sir," replied I, "I am aware of that; I understand you; but I have nothing to reproach myself with." "Come, come," said M. Duni, interrupting us, "these literary bickerings ought not to be carried any further; both of you ought to follow Tasso's advice:—

'Ogni trista memoria omai si taccia;
E pongansi in obblio le andate cose.'

'Let no disagreeable remembances be recalled; and let everything past be buried in oblivion.' ''

M. Diderot, who understood Italian sufficiently, seemed to subscribe with a good grace to the advice of the Italian poet: we finished our conversation with reciprocal expressions of friendship, and both M. Duni and myself parted from him very well satisfied with what had taken place.

I have all my life endeavored to make up to those who had either good or bad reasons for avoiding me; and whenever I have succeeded in gaining the esteem of a man prepossessed against me, I have considered that day as a day of triumph.

On parting from M. Diderot, I also took leave of M. Duni, and repaired to a literary assembly, of which I was an associate, and where I was that day to dine. This society was not numerous, as there were but nine of us: M. de la Place, who edited the ''Mercure de France''; M. de la Garde, who had the department of theatrical criticism in the same work; M. Saurin, of the French Adacemy; M. Louis, perpetual secretary of the Royal Chirurgical Academy; the Abbé de la Porte, author of several literary works; M. Crebillon, the younger; M. Favart, and M. Jouen. The last-mentioned was not distinguished for his talents, but famous for the delicacies of his table. Each member of the society received in turn the whole of the others in his house, and gave a dinner to them; and as the sittings were held on Sundays, they were called Dominical meetings, and we were called Dominicals. We had no other regulations among us than those of good company; but it was agreed that no women should enter our meetings. We were aware of their charms, and we dreaded the soft enticements of the fair sex. Our Dominical meeting was held one day at the hotel of the Marchioness de Pompadour, of whom M. de la Garde was the secretary. We were just sitting down to dinner, when a carriage entered the court, in which we perceived a female. We recognized in her an actress of the opera, in high estimation for her talents, and distinguished for her wit and amiable behavior in company.

Two of the members went down stairs and escorted her up to us. On entering, she asked, in a jocular manner, to be permitted to dine with us. Could we refuse her a plate? Each of us would have given up his own, and I should not have been the last to do this. This lady was irresistibly engaging. In the course of the dinner she demanded to be admitted into the society; and she arranged her peroration in so new and singular a manner that she was received with acclamation. During the dessert we looked at the clock; it was half past four. Our new associate did not act that day, but she was desirous of going to the opera; and the society were almost all disposed to accompany her. The only one who displayed no eagerness to go was myself.

"Ah, M. Italian," said the lady, laughing, "you are not fond of French music then?" "I possess no great knowledge of it," said I; "I have never been at the opera; but I hear a deal of singing wherever I go, and all the airs only serve to disgust me." "Let us see," said she, "if I can overcome any of your prejudices against our music." She immediately began to sing, and I felt myself delighted and enchanted. What a charming voice! It was not powerful, but just, touching, and delightful. I was in ecstasy. "Come," said she, "embrace me, and follow me to the opera." I embraced her, and went to the opera accordingly. I was at length present at this entertainment, which several persons could have wished me to see before everything else, and which I should not, perhaps, have seen so soon, if it had not been for this circumstance. The actress whom we had received into our society took three of our brethren with her into her box, and I seated myself with two others in the amphitheater. This part, which takes up a part of the theaters in France, is in front of the stage, in the form of a semicircle, and the seats, which are well furnished and commodious, are raised in gradations above one another. This is the best place in the house for seeing and hearing. I was contented with my situation, and I pitied the audience in the pit, who were on their feet, and closely crowded, and who were not to blame for their impatience. The orchestra began, and I found the harmony of the instruments of a superior kind, and very accurate in point of execution. But the overture appeared to

me cold and languid: I was sure it was not Rameau's; for I had heard his overtures and ballet airs in Italy. The action commenced; and, notwithstanding my favorable situation, I could not hear a word. However, I patiently waited for the airs, in the expectation that I should at least be amused with the music. The dancers made their appearance, and I imagined the act finished, but heard not a single air. I spoke of this to my neighbor, who laughed at me, and assured me that we had had six in the different scenes which I had heard. "What!" said I, "I am not deaf; the instruments never ceased accompanying the voices, sometimes more loudly, and sometimes more slowly than usual, but I took the whole for recitative." "Look, look, there is Vestris," said he, "the most elegant, able, and accomplished dancer in Europe." I saw in reality, in a country-dance, this shepherd of the Arno triumphing over the shepherds of the Seine; but two minutes afterwards three characters sang all at the same time. This was a trio, which I confounded, perhaps, in the same manner with the recitative. The first act then closed.

As nothing takes place between the acts of the French opera, they soon began the second act. I heard the same music, and felt the same weariness. I gave up altogether the drama and its accompaniments, and began to examine the entertainment taken as a whole, which I thought surprising. The principal male and female dancers had arrived at an astonishing pitch of perfection, and their suite was very numerous and very elegant. The music of the choruses appeared to me more agreeable than that of the drama. I recognized the psalms of Corelli, Biffi, and Clari. The decorations were superb, the machines well contrived, and admirably executed. The dresses were very rich, and the stage was always well filled with people. Everything was beautiful, grand, and magnificent, except the music. At the end of the drama there was a sort of *chacone* sung by an actress who did not appear among the characters of the drama, and seconded by the music of the choruses and by dancing. This agreeable surprise might have enlivened the piece; but it was a hymn rather than an air. When the curtain fell, I was asked by all my acquaintances how I liked the opera. My answer flew from my lips like lightning, "It is a paradise

for the eyes, and a hell for the ears." This insolent and inconsiderate reply made some laugh, and others turn up their noses. Two gentlemen belonging to the king's chapel thought it excellent. The author of the music was not far from me, and perhaps overheard what I said. I was very much concerned, for he was a worthy man. *Requiescat in pace!*

XVIII

I BECAME every day more and more acquainted with the advantages of Paris, and every day my attachment to it increased. The two years of my engagement, however, were drawing to a close, and I considered the necessity of again changing my country as indispensable.

The dauphiness was acquainted with me; she had seen my pieces represented at Dresden; she caused them to be read to her, and her reader did not fail to embellish them, and to throw in now and then something or other in favor of the author. She succeeded so well with her mistress, that this princess promised to honor me with her protection, and to attach me to the court.

The dauphiness could have wished to employ me in the instruction of her children, but they were too young to attempt a foreign language. The daughters of Louis XV. had been taught the principles of the Italian language by M. Hardion, the king's librarian at Versailles. They had a relish for Italian literature, and the dauphiness, availing herself of this fortunate circumstance, sent me to the Duchess of Narbonne, whom she had prepossessed in my favor, that I might be introduced to Madame Adelaide of France.

Madame Adelaide was the first who took lessons in the Italian language. I had not yet lodgings at Versailles; she sent a post-chaise for me; and it was in one of those vehicles that I nearly lost my sight. I was foolish enough to read in the chaise; the book I was then engaged with was Jean Jacques Rousseau's letters from the Mountain, and I felt considerably interested in it. One day I lost all at once the use of my eyes; the book fell out of my hands, and I could not even see to pick it up. I gave myself up for lost. I still possessed, however, enough of the visual faculty to enable me to distinguish the light; I got out of my chaise,

and proceeded to the apartments of Madame Adelaide, which I entered quite disconcerted and in the utmost agitation. The princess perceived my distress, and was kind enough to inquire the cause of it. I durst not tell her of my situation; I hoped I should be able to discharge my duty in some way or other. I found my seat in its place, and I seated myself as usual. Having discovered the book I was to read, I opened it, when, O heavens! everything appeared white to me. I was thus at last forced to own my misfortune. It is impossible to paint the goodness, sensibility, and compassion of this great princess. She sent to her chamber for eye-water; she allowed me to bathe my eyes; she drew the curtains in such a way that a sufficiency of light to distinguish different objects was all that remained. My sight gradually returned: I saw but little, though I was enabled to see sufficiently for my purpose at that time. It was not the eye-water which performed the miracle, but the kindness of the princess, which imparted strength to my mind and senses.

I resumed the book, which I found myself enabled to read; but Madame Adelaide would not allow me to do so. She gave me leave to depart, and recommended me to her physician. In a few days I recovered the complete use of my right eye, but I have lost the other forever. I am thus blind of one eye, a slight inconvenience which does not give me much uneasiness; but there are cases in which it heightens my defects and adds to my awkwardness. It is at the gaming-table that I am most troublesome to others. The candle must be placed on my right side, and if there happen to be a lady in company in the same predicament with myself, she dares not own it, but she considers my pretension ridiculous. I know not how the ladies whom I have the honor of knowing can suffer me, and allow me to draw a card, to be of their party. It is because they are good and kind, and because I play at all games; refuse no match; am not frightened at deep play, and not less amused when I play for small sums; because I am not a bad player, and, notwithstanding my defects, am one of the best-natured men in company.

Although pleasure was the primary object of this agreeable excursion, I had my regular hours for laboring with the

princesses. One day I was met by one of my august scholars in the passage, as she was going to dinner. She looked at me and said, "By and by" (*à tantôt*). *Tantosto,* in Italian, means "immediately"; I thought the princess meant to take her lesson on rising from table; I remained in waiting with as much patience as my appetite would permit. At length the principal lady in waiting made me enter at four o'clock in the afternoon. On opening her book, the princess put a question to me, which she was in the daily habit of doing, where I had dined that day. "Nowhere, madam," said I. "What! you have not dined?" "No, madam." "Are you unwell?" "No, madam." "Why have you not dined, then?" "Because, madam, you did me the honor of saying *à tantôt* to me." "Does not this expression, when used at two o'clock, mean about four o'clock in the afternoon?" "Perhaps it may, madam; but this term in Italian signifies immediately." The princess smiled, shut her book, and sent me to dine.

In the midst of our gayety, our pleasures and amusements, everything changed its appearance before our visit was half over. The dauphin could no longer support with indifference the fire which was internally consuming him: his courage became useless, his strength abandoned him; he was unable to quit his bed; there was a general consternation; his disease made a most alarming progress, and all the resources of the faculty were exhausted. They then had recourse to prayers, and the Archbishop of Sens, now a cardinal, went every day in procession, followed by an immense crowd, to the chapel of the Virgin, at the extremity of the town. They vowed to elevate a temple there, if the intercession of the Mother of God restored the health of the dying prince; but it was written in the decrees of Providence that he should now finish his career; and he died at Fontainebleau towards the end of December.

I was in the castle at this fatal moment. The loss was great, and the desolation general. A few minutes after this event took place, I heard "The Dauphin, gentlemen!" called out throughout the whole length of the apartments. I was thunderstruck; I neither knew what I was nor where I was. This was occasioned by the Duke de Berry, the eldest son of the defunct, who had now become the presumptive heir

of the crown, making his appearance, bathed in tears, for the sake of consoling the afflicted people.

XIX

PREPARATIONS for great marriages were making at court in the year 1770, a time when the Archduchess of Austria, Marie Antoinette of Lorraine, came as a dauphiness to fill this kingdom with joy, glory, and hope. By the qualities of her head and her heart, she gained the esteem of the king, the affection of her husband, the friendship of the royal family, and by her beneficence she merited the public admiration. This virtue, which in our days has become the ruling passion of Frenchmen, seems to have excited an emulation in souls possessed of sensibility from the example set by that august princess.

These nuptials were celebrated with a pomp worthy of the grandson of the French monarch and the daughter of the Empress of Germany.

It would seem that the happy star which then shed its influence over this kingdom inspired me with zeal, ambition, and courage. I then conceived the project of composing a French comedy; and I had the temerity to offer it to the French theater. The word "temerity" is not too strong on this occasion: for must it not be regarded in this light, that I, a stranger, who had never set foot in France till the age of fifty-three, with merely a confused and superficial knowledge of that language, should venture, after a lapse of nine years, to compose a piece for the principal theater of the nation? You are aware, I suppose, my reader, that I am speaking of "The Surly Benefactor" (Bourru Benifaisant), a fortunate piece, which crowned my labors, and set the seal to my reputation.

On the first representation of my comedy, I concealed myself, as I had always done in Italy, behind the curtain; I saw nothing, but I heard my actors and the applauses of the public; I stalked backwards and forwards during the whole time of the play, quickening my steps in passages of interest and passion, satisfied with the actors, and echoing the applauses of the public. At the conclusion of the play I heard clapping of hands and shouts of applause without end. M.

Dauberval, who was to conduct me to Fontainebleau, arrived. I imagined he came to urge my departure; but he came for a very different purpose. "Come, sir," said he, "you must exhibit yourself." "Exhibit myself! to whom?" "To the public, which calls for you." "No, no, friend, let us take our departure with all expedition; I could not support—" Here M. le Kain and M. Brizard laid hold of me, and dragged me on the stage. I had seen authors undergo a similar ceremony with courage; but I was not accustomed to it. In Italy poets are not called to appear on the stage for the purpose of being complimented by the audience; I could not conceive how a man could, as it were, say tacitly to the spectators, "Here I am, gentlemen, ready for your applause."

I do not speak of the kindness and favors of the king and court; this is not the place to mention them. I have named in my work some of my friends and even some of my protectors. I beg pardon of them: if I have done so without their permission, it is not through vanity; the occasion has suggested it; their names have dropped from my pen, the heart has seized on the instant, and the hand has not been unwilling. For example, the following is one of the fortunate occasions I allude to. I was unwell a few days ago; the Count Alfieri did me the honor to call on me; I knew his talents, but his conversation impressed on me the wrong which I should have done in omitting him. He is a very intelligent and learned literary man, who principally excels in the art of Sophocles and Euripides, and after these great models he has framed his tragedies. They have gone through two editions in Italy, and are at present in the press of Didot at Paris. I shall enter into no details respecting them, as they may be seen and judged of by every one.

I have undertaken too long and too laborious a work for my age, and I have employed three years on it, always dreading lest I should not have the pleasure of seeing it finished. However, I am still in life, thanks to God, and I flatter myself that I shall see my volumes printed, distributed, and read. If they be not praised, I hope at least they will not be despised. I shall not be accused of vanity or presumption in daring to hope for some share of favor for my Memoirs; for, had I thought that I should absolutely displease, I would not

have taken so much pains; and if in the good and ill which I say of myself, the balance inclines to the favorable side, I owe more to nature than to study. All the application employed by me, in the construction of my pieces, has been that of not disfiguring nature, and all the care taken by me in my Memoirs has been that of telling only the truth. The criticism of my pieces may have the correction and improvement of comedy in view; but the criticism of my Memoirs will be of no advantage to literature. However, if any writer should think proper to employ his time on me for the sole purpose of vexing me, he would lose his labor. I am of a pacific disposition; I have always preserved my coolness of character; at my age I read little, and I read only amusing books.

END OF GOLDONI'S MEMOIRS

ENGLISH
DICTIONARY

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

THE STURDIEST OF BRITISH MEN OF LEARNING

1709-1784

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Samuel Johnson the celebrated dictionary maker, the most learned man of his day, was the most typically obstinate of Britishers. He was at the same time the most honest and frank and open-hearted of men. Of his life, his friend and constant companion, Boswell, wrote that remarkable biography which is commonly accepted as the best and completest work of its kind. So fully indeed did Johnson talk of his life to Boswell, and so carefully did Boswell transcribe every word that the work reads almost like autobiography itself. Johnson wrote no complete account of himself, but the peculiarly frank and self-revealing character of his letters to his friends enables us to see the man clearly, and to love the noble spirit which was encased in his huge, clumsy, and ill-favored body.

Among his letters by far the best known is the open or public letter which he addressed to Lord Chesterfield refusing that gentleman's pretended patronage for the great "Johnson's Dictionary." This letter in its simplicity and frankness reveals the heart of the man. Another impressive letter is that in which he seeks to reëstablish his friendship with Mrs. Thrale. He had long been a close friend of the Thrales, and after Mr. Thrale's death Dr. Johnson may have wooed the widow. At all events her marriage to another man almost severed their friendship. The third letter which we present represents him not in affairs of business or of the heart, but facing death. The brave old scholar faced this last grim monitor of human beings with the same simple strength and tenderness with which he had faced life.

JOHNSON'S LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD

[Refusing Chesterfield's patronage on the great dictionary then being issued.]

February 7, 1755.

My Lord,—I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is

recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I assuredly did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind, but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for

I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble
Most obedient servant,
SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LETTER TO MRS. THRALE

London, Nov. 13, 1783.

DEAR MADAM,—Since you have written to me with the attention and tenderness of ancient time, your letters give me a great part of the pleasure which a life of solitude admits. You will never bestow any share of your good-will on one who deserves better. Those that have loved longest, love best. A sudden blaze of kindness may by a single blast of coldness be extinguished; but that fondness, which length of time has connected with many circumstances and occasions, though it may for a while be suppressed by disgust or resentment, with or without a cause, is hourly revived by accidental recollection. To those that have lived long together, everything heard and everything seen recalls some pleasure communicated or some benefit conferred, some petty quarrel or some slight endearment. Esteem of great powers, or amiable qualities newly discovered, may embroider a day or a week, but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and lost, but an *old friend* never can be found, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost.

I have not forgotten the Davenants, though they seem to have forgotten me. I began very early to tell them what they have commonly found to be true. I am sorry to hear of their building. I have always warned those whom I loved against that mode of ostentatious waste.

The frequency of death, to those who look upon it in the leisure of Arcadia is very dreadful. We all know what it should teach us; let us all be diligent to learn. Lucy Porter has lost her brother. But whom I have lost—let me not now remember.

Let not your loss be added to the mournful catalogue. Write soon again to, Madam, Yours, etc.

LETTER TO A FRIEND, CAPTAIN LANGTON

Bolt Court, Fleet Street, March 20, 1782.

Dear Sir,—It is now long since we saw one another; and, whatever has been the reason, neither you have written to me nor I to you. To let friendship die away by negligence and silence, is certainly not wise. It is voluntarily to throw away one of the greatest comforts of this weary pilgrimage, of which when it is as it must be, taken finally away, he that travels on alone will wonder how his esteem could be so little. Do not forget me; you see that I do not forget you. It is pleasing, in the silence of solitude, to think that there is one at least, however distant, of whose benevolence there is little doubt, and whom there is yet hope of seeing again.

Of my life, from the time we parted, the history is mournful. The spring of last year deprived me of Thrale, a man whose eye for fifteen years had scarcely been turned upon me but with respect or tenderness; for such another friend the general course of human things will not suffer man to hope. I passed the summer at Streatham, but there was no Thrale; and having idled away the summer with a weakly body and neglected mind, I made a journey to Staffordshire on the edge of winter. The season was dreary; I was sickly, and found the friends sickly whom I went to see. After a sorrowful sojourn, I returned to a habitation possessed for the present by two sick women, where my dear old friend, Mr. Levett, to whom, as he used to tell me, I owe your acquaintance, died a few weeks ago suddenly in his bed. There passed not, I believe, a minute between health and death. At night, as at Mrs. Thrale's, I was musing in my chamber, I thought with uncommon earnestness, that however I might alter my mode of life, or whithersoever I might remove, I would endeavor to retain Levett about me. In the morning my servant brought me word that Levett was called to another state,—a state for which, I think, he was not unprepared, for he was very useful to the poor. How much soever I valued him, I now wish that I had valued him more.

I have myself been ill more than eight weeks of a disorder from which, at the expense of about fifty ounces of blood, I hope I am now recovering.

You, dear sir, have, I hope, a more cheerful scene: you see George fond of his book, and the pretty misses airy and lively, with my own little Jenny equal to the best; and in whatever can contribute to your quiet or pleasure, you have Lady Rothes ready to concur. May whatever you enjoy of good be increased, and whatever you suffer of evil be diminished.

I am, dear sir, your humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

THE END

WILHELMINE, MARGRAVINE OF BAIREUTH

WILHELMINE, MARGRAVINE OF BAIREUTH

SISTER AND PROTECTOR OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

1709-1758

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Frederica Sophie Wilhelmine, afterward the Margravine of Baireuth, was the eldest daughter of King Frederick William I of Prussia, and three years senior to her famous brother, Frederick the Great. Between the brother and sister there existed the truest affection, rare indeed in those days of intrigue and family rivalry. As children they were drawn together by the persecution both suffered from their father, that stern, almost fanatic, soldier king, whose faults Wilhelmine loyally declares "were only those of temper and distrust fostered by unworthy councilors."

Many royal women of the eighteenth century have left us their memoirs, but no other has left us such a brave record of persecution and suffering nobly endured, as the Margravine of Baireuth. Without being actually imprisoned or publicly disgraced, she yet found her life darkened by the passions and furies of her father, of her mother, of her beloved brother, the great Frederick, and even of her husband, the Margrave. Possessed of wit, intellect, and courage, she was the mark for all the envy and malice of her contemporaries. Yet she faced the whole world gallantly and has left us a vivid, even amusing picture of her times. Her great affection for and influence over her brother, add value to her memoirs by enabling us to study intimately the woman who so largely molded the character of Frederick the Great of Prussia.

Wilhelmine's grandfather, King Frederick I of Prussia, had been a luxury-loving soul who upheld a gorgeous royal court; but her father soon changed it all. He spent money freely only on the army, which in consequence was soon brought to that high degree of efficiency which has stood Prussia in such good stead during Germany's nationalization. Strict economy was practiced in the royal household, and this, combined with the King's intense jealousy of the Crown Prince, made the childhood of Wilhelmine and her brother most unhappy. Another point of dissension was the Queen's desire to marry her daughter to England's

Crown Prince and her son to an English princess. Since the Queen's father had been George I of England, this brilliant double alliance had every hope of success; but opposition and intrigue brought her hopes to nought. Then Wilhelmine, to secure some relief to her brother from her father's anger, sacrificed herself by marrying the heir to one of the little independent German states. The Queen never forgave her, and her married life, despite the fact that she came to love her husband very deeply, was one long succession of persecutions and slights.

Her strong character, her kindliness, and her intense love of justice soon made her court at Baireuth a center of learning. Her friendship with Voltaire was as warm as was her brother's. Her memoirs are interestingly human, and though many of her trials were due to the affected court régime of her time, and might have been banished by a few honest words, she suffered nobly, and has left us a courageous, optimistic record containing many interesting tales of her famous brother and irascible father. She stops her memoirs abruptly at the point where the loss of her husband's love turned her life to sorrow. This was in 1742; she died sixteen years later, having watched all the trials of her brother's stormy reign, but before knowing of his final triumph.

Frederick the Great never recovered from her death. He declared that all that was best in him he owed to his beloved sister.

MEMOIRS OF WILHELMINE

After the death of my grandmother, Sophie Charlotte of Hanover, Queen of Prussia, King Frederick I., my grandfather, became extremely desirous that his only son, the Crown Prince, should marry. To further this object he sent Count Finkenstein (afterwards Field Marshal) to Stockholm to negotiate a marriage between the Crown Prince and Princess Ulrica of Sweden, sister of Charles XII. The Crown Prince, however, who had seen and fallen in love with his first cousin, the Princess of Hanover, was able to induce Count Finkenstein to give a very unfavorable description and report of the Princess of Sweden, and to add, too, that her health was so indifferent that it was very unlikely she would ever have any children. Now as the King's greatest wish was to live to see grandchildren born to him, he gave up the idea of the marriage with the Princess of Sweden, and gave his consent to the union of his son with the Princess of Hanover, daughter of the Elector George, afterwards King of England. The marriage, which took place at the end of the year 1706, gave

my grandfather an opportunity of showing his love of pomp and splendor. I have been told that more brilliant fêtes had never been witnessed than those given on that occasion. It was very gratifying to the Crown Princess that the King soon became extremely fond of her, and lost no opportunity of showing her his affection and respect. But this same friendly feeling was also a source of sorrow and trouble to her, as the Crown Prince became violently jealous of his father, and treated his wife with great harshness. It was only after the birth of the eldest son that peace was again established between husband and wife. My grandfather gave the new-born infant the title of Prince of Orange, not because he thought that title finer than that of Prussia or Brandenburg, but because he hoped by that means to secure to him the succession to the House of Orange, to which he had claims through his mother, the Electress Sophie Louise.[1]

The joy at the birth of this child was not of long duration, for the young Prince died when he was nine months old. My grandfather felt his death all the more painfully, as at that time the Crown Princess had no hopes of another child; and wishing, as he did, so passionately that the crown should pass in a direct line to his immediate heirs, he determined to re-marry. His ministers proposed and suggested to him various princesses, and he chose from amongst them Sophie Louise of Mecklenburg Schwerin.

The third marriage did not turn out to his satisfaction; and I have been told that the husband and wife began to quarrel the very next day after their marriage. As this, however, all happened before my birth, I will not waste more words about it. I shall have enough to do in remembering all that concerns my life, and shall, therefore, now commence with my own recollections.

On the same day that the new Queen made her entry into Berlin, the Crown Princess announced that she had certain hopes of another child. The joy at this announcement was universal. Every one resolved in their minds it would be a prince, and whoever had been heard to predict the birth of a daughter would have met with a sorry welcome. The pre-

[1] The first wife of my great-grandfather, Frederick William, named the Great Elector.

diction would, however, have come true, and I was destined to throw cold water on their joy. I was born at Berlin on the 3rd July, 1709. The Kings of Denmark and Poland, who were on a visit to my grandfather at the time, were my godfathers, so that three kings and one queen were present at my christening, which was celebrated with the greatest pomp and ceremony. The strangest part of it all was, that the three sovereigns were each called Frederick, and belonged to three different religions. Their presence was the cause of endless predictions as to my future. I was to be the possessor of as many crowns as there had been kings present at my christening; and a Hessian nobleman even went so far in his folly as to compare me to the Child Jesus, whom the three wise kings from the East came to adore. This comparison, absurd as it was, found so much favor with my grandfather that he made the nobleman a present of a thousand ducats.

None of the beautiful good things foretold me ever came to pass. If people had been satisfied with saying that I should be content with my lot, then they would have spoken the truth, for I really am so, and would not change my present position for the crowns of all the world.

I forgot to say that I received the names of Frederica Sophie Wilhelmine. If I had been asked my advice, I would have chosen the name Charlotte. The Queen, my grandmother, was called so; and I have heard so much good of her, and she is still so beloved by all, that I should have wished to be like her, even in the very smallest particular.

Though the birth of a prince had been so much desired, my grandfather soon became very fond of me, and occupied himself much with my education. When I was eighteen months old, I already talked a great deal, and was much more forward than children of my age generally were. At two years old I ran about everywhere alone, and was full of mischief, to the great delight of my parents; in fact, I was their idol and that of their whole Court.

In the year 1710 the Crown Princess gave birth to a prince, who, however, died a few months afterwards. Another son was born in 1712, who received the name of Frederick. He was the brother who was educated with me, who, for a thousand reasons, became so inexpressibly dear to me,

and who I have the comfort of knowing was the admiration of all Europe. Madame von Konnke, wife of the Grand Maître de la Garderobe, had the chief supervision over our education. Madame von Rocoule, who had brought up my father, was my brother's governess; and the Crown Princess gave me into the charge of a certain Léti. Madame von Kielmannsegge, afterwards known as Lady Arlington, in whom my mother at that time had great confidence, had recommended this person to her. It is necessary to describe Léti. She was the daughter of Gregori Léti, a monk. He had escaped to Holland, where he is known through several works which he wrote there by way of supporting himself, as he was in the greatest poverty. He had not been able to give his daughter any education, so that she had not more civility in her composition than is generally met with in the Dutch. Her character was composed of all the faults which are attributed to Italians. She was very clever, had acquired a good deal of knowledge, and could express herself with great ease; she was very violent, revengeful, and of no high morality. All these faults she hid, however, under the cloak of apparent piety, with which she deceived those who did not know her intimately. Happily my good disposition was stronger than her bad example.

In January, 1713, Frederick I. (my grandfather) was taken seriously ill. His much weakened constitution made the doctors soon despair of his life; but he survived till the 28th February, on which day he died, full of resignation and courage. I remember his sending for my brother and myself the day before he died, and his blessing us. He was mourned by his people, and with reason: he was really so good and so liberal minded, and deserves no blame beyond that of letting his ministers gain too much influence over him. The splendor of his funeral I pass over in silence. For six months the Court remained on the same footing, then all was completely altered. Whoever wished to gain the King's favor had to don the helmet and cuirass, everybody was to be officer and soldier, and not a vestige of the old Court remained. Major-General Grumkow was at the head of affairs, and shared with the Prince of Anhalt the entire confidence of the young King. But that all this may be clearly

understood, I must describe the King's character, as well as that of his two favorites.

The Crown Prince's education had been entrusted to Count Alexander Dona, who had very much neglected it, and being himself of a very avaricious nature, had imbued him with a great love of money.

Ever since he was a child the Prince had loved soldiers and soldiering. He was a great genius, and capable of great things. He had a keen perception: in fact, he possessed all the attributes of a great man! Nevertheless, all these fine sides of his character were overshadowed by his violent temper, which at times burst into perfect paroxysms of fury. He was just to the extreme, and his love of fairness and justice often prevented his giving way to the gentler and kindlier instincts of his nature. When, however, he once cared for any one, he was never known to desert him, and, in spite of his avarice, he was most charitable to the poor. This is proved by the several charitable institutions founded by him. He disliked outward show and luxury. His governor had found it possible to give him a very bad opinion of the fair sex, and he was, in consequence, not only very jealous of the Queen, but extremely harsh and severe in his treatment of his daughters.

The Prince of Anhalt ranked very high as a military commander, and combined with a perfect knowledge of all military matters a wonderful head for all business. His rough and uncouth nature made him an object of fear, a feeling which his personal appearance fully justified. His overweening ambition rendered him capable of any crime in order to attain the end he had in view. An implacable enemy, he was, at the same time, a most faithful friend, and his enmity was never shown excepting to those who had offended him—indeed, he is known on several occasions to have shown both kindness and generosity to the relations of the very people with whom he had the bitterest feuds.

Grumkow, who afterwards became Field-Marshal, may well pass for one of the cleverest ministers that had been seen for some time. With great pliancy of mind he combined a great charm in conversation, a readiness and cleverness in repartee, which made him delightful in society. This pleasing exte-

rior, however, hid a false, selfish, and perfidious heart. His behavior proved all this, and he was, besides, extravagant, irritable, and peevish.

Two characters, such as these I have just described, were indeed capable of ruining a young sovereign, as well as his country. Both were fast friends; their long-cherished plan had been to rule the King entirely, and to have a Queen that should be quite subservient to them. As the Crown Prince's marriage with the Hanoverian Princess, however, entirely upset their plans, nothing remained for them but to try and sow disunion between the husband and wife, in order to prevent the Crown Prince from reposing any trust in his consort. To attain this end they encouraged all his worst passions, entangled him in all their evil ways, and roused his jealousy against the Crown Princess. They continued this shameful behavior even after the Crown Prince came to the throne, and caused the Queen endless worry and annoyance. It required, as will be seen from these memoirs, all the strength of her character to withstand the attacks made upon her.

My brother, who, in consequence of my father's ascending the throne, had become Crown Prince, was in very delicate health; and this, combined with the sullen and melancholy state of his mind, made people fear for his life. The Prince of Anhalt and Grumkow were perhaps the only persons that desired his death, as through it they hoped that the Margrave of Schwedt, one of the first Princes of the Blood, and through his mother nephew to the Prince of Anhalt, might succeed to the throne.[2]

They wished me to marry this Prince, that the Allodial Estates, which had come through the female line, should not

[2] The Elector Frederick William (my great grandfather) had two wives; his first wife, Princess of Orange, bore him two sons, Frederick I. and Prince Louis, who married a Princess Radziwil, and had no children. The second wife of Frederick William was Sophie Dorothea, Princess of Holstein Glücksburg, widow of Duke Christian Louis of Lümburg. She bore him four princes and two princesses: one of the sons, Charles, died in Italy; and of the three others—Philip, Albert, and Louis—the eldest married a Princess of Anhalt. He left at his death two daughters and a son; the Margrave Frederick, the eldest of these two sons, was, therefore, the *first* Prince of the Blood, and, in consequence, if the King died without male heirs, the probable heir to the Crown of Prussia and to the Electorate.

pass out of the family. They urged the desirability of this marriage on the King, representing to him the advantages it would have, not only in retaining the Allodial Estates, but in securing the Margrave's alliance to Prussia for all time.

At first M. von Grumkow mentioned the idea only casually, but after a while the plan took a more decided shape, and at last was presented in so favorable a light to the King that he promised the Prince of Anhalt to do all in his power to further his nephew's suit, and actually authorized the Margrave to pay me regular court.

This Prince was born in 1700, and was, therefore, nine years older than I was. I was not of an age at that time either to love or to hate, and whether it was an innate dislike or merely a piece of childish obstinacy on my part, I could not bear him. Léti,[3] whom the Prince of Anhalt and Grumkow had won over to their side, was never weary of singing my suitor's praises to me, and when it happened that I treated him roughly, or played some practical joke on him, there was no end to the scolding afterwards. It was some time before the Queen, my mother, had the faintest idea of this plan, for she had never for one moment imagined that the visits the Margrave paid me were anything else than those of the merest civility. At last the King told her, and spoke of my marriage with the Margrave as a settled thing. The news fell like a thunderbolt on the Queen, and she at once determined that I should marry her own nephew, the Duke of Gloucester, for she perceived but too clearly that the little influence she still had over the King was to be undermined. The King's health was very indifferent, and severe nervous attacks often endangered his life. The Queen had up to this time lived in hopes that, should he die, she would have the sole guardianship of my brother, and be Regent. Now, however, through this marriage with the Margrave, she saw all her fondest hopes destroyed, and the power of her enemies increased.

Knowing, as she did, that the Prince of Anhalt and Grumkow would not hesitate at committing any crime to further their ambitious ends, she had every reason to tremble for my brother. Even had the Queen not been so opposed to this

[3] My governess.

marriage, she had little reason to anticipate any happiness for me in it, for the Margrave of Schwedt was a worthy nephew of the Prince of Anhalt. His low propensities, his love for all that was evil, and his cruelty and brutality, already singled him out for a second Nero.

The marriage with the Duke of Gloucester was quite another thing. The alliance with England would be a great support to my mother, and promised me a much happier future. The Queen, therefore, violently opposed my marriage with the Margrave of Schwedt; but neither her tears nor her entreaties, nor all the reasons she put forward against it, had the slightest effect in shaking the King's determination; and the only hope left her was that, on account of my extreme youth, the marriage might be indefinitely postponed.

All that I have here been telling does not directly concern me. My extreme youth—I was only eight years old—prevented my taking part in these events. The whole day I was occupied with my masters, and in my play time I was allowed to see my brother. There never was such love as ours for one another! My brother had great intelligence, but was not at all lively; he was very quick of perception, but he had the greatest difficulty in remembering what he had learned. I, on the contrary, was extremely quick, and had a wonderful memory. The King could not bear my brother: he never saw him without ill-treating him, and this caused my brother a fear of his father and a shyness in his presence which he never got over. I was my father's favorite. He showed more love and tenderness to me than to any of his other children. I often used my advantage in begging and obtaining favors, and I have saved the life of many a poor creature, for the King never refused my any request.

In my sketch of the King's character I mentioned his great love of money as one of his chief faults. He disapproved of every expense incurred by the Queen, even when absolutely necessary for her high position and rank. He, nevertheless, gave her most costly presents. Thus, for instance, my mother had long wished to possess a pair of very beautiful diamond ear-rings, which had belonged to the Queen Dowager, and which had been left, with the rest of the jewels, to my father. The King gave these ear-rings to

my mother at the time of the birth of my second brother. Their value was very great, the diamonds being worth 26,000 thalers (£3,900). In the hope of creating a bad feeling between my parents, Grumkow resolved to persuade the King that the Queen had begged him for these ear-rings only to sell them, that she might pay her debts with the money. M. von Kamke, who had stood in great favor with Frederick I., himself heard Grumkow make this vile suggestion; and having but little doubt as to Grumkow's object, at once informed the Queen, begging her, however, not to mention his having told her. The King was absent from home at the time, but as soon as he returned the Queen told him what a trick Grumkow intended playing her. In order to prevent even a semblance of suspicion, she showed the King the ear-rings, and demanded an apology from Grumkow. The King, however, insisted on knowing how she had heard of this plot, and said he should believe the whole story if he knew that her informant was to be trusted.

The Queen finding herself, so to speak, pushed into a corner, was imprudent enough to mention Kamke. The King instantly sent for him. He repeated what he had told the Queen, and furthermore accused Grumkow of various other grave misdeeds. The kind manner in which the King received Kamke had encouraged him to speak out; but not having expected to be summoned before the King in the capacity of an accuser he had not sufficient proofs at hand to justify himself, and furthermore, as he knew most of the facts out of Grumkow's own mouth, had no witnesses to support him. The result was that Grumkow's denials were believed, and that Kamke was sent to the fortress of Spandau.

I have forgotten to mention the arrival in Berlin of Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia. This episode is curious enough to be worthy of a place in my memoirs. This sovereign, who was very fond of traveling, was on his way from Holland, and was obliged, owing to the Empress's premature confinement, to make a stay in the province of Cleves. As he disliked both society and formalities, he begged the King to let him occupy a villa on the outskirts of Berlin which belonged to the Queen. This villa was a pretty little building, and had been beautifully arranged by the Queen. It contained

a gallery decorated with china; all the rooms had most beautiful looking-glasses. The house was really a little gem, and fully deserved its name, "Monbijou." The garden was lovely, and its beauty was enhanced by its being close to the river.

To prevent any damage—as these Russian gentlemen are noted for not being particular or over careful—the Queen had the whole house cleared out, and removed everything that might get broken. A few days afterwards the Emperor and Empress and their suite arrived by water at the charming Villa Monbijou.

The King and Queen received them on the banks of the river. The King gave the Czarina his hand to help her to land. As soon as the Emperor had landed, he shook hands with the King and said, "Brother Frederick, I am very pleased to see you." He then approached the Queen, wishing to embrace her, which she, however, declined. The Czarina then kissed my mother's hand repeatedly, afterwards presenting to her the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg, who accompanied them, and four hundred so-called ladies. These were, for the most part, German maids, ladies' maids and cooks, who fulfilled the duties of ladies in waiting. The Queen did not feel inclined to bow to these, and, indeed, she treated the Czarina and the Princesses of the Blood with great coldness and haughtiness, and the King had a great deal of trouble in persuading her to be civil to them. I saw this curious Court the next day, when the Czar and Czarina came to visit the Queen. She received them in the State-rooms of the castle, met them at the entrance of these rooms, and led the Empress to her Audience Chamber.

The King and the Emperor followed behind. As soon as the Emperor saw me, he recognized me—having seen me five years ago—took me up in his arms and kissed me all over my face. I boxed his ears, and made frantic efforts to get away from him, saying he had insulted me. This delighted him, and made him laugh heartily. They had told me beforehand what I was to say to him, so I spoke to him of his fleet and his victories. He was so pleased that he said he would willingly sacrifice one of his provinces to have such a child as I was. The Czarina too made much of me. The Queen and the Czarina sat on armchairs under a canopy, and I stood

near my mother, the Princesses of the Blood standing opposite.

The Czarina was small, broad, and brown-looking, without the slightest dignity or appearance. You had only to look at her to detect her low origin. She might have passed for a German actress, she had decked herself out in such a manner. Her dress had been bought second-hand, and was trimmed with some dirty-looking silver embroidery; the bodice was covered with precious stones, arranged in such a manner as to represent the double eagle. She wore a dozen orders; and round the bottom of her dress hung quantities of relics and pictures of saints, which rattled when she walked, and reminded one of a smartly harnessed mule. The orders too made a great noise, knocking against each other.

The Czar, on the other hand, was tall and well grown, with a handsome face, but his expression was coarse, and impressed one with fear. He wore a simple sailor's dress. His wife, who spoke German very badly, called her court jester to her aid, and spoke Russian with her. This poor creature was a Princess Gallizin, who had been obliged to undertake this sorry office to save her life, as she had been mixed up in a conspiracy against the Czar, and had twice been flogged with the knout!

At last we sat down to dinner, the Czar sitting near the Queen. It is well known that this sovereign had, when a young man, been poisoned, and that his nerves had never recovered from it, so that he was constantly seized with convulsions, over which he had no control. He was suddenly seized with one of these attacks whilst he was dining, and frightened the Queen so much that she several times tried to get up and leave the table. After a while, the Czar grew calmer, and begged the Queen to have no fear, as he would not hurt her. Then, taking her hand in his, he pressed it so tightly that she screamed for mercy, at which he laughed, saying that she had much more delicate bones than his Catherine. A ball had been arranged after dinner, but he stole quietly away, and returned on foot to Monbijou.

The following day he visited all the sights of Berlin, amongst others the very curious collection of coins and antiques. Among these last named was a statue, representing

a heathen god. It was anything but attractive, but was the most valuable in the collection. The Czar admired it very much, and insisted on the Czarina kissing it. On her refusing, he said to her in bad German that she should lose her head if she did not at once obey him. Being terrified at the Czar's anger, she immediately complied with his orders without the least hesitation. The Czar asked the King to give him this and other statues, a request which he could not refuse. The same thing happened about a cupboard, inlaid with amber. It was the only one of its kind, and had cost King Frederick I. an enormous sum, and the consternation was general on its having to be sent to Petersburg.

This barbarous Court happily left after two days. The Queen rushed at once to Monbijou, which she found in a state resembling that of the fall of Jerusalem. I never saw such a sight. Everything was destroyed, so that the Queen was obliged to rebuild the whole house.

About this time my brother was entrusted to the care of two governors. My mother appointed one of them, Field-Marshal Count von Finkenstein; the Prince of Anhalt the other, Kalstein, major of an infantry regiment. Count Finkenstein was a most excellent man, but not clever enough to have control over such a genius as my brother. He was married to Madame von Blaspiel's sister, and since that lady's exile, the Queen had shown the Count and his wife the greatest confidence. Kalstein was a good officer, but coarse and violent. He was more fitted for intrigues than to be the governor of a young prince. He was well educated, but made little use of what he knew, yet on the whole he was trustworthy. The year 1718, fruitful as it was in tragic events, at last came to an end, and I will now pass on to 1719.

The greater part of the winter was spent by the King at Berlin, and he went out a good deal into society of an evening. The Queen spent her whole day with my brother, and had no other companions than him and myself. Nobody else dined with her of an evening beyond Madame von Konnken, her Mistress of the Robes, and Madame von Rocoule. Though the former was a most upright and amiable lady, the Queen did not trust her, and seemed to be quite oppressed by sadness.

One day when I was with her, she said to me, "Listen to me, dear Wilhelmine: I have determined to keep you quite under my own eye, and to take entire charge of your education; but, at the same time, I shall require many things of you. First of all, you must care for no one but me, and then you must be silent as the grave and obey me blindly. It depends on yourself alone if you wish to be treated as a grown-up girl, and gain my whole affection by obeying me in all things." I promised her everything she wished, and she then asked me whether I were not obliged every evening to tell Léti all that had taken place in my mother's and the King's apartments during the day, and also whether she ever spoke to me of the Margrave of Schwedt. I answered that this happened very often, and that she praised him exceedingly. "Are you sure that you are discreet, and can be silent," the Queen again said, "and that I can rely on your not repeating whatever I may confide to you?"

On my again assuring her of my entire discretion, she then told me all about the intrigues of the Prince of Anhalt and Grumkow, and also of her constant anxiety at the King's having again begun to speak of my marriage with the Margrave. Finally, she spoke of her great wish to see me married to her nephew, the Duke of Gloucester, and of all the advantages this event would have for me, as well as for herself. She then impressed on me not on any account to trust Léti, and added, "I know she is in the Prince of Anhalt's pay; that she is constantly intriguing with Major Fourcade and M. Fournert, a French Minister; and I know too that she does not treat you properly, and often beats you. Confess the truth to me; is it not so?" Although all this was true, I denied it, as I did not wish to get Léti into trouble.

"You are too young," the Queen began again, "to notice her intrigues, but you cannot deny that she ill-treats you, and that she only lately gave you such blows in the face that you bled, and in consequence had a fever which obliged you to keep your bed for several weeks."

I was very much taken aback when I found that the Queen knew the whole story, and yet I denied it. When the Queen observed that I would say nothing, she merely remarked that for the future she wished me to tell Léti when she asked

me about what had occurred in my parents' rooms that I declined to say anything, and that it was not my place, nor was it proper for me to repeat what had taken place between my father and mother.

I had no sooner reached my own room that evening than Léti came and sat down beside me, and began at once to ask me about the events of the day. I did not wish at once to irritate her, so I said I had been working hard all day and did not know of anything that had happened. She then began to honor me with pleasing epithets.

"You are a great fool," she said, "and just such a donkey as your mother is. I know everything that has passed: you have not had so much to do as you pretend, so out with it all, or I will soon make you speak." She only said this to threaten me. I was trembling like an aspen, and did not know what to do, yet I determined to obey my mother, and answered Léti as she had bidden me. This person was too clever not to observe that I had been put up to this. She therefore tried by coaxing and threatening me to force me to repeat what I knew. But when she saw it was all of no use she gave full vent to her fury. Cuffs and blows were rained on me; she did not know how to contain herself. Finally she threw me off my chair and left me. I fell with some violence, but happily escaped with only a few bruises, but my arms and face were black and blue, and I was so frightened that I could not get up.

My screams brought my maids to my help. One of them had been my nurse, and waited on me ever since my birth. After she had helped me, she went to Léti and told her that if she continued this ill-treatment, she would go straight to the Queen and tell her of it. When Léti saw what a plight I was in, and the state of my face, she got frightened and sat up all night bathing it. The next day the Queen was told I had had a bad fall, and I was good natured enough to say the same. Whether my mother believed this, I do not know, for she said nothing. For the future, Léti spared my face; but my arms and legs suffered doubly from her blows. These scenes took place every evening, and I was in utter despair. Nevertheless, whether it was for fear or from pride, I refused ever to repeat anything to her.

In this manner the winter went by.

In June, the King and Queen thought fit to take my brother and myself to Charlottenburg, a beautiful castle near Berlin. Léti was left behind, and I was entrusted to the care of Madame von Konnken. My birthday was celebrated there, and in honor of it the King gave a ball; and I received some beautiful presents both from him and from my mother. They grew daily fonder of me and more devoted. I was now ten years old, and my mental capacities were far in advance of my years. From Charlottenburg we went to Wusterhausen, and had scarcely arrived there when the King was taken most dangerously ill. We were in the height of summer, and the heat this year was something quite out of the common; yet, in spite of this, the King was shivering all day long. A large fire was kept burning in his room, which was kept entirely shut up, so that not even a ray of light could penetrate into it. In this room I had to sit near the fire from 7 a.m. till 10 p.m., leaving it only for my meals. It was torture, and my blood got into such a state of heat that it made me half dazed. The Queen suffered quite as much as I did, and had the additional anxiety of knowing that my brother Wilhelm and my second sister were seriously ill with dysentery. This complaint was raging all over the country, and many people died from it. It had assumed the form of a most dangerous epidemic. I too was soon attacked by it. The Queen, who took no notice of people's ailments, and treated all illnesses very lightly, would not believe I was ill till I was at death's door. I was taken back to Berlin dying, and on my arrival there heard of my second brother's death, which had taken place that morning.

On the ninth day of my illness, my end was hourly expected. My good constitution, however, and the care and attention of the doctors, saved my life; but it was six weeks before I was able to leave my bed, and the first time I went out was a fortnight after my mother's return to Berlin, at the end of October.

Léti continued to ill-treat me. She snored so loud that she prevented my sleeping, and consequently regaining my strength. Blows and bad language were not spared me, so that at last I sank into a state of melancholy. I was never

very strong, and had a most sensitive nervous system, and it was but natural that my health should suffer from the constant state of nervous excitement in which I was kept. I got the jaundice, which never left me for two months, and then only to make room for a far more dangerous condition; violent fever ensued, which developed into typhus.

At first I was very delirious, but I soon became quite unconscious. In spite of the great danger to which they exposed themselves, the King and Queen came to my bedside at ten at night. Their despair was terrible, and amidst tears of the bitterest grief they bid me a last farewell. I knew nothing. The faintest beating of my heart was the only sign of life remaining. It was the crisis. Next morning I was more conscious and less feverish, and by slow degrees I recovered.

As soon as I was able to speak again, the King came to see me. His joy and thankfulness at my recovery were so great that he said I might ask him for any favor I chose. I resolved at once to ask him to let me henceforth be treated as a grown-up person, and to be no longer dressed like a child! He at once granted my wish, but when he came to talk it over with the Queen, she was strongly opposed to it: in the end, however, she had to give way.

I was not able to leave my room till the beginning of the year 1820. I was overjoyed at no longer being treated as a child, and no longer wearing short frocks. I was exceedingly proud when dressed in my long gown, and I went to show myself to my mother. But, alas, I was doomed to disappointment, for no sooner had I entered her room, than she gave me a severe look, saying, "Dear me! What a funny little figure! You look exactly like a little dwarf." Imagine what a blow this was to my vanity. The Queen was in fact not wrong, but it would have been better to have been satisfied with this one remark. She continued, however, to scold me roundly for having proffered this request to the King, as she had told me to turn to her for everything; and she added that if I did such a thing again, she should be seriously angry with me. I made the best excuses I could, and assured her of my entire devotion.

I have often enough described Léti's violent temper, but I

cannot help mentioning the following occurrence, which brought many others in its train. My rooms were joined to a wing of the Castle by a wooden gallery, which was kept anything but clean or tidy. It was the fault of Eversmann, who was page to the King, and was in charge of the Castle. Of this man the King made a great favorite. He was not happy in his choice of those who surrounded him, as he was no discerner of character. Eversmann had great power over the King. He was the greatest good-for-nothing in the whole land, and tried to do every one as much harm as possible, and mixed himself up in all kinds of low intrigues. Léti had several times told him to have the gallery properly cleaned, but with no result. She sent for him therefore one morning and scolded him soundly. He answered her most insolently, and had they not been separated by others they would most certainly have come to blows. Eversmann vowed dire vengeance on Léti, and tried, a few days later, to malign her to the King.

One evening the King began to question me in my Catechism, probably with the intention of finding fault with Léti. I answered him quite properly, but on his asking me to say the Ten Commandments and the Creed I got into a hopeless mess. And though he had been trying only to find some fault for which he could make Léti answerable, the King now grew furious with me. The whole weight of his displeasure fell on Léti and my master: he desired the Queen to pay more attention to my education, and be present for the future at all my lessons with them. My illness, which had lasted six months, had caused me to be very behindhand. I had been absent three months from the school-room, and then too the great number of subjects I had to learn by heart made me confuse one with the other. The Queen sent for Léti the following day, and scolded her severely. At the same time forbidding her in the King's name to receive any more visits from gentlemen, or even from clergymen. This was a terrible blow to Léti, and I was made to suffer in consequence, for the blows were more frequent than ever, and she tried in every way in her power to get me into trouble.

I received another lecture from the Queen. She told me that she would find means to bring me to a sense of my duty,

and that she should for the future treat me with great severity. Young as I was, I thought a good deal about this strange conduct on the part of my mother. "Do I deserve to be treated thus," I said to myself, "merely for my memory being at fault? What can the Queen desire further of me than what I have already done! She is the cause of all the blows and all the misery I daily endure. By her desire I have mistrusted Léti, and this is my reward. She is angry with me, and therefore she takes Léti's part, and tells me to do just the reverse of what she desired before."

The whole of my life was changed from this moment. My lessons began at 8 a.m., and continued without intermission, save during meal-times, till 10 at night. In the afternoon I did my lessons in the Queen's room, and she never failed to find fault with me and scold me if I forgot a single word of what I had to repeat by heart.

I cried all night, and became shy, frightened, and melancholy. I lost all my spirits and liveliness, and was scarcely to be recognized. Providence had ordained that I should be trained from my earliest youth to bear the sorrows and troubles of life with patience, and to reflect on them—reflections which, owing to the great vivacity of my nature, I otherwise might not have made.

This state of things lasted three months. The King was all the time at Berlin, and as I was in disgrace with the Queen she had never spoken to me.

After the King's departure, when my mother again held receptions in her own rooms, she took me aside one day, and said I was to call to remembrance what she had confided to me on a previous occasion, when she had however forgotten to name all those who were her enemies. She then named them severally to me, and they comprised nearly three-fourths of Berlin society. With those I was not to have any intercourse, and even when they came to pay their respects to my mother, I was not to speak with them. "It will be quite sufficient," she said, "if you bow to them, but I forbid your mentioning to anybody what I have told you." I obeyed her to the letter, and was consequently detested by the whole town. They said I was proud and haughty, and that I had no idea how to behave myself. My mother's suspicious nature was her

great failing, and through it she did many people great injustice.

Léti at once observed that it was the Queen who kept me at such a distance from her. As she was no longer allowed to receive any visits in her own apartments, she had not either the means of continuing her many flirtations and state intrigues, and she became intensely bored with her mode of life. That my marriage with the Margrave of Schwedt had been broken off was a great grief to her. The Prince of Anhalt's influence and power had much decreased since that unfortunate business with Madame von Blaspiel. Léti no longer received beautiful presents from him. All the fair promises which had been made her had vanished into thin air, and she had lost all the means of satisfying her personal ambition.

She therefore wrote to "My Lady" Arlington, and begged her to obtain for her the formal title of my governess, and of Lady of rank about my person, and if this could not be done, then to obtain the same post for her with the English princesses.

Three months passed in this manner; and it was only in March, 1721, that Léti finally determined to resign. This time she was in real earnest. Lady Arlington advised her to send in her resignation, and promised her her protection. Léti thereupon wrote a third time to the Queen, demanding to receive the title of my governess, with all the rights which belonged to it. Amongst other things, she insisted on dining at the royal table. "This was really no great honor," she wrote, "as numbers of 'trumpery' officers, whom I consider far beneath me, are received at that table." Madame von Roncoule was present when the Queen received the letter. To her my mother showed it. "How can your Majesty hesitate for one moment in accepting her resignation?" this lady replied, after reading the letter. "Is your Majesty unaware of the manner in which she has treated the Princess? I shall not be surprised if the Princess is not soon brought to you with broken arms and legs. The poor child suffers martyrdom, and I would beg your Majesty only to ask the Princess's maids, if you require proofs of what I have said; you will then hear what scenes take place daily." The Queen at once sent for

my maids, who excused themselves for not having sooner mentioned these facts to her; but they had been so threatened by Léti that they had not dared to do so.

This was quite sufficient for the Queen, and she determined to speak to the King as soon as ever he returned to Berlin. Fearing that I should try to deter her, she said nothing to me about her intention.

My father came home to Berlin at the beginning of April, and the Queen lost no time in communicating Léti's letter to him. He was so incensed at its insolent tone and contents that he would, had not the Queen begged of him not to do so, sent her then and there to Spandau. She, however, received orders to quit the Court without again seeing the King.

My parents now took most anxiously into consideration to whom they were to entrust my education. The King chose a Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, the Queen's second lady in waiting. She had been with the late Queen, and served her devotedly till she died, and was a highly trustworthy person. With this, enough has been said about her, as these memoirs will show how attached and faithful she was through good and evil times. She is still with me, and her devotion remains unchanged. The Queen did not approve of the King's choice, as she suspected Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld of having been mixed up in Grumkow's conspiracy against Madame von Blaspiel. Whom she wished to appoint instead I have never been able to learn, but in the end she gave way to the King's wishes.

I knew nothing of all this, as I was not present during the conversation; but my brother was in the room at the time, and presently told me all about it. I was much distressed at the news—so much so that the Queen, on returning to my room, found me in tears. "Well," she said, "is it such a misfortune to part from Léti? I should have thought you had received blows enough from her!"

I threw myself at her feet, and entreated her to reverse her decision. It was, however, all in vain, and she told me I must make up my mind to be satisfied with things as they were.

My parents had a great deal of trouble in persuading Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld to accept the office of governess;

but on the King's insisting she should do so, it was finally arranged, and she entered on her new duties on the Wednesday in Easter week.

Léti's fate grieved me much. I did all I could to prove my friendship for her. I most generously gave her all my dresses, and these, as well as the many costly presents she had at different times received from the Queen, amounted in value to five thousand thalers. The Queen was obliged to give me quite a new wardrobe after Léti's departure.

I soon grew accustomed to my new governess. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld had represented to the Queen that I must be treated with gentleness, and encouraged by every means; I had suffered so much that I needed this. As the King backed her up in all she said, the Queen left her to do what she thought right, and I began by degrees to improve. She taught me what real feeling was. I now did my lessons with delight, and began to take an interest in literature and reading, which soon became my favorite occupation. I had an English and an Italian master added to the others. I was well versed in ancient and modern history, geography, and the first principles of philosophy; I understood music thoroughly, and I made great progress with my studies.

During the course of this year nothing of importance occurred, nor during the first half of the next year, 1722, beyond that my mother gave birth to another son, who was named Augustus William.

Among the household of the late Queen, my grandmother, was a Lady named Pölnitz. She had been Lady-in-waiting, and was a great favorite with the Queen. This she had not deserved: she was clever and well read, but untrustworthy, and had as sharp and ill-natured a tongue as it is possible to have. Since the Queen's death she had lived on a pension which the King of England paid in remembrance of his sister. Pölnitz came about this time to Berlin to visit her family who lived there. But before I say more on this subject, I must give a brief description of the English Court.

King George I. was very proud of being imbued with the ideas of the Roman Emperors, and of possessing great powers of resolution; but these unfortunately were not based on sound principles, and became therefore, instead of virtues, great

faults. He was very cold-blooded, and never put himself out. He was very fair and just, but niggardly to a degree. He was moderately clever, with a chilling manner. He spoke very little, and gave very abrupt answers. He was entirely in the power of his favorite and his mistress. This latter belonged to the family of the Schulenburgs.

After the King ascended the throne of England she received the title of Duchess of Kendal, and in Germany that of Princess of Eberstein. The Princess of Wales [4] was most cultivated and well fitted for the management of affairs. Her pleasant courteous manner at first gained her all hearts; but on nearer acquaintance she proved to be false, proud and ambitious. Her character resembled that of Agrippina [5] and she might well have exclaimed with that Princess, "Let everything perish, but let me remain sovereign." The Prince of Wales was, like his father, no great genius. He had a violent temper, was vivacious, and revengeful as well as avaricious and proud. The Duchess of Kendal was a good woman. She had no great faults or great virtues. Most people believed she was married to the King. Her one great anxiety was to retain her influence over him, and keep at a distance all those who were opposed to her or could interfere with her.

My Lady Arlington was the illegitimate daughter of the late Elector of Hanover and the Countess Platen, and, therefore, a step-sister of King George. She was very clever, but used her cleverness to no good purpose, and was a slave to evil ways. These three women, however much they hated one another, were agreed on one point, viz., to prevent the Duke of Gloucester's marriage with any princess of a great family or possessing great intelligence. As they had heard about me, and knew me to be very clever, they took a dislike to me; the more so as they were avowed enemies of my mother, who had on several occasions not treated them over wisely.

But to return to Pölnitz. She was a creature of my Lady Arlington's. As King George was to come to Germany the following year, Lady Arlington sent Pölnitz to Berlin to play her game there for her. And she could not have chosen a

[4] Caroline of Anspach.
[5] Daughter of Germanicus Cæsar, and mother of the Emperor Nero.

better tool! The Queen received her very graciously and presented her to me. She had scarcely looked at me, before she began to examine me from head to foot; then, turning to the Queen, she exclaimed: "Good gracious me, your Majesty, what a sorry appearance the Princess presents! She holds herself so badly, and is so stout for a young lady of her age."

I was extremely put out at this pleasant beginning, so much so that I was unable to say a word. The Queen herself was much taken aback, but answered quietly, "I do not pretend to dispute your remarks as to her presenting a sorry appearance, but as to her figure it is faultless, and she will fine down as she grows taller. If you talk to her, you will find that she is not what you think." Upon this Pölnitz took me aside and began to ask me a hundred questions, fit for a child of four years old, but certainly not for one of my age. This aggravated me, so I determined not to answer her any more. My mother heaped reproaches on me for my behavior, and this she continued to do as long as Pölnitz was in Berlin. This lady sought in every way in her power to do me injury. On one occasion, when the conversation turned on people's powers of memory, my mother remarked that I had a wonderful power of remembering things, whereupon Pölnitz smiled in a most disdainful manner, as much as to say that she did not believe a word of it. My mother most unwillingly proposed to test my memory by making me learn 150 verses by heart in two hours. Pölnitz said that might be done, but that she was ready to bet that I would not remember anything of what she would write down for me to learn. She then wrote down fifty ridiculous names of her own invention, putting a number to each; these she read twice over to me, mentioning each number, and I had then to repeat them by heart to her. The first time it succeeded quite well. She then insisted on trying it over again; but this time she asked me to say the names out of their proper order, only mentioning the numbers to me. This too succeeded admirably to her great disgust. I had never before strained my memory to such a degree, but, nevertheless, Pölnitz did not deign to say one word in approval.

Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, who had been Lady-in-waiting with her in former years, and who knew how spiteful she was, comforted me as much as she could. She even spoke to the

Queen about it, and assured her Pölnitz had tried on every occasion to find fault with all I did, and that she was sure she had some private motive in doing so.

Soon after Pölnitz had taken her departure, another Hanoverian lady, a sister of Madame von Konnken, came to Berlin. Her name was Brunow, and she had formerly been governess to the Queen. She was a good-natured but most foolish creature.

She asked her sister many questions about me, and this lady, who was very fond of me, praised me more than I really deserved. Madame von Brunow seemed very much surprised, and remarked that surely between sisters one might speak the truth. On Madame von Konnken asking what she meant by this, she replied, "I mean that your Princess is a perfect devil; that she beats her servants daily; that she is proud and haughty, and is, besides, so deformed that she is humped before and behind!" Madame von Konnken demanded to know on whose authority she said such things, adding that it was quite immaterial, as it could be contradicted at any moment. A few days after this conversation, Madame von Brunow came to see me, and was much surprised to find me so totally different from what she had expected. Still, she would not be satisfied till she had seen me without my clothes, and had seen with her own eyes that I was not hump-backed. I had to undergo this same treatment at the hands of several other ladies who came from Hanover, and was perfectly furious at it.

The year 1723 was much more interesting. The King of England came to Hanover, accompanied by the Duchess of Kendal and Lady Arlington. Léti was in my lady's suite, as she was quite dependent on her. My father, who was at that time most anxious for my marriage with the Duke of Gloucester, went to Hanover soon after the King's arrival there. They got on extremely well together during the whole of the visit. After my father's return, my mother also went to Hanover, entrusted by him with secret powers empowering her to conclude the marriage treaties of my brother and myself. The Queen found the King her father much inclined to consent to my brother's marriage, but not favorable to a double marriage. He spoke in such a manner of me as to

show clearly that he was not sure that my character and temper would suit the Duke his grandson. The Queen, in despair at this answer, turned to the Duchess of Kendal, enlisting her kind interest and help. She succeeded so well in this that the Duchess confided to her that the unfavorable reports about me which had reached the King were the cause of his acting in this manner. After much pressing on my mother's part, the Duchess told her that Léti had represented me in such a light that it was enough to deter any man from marrying me. She had said that I was *laide à faire peur* and deformed, that I was as bad as I was ugly, and that I was so violent that my violence often caused me to have epileptic fits.

"Your Majesty can well understand," the Duchess added, "that the King would not give his consent to the marriage, the more so as Pölnitz had fully confirmed all the reports."

The Queen was unable to conceal her anger at all this. She told the whole truth about Léti and her behavior, and was so well supported by her suite that she succeeded in doing away with the bad impression that had been created of me. The Duchess now determined she would herself put an end to these calumnies. She suggested to the Queen that the King of England should be invited to Berlin, that he might convince himself of the utter untruth of these stories. This plan succeeded, and the King's visit to Berlin was fixed for the month of October.

The Queen returned triumphant, and was very well received by my father, who was overjoyed at the near prospect of seeing his wishes realized. Happiness reigned everywhere. I alone was sad and depressed, for my mother scolded me incessantly, and insisted that I had given cause for these cruel inventions of Léti's. I was very stout, and my figure was not yet formed, but to make me slighter, my mother had me laced so tight that I could neither eat nor drink. Whatever I did she was sure to tell me that my manners would not please the Duke of Gloucester. "Your behavior will not win him." I would rather a thousand times have endured Léti's blows, than have listened to these speeches, which gave me a perfect horror of the marriage. I spoke about it one day to my governess. "I am in despair," I said, "for I cannot please the

Queen. She finds fault with everything I do, and I cannot satisfy her. I bow to her wishes at all times, and it is very hard to have to hear constantly that this and that will not please the Duke of Gloucester. I was not aware that ladies had to study the tempers and likings of gentlemen before they ever were married to them, and I cannot understand all the fuss the Queen makes about this marriage. I consider myself every bit as good as the Duke of Gloucester, and if the Queen really wishes my happiness, she had best consult the wishes of my heart, as well as those of the Duke! I do not even know him, and have never seen him, and who can say that when I do, I shall care for him? Tell all this to the Queen, and say that I shall always show myself obedient in every respect, but that I shall never do anything merely to please her nephew." Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld was much surprised at my speech. She did not approve of the way in which my mother treated me, but could not prevent it. She promised me nevertheless to speak to her, and her representations resulted in my being for some time left in peace.

Shortly afterwards, a personage belonging to the Duke's Court came to Berlin. The Queen was at this time holding receptions in her own apartments; and this gentleman, who was present at one of them, brought me very civil messages from his master. I merely acknowledged them by bowing to him, and then I put some questions to him respecting the Hanoverian Court. The Queen had been watching this interview with the greatest attention; and that same evening I had a tremendous scene with her, for she reproached me bitterly for having received the Duke's messages so coldly. I went in despair to my room, mentally abusing the Duke and the marriage, and determined that my consent should not be so easily gained.

The arrival of the King of England was now close at hand.

We went to Charlottenburg on the 6th of October; and on the 7th, in the evening, King George arrived there. The whole Court was assembled, and the King and Queen and all the princes received him as he alighted from his carriage. After they had welcomed him, I was presented to him. He embraced me, and said nothing further than "She is very

tall; how old is she?'' Then he gave his hand to the Queen, who led him to her room, all the princes following. No sooner had he reached her room, than he took a candle, which he held under my nose, and looked at me from top to toe. I can never describe the state of agitation I was in. I turned red and pale by turns; and all the time he never uttered one word. My brother, on the other hand, he treated with the greatest kindness, and talked a long time with him, and this gave me time to recover myself.

My mother and I then shortly left this room, and all the English gentlemen in the King's suite were presented to her. After having spoken to them for some time, she left me quite alone among them, and though I felt terribly shy at being by myself with so many gentlemen I got on quite well. I had an English conversation with My Lords Carteret and Townsend, the two Secretaries of State. I spoke their language as fluently as my own mother tongue. The Queen let me converse with them for more than an hour, and then came and fetched me away. She was extremely pleased at the praises bestowed on me by these gentlemen. The English gentlemen said I had the manners and bearing of an English woman; and, as this nation considers itself far above any other, this was great praise.

The King of England never unbent in the least, but remained cold and stern. He never spoke to any lady, but merely bowed. After I left the room he asked my governess if I were always so serious and melancholy. This question and his reception of me frightened me so much that I could never muster up courage to speak to him all the time he was at Berlin.

At last we went to dinner. The Queen kept the conversation going. We had already sat for two hours at table when Lord Townsend asked me to beg my mother to get up from the dinner table as the King of England was not feeling well. She thereupon made some excuse, saying he must be tired, and suggested to him that dinner was over. He, however, several times declared he was not the least tired, and, to prevent further argument on the subject, she laid down her napkin and got up from her chair. She had no sooner done so than the King began to stagger. My father rushed forward

to help him, and several persons came to his aid, and held him up for a while, when he suddenly gave way altogether, and had he not been supported, he would have had a dreadful fall. His wig lay on one side and his hat on the other, and they had to lay him down on the floor, where he remained a whole hour before regaining consciousness. Every one thought he had had a paralytic stroke. The remedies used had the desired effect, and by degrees he recovered. He was entreated to go to bed, but would not hear of it, till he accompanied my mother back to her apartments.

The rest of his visit was celebrated by fêtes, balls, &c. Daily conferences took place about the treaty for the double marriage, and on the 12th of the same month it was signed. The King of England left on the 13th. My father and mother were to follow him to Ghör, a shooting castle near Hanover, but my mother had, for the last seven months, been in very bad health. Her condition was a strange one, and none of the doctors knew what was really the matter. However the evening before the King's departure for Ghör, which had been fixed for the morning of the 8th November, the Queen was suddenly taken ill, and before proper help could be obtained, gave birth to a princess, there being no one with her besides the King and her maid. There was no cradle ready, no baby clothes. There never reigned such confusion or consternation as during that night. Soon after the birth of the child I was sent for by the King and found him in high spirits, delighted at having officiated as both doctor and nurse.

My brother, the Duke of Gloucester, the Princess Amelia of England, and I stood sponsors to the child, who received the names Anna Maria.

The King left Berlin on the following day. Grumkow, who had made his peace with the King of England, accompanied him. My father was absent for a fortnight at Ghör, and we hoped to see him return in excellent humor; but such was not the case. He sent for us as soon as he arrived, without ever going near the Queen's room, and received us most kindly, but never asked after our mother. He dined with us in the evening, passing through her room without saying a word to her. At dinner he was very silent and thoughtful, and his whole manner was so strange that it filled us all with

apprehension. The Queen was greatly upset as after dinner he again passed through her room without taking any notice of her. She called him back to her bedside in the tenderest manner, but the only answer she received was a perfect flood of abuse, accusations, and insults with respect to the birth of this child, ending with a charge of having been unfaithful to him. She had not expected such treatment, for her conduct was at all times most exemplary, so that even the worst slander could not touch her. The answers she gave the King only enraged him more, and had he not been compelled by the Mistress of the Robes to leave the room there is no knowing what he might have done. The next morning he instituted an inquiry as to the Queen's conduct, but one and all took her part so vehemently that his suspicions (which we afterwards found had been aroused through Grumkow) were set entirely at rest. He thereupon asked the Queen's forgiveness, and peace was reëstablished.

Nothing of interest took place at the beginning of the year 1724, till the month of June, when the relations between the English and Prussian Courts began to be less friendly. My father's greatest passion and amusement consisted first in hoarding up money, and then in perfecting his regiment at Potsdam, of which he was Colonel. This regiment was composed of nothing but giants, the smallest of the men being six feet. They were sought for all over the world, and the recruiting sergeants took them by force wherever they found them. Up to this time the King of England had constantly sent my father such recruits, but the Hanoverian Government, which had never been friendly to the House of Brandenburg, refused to obey their King's orders any longer, hoping by this means to create a bad feeling between the two Courts. Some Prussian officers were bold enough to take several men by force from Hanoverian soil. This caused a great disturbance. The Hanoverians demanded satisfaction, but as the King could not make up his mind to send the men back again, the relations between the two sovereigns became very strained, and ended, as I shall show, later on in open hatred.

I shall now return to the account of my own life, which I have abandoned for a few moments, to mention the foregoing occurrence. The King of England came again to Germany in

the course of this year. My father, who flattered himself that he should get my marriage settled and celebrated, went to Hanover, where he was well received. When he returned, he sent my mother there, to try her hand at settling the last details of this much longed-for alliance. I was only fifteen, and the Duke of Gloucester seventeen. Our great youth was put forward in the first instance as a reason for postponing the marriage; then, too, Parliament had not been consulted about it. To soften the blow of his refusal to the marriage, the King of England assured my mother of his willingness to have the marriage celebrated during his next visit to Germany. The Queen had had only six weeks leave of absence from Berlin, but as her father treated her with much affection and kindness, she still hoped to see the object of her visit realized. She therefore begged my father to let her remain on longer, assuring him that she should, in time, be able to settle matters. This prospect induced the King to give her permission to continue her stay in Hanover.

During my mother's absence I remained at Berlin, and in great favor with the King. Every afternoon I talked with him, of an evening we dined together. He showed me much confidence, and even talked to me about affairs. In order to distinguish me still more, he ordered receptions to be held, at which he wished me to be treated like the Queen. My sisters' governesses were desired to bring me a daily report, and not to do anything without my knowledge. I in no way abused all the honors that were shown me. Young as I was, I could quite well have directed my sisters' education. I was as reasonable as anybody of forty might have been.

I had been for several years troubled with very bad headaches, and, though the pain often caused me to faint, I was never allowed to keep my room. The Queen was terribly hard about such things. Indeed, though I was suffering tortures, I had to be as cheerful and bright as if nothing were the matter with me. She had given me such very strict injunctions on this subject before she left home that I was obliged to control myself to the utmost degree during the whole time she was absent. However, the day before her return I was suddenly taken ill in the night with a violent fever, headache, and delirium, so that the doctors were at a loss what to do. I

screamed dreadfully, and it took six people to hold me down in bed. Messengers were at once sent off to inform the King and Queen of my condition.

The Queen arrived at Berlin in the evening. She had not expected to find me so ill, for my life was despaired of. At length an abscess broke in my head, which discharged through the ear; in consequence of which the fever and pain decreased, and in a few days I was pronounced out of danger. My father arrived at Berlin three days after the Queen, and came at once to see me. He was terribly upset, and cried when he saw the deplorable condition I was in. On the other hand, he would not see the Queen, and had all the doors locked that communicated with her rooms. He was extremely angry with her, on account of her long and useless visit to Hanover, and also because she had flattered him that she would bring about the speedy realization of his plans.

My mother had a very jealous nature. The manner in which my father noticed me made her furious with me. One of her ladies, the daughter of Countess Finkenstein—whom I shall always designate as the Countess Amélie, to distinguish her from her mother—stirred my mother's anger up against me. This lady was in love with one of the King's ministers, who was ambassador in England. He was named Wallenrodt, and was a complete buffoon. She had got her plan all cut and dried. Looking on my marriage as a certainty, she intended to ingratiate herself with the Duke of Gloucester, so as as to obtain the post of Mistress of the Robes in my Household. To attain this object it was necessary to get rid of my present Lady-in-waiting, and accordingly to calumniate her to my mother, so as to bring about a rupture. As Countess Amélie was in such high favor with the Queen, and ruled her completely, this was easily done. I had liked this girl very much; and it was to some extent my fault that she was such a favorite. But she rewarded me very ill, for she was the cause of my mother's anger against me, and of the constant reproaches that were heaped on me. I dared no longer speak in the King's presence, or show him the least mark of affection, for if I did so, the Queen was sure to scold and say I loved him better than her; and that if I did not care for her, she could get on quite well without me!

It was the same with my brother; if the King told him to do anything, the Queen was sure at once to forbid his doing it. The poor child often did not know what to do, but as Count Finkenstein, his governor, was a great favorite with my mother, and taught him to care much more for her than for his father, he always obeyed my mother's orders rather than the King's. This was naturally most irritating to a man of my father's obstinate nature.

At the beginning of the year 1726, the Queen gave birth to a son, who received the name of Henry. As soon as she had recovered from her confinement, we all went to Potsdam. I cannot resist giving an account of a most ridiculous incident which happened to me. We led a most sad life. We were awakened at seven every morning by the King's regiment, which exercised in front of the windows of our rooms, which were on the ground floor. The firing went on incessantly—piff, puff—and lasted the whole morning. At ten we went to see my mother, and accompanied her into the room next the King's, where we sat and sighed all the rest of the morning. Then came dinner-time; the dinner consisted of six small badly cooked dishes, which had to suffice for twenty-four persons, so that some had to be satisfied with the mere smell. At table, nothing else was talked of but economy and soldiers. The Queen and ourselves, too unworthy to open our mouths, listened in humble silence to the oracles which were pronounced.

When dinner was over, the King sat himself down in a wooden armchair and slept for two hours. But before doing so, he generally managed to make some unpleasant speech for the Queen or for us. As long as the King slept I worked, and as soon as he woke up he went away. The Queen then went back into her room, where I read aloud to her till the King returned. He came back only for a few minutes, and then went to the "Tabagie." This was the time I had free. I loved music dearly, and practiced, and made great progress in it. Supper, from which we generally got up hungry, was at eight in the evening. The Queen played at cards with her Lady-in-waiting and mine, who were our only attendants, and I remained alone with my sister. As her age did not in any way make her a companion for me, my only

resource was in my books. I had a small library, which I hid under all the beds and tables, for the King despised all learning, and wished me to occupy myself with nothing but needlework and household duties or details. Had he ever found me writing or reading he would probably have whipped me. On the other hand, I should have grieved my mother greatly had I neglected my education, as she encouraged me more and more to improve and cultivate my mind.

My brother, who was in great disgrace with the King, remained at Berlin during the year 1726. The King was very angry with him, and one day expressed himself in such a manner about him, that we trembled for the poor child. He said he would put him in prison, disinherit him, get rid of his governor, Count Finkenstein, and treat him in such a manner as to teach him what a disobedient son deserved. We should have paid no heed to such remarks had any one else but the King made them; but we were, alas! but too well acquainted with his violence not to fear for its consequences. The chief cause of his anger was the determined manner in which my brother refused to be subject to him; and it was not the poor young Prince's fault; the Queen had forbidden him to be so. The King continued abusing the Prince till the evening, when he said he would not have any supper, and went to his smoking party. As soon as we reached the Queen's room she told me to sit down and write and tell my brother all that had taken place, enclosing him a rough draft of a letter to the King, in which he begged him for forgiveness.

I was writing quietly, and had nearly finished my letter, when I heard the King coming—for he had such a heavy step that it always sounded as if he wore thick boots. The fright I was in could not be described, but I never lost my head, and hid my letter behind a Chinese cabinet. My governess put my pens, etc., in safety. As the King was already in the room, I slipped the ink-bottle into my pocket, and there I held it in my hand. This was all done in a second. The King spoke a few words to the Queen, and then moved towards the Chinese cabinet. "It is a pretty thing," he said, "I will give it to you," at the same time trying the lock. I saw the moment coming when my letter would fall to the ground and be discovered. The Queen, half dead with terror, directed the

King's attention to her little dog and mine, which were at the other end of the room. "Look," she said, "my daughter will have it that her dog is much prettier than mine; now you must be the judge, and decide between us." He laughed, and asked me if I was very fond of my dog? "Yes, I am," I answered, "because he has so much sense, and deserves so much at my hands." My answer so pleased the King that he took me in his arms and kissed me. And I—oh! miserable fate—I was obliged to let go the ink-bottle, which was spilt all over me and the floor. I never stirred or moved. Happily the King soon left the room, and put an end to the painful position we were in. The ink had wetted me to the skin, so that I had to be dried. When once the danger was over, we were able to laugh heartily at the whole occurrence.

The King soon afterwards made it all up with my brother, who then came to Potsdam. He was the most amiable Prince you could see, handsome, well-grown, with great mental gifts, and endued with all the virtues which could make a perfect sovereign.

We returned to Berlin at the end of May, and on our arrival the Queen found letters awaiting her, informing her of the Prince of Wales's intention of coming *incognito* to Berlin. He thought he should, thanks to the commotion and confusion caused by the King of Poland's presence, be able to see me. The Queen was delighted at the visit, and immediately told me of it. The news caused me less satisfaction, as I did not care at all about this marriage. Ambition was not one of my qualities, and I was quite certain that the English Court would not suit me.

The King of Poland arrived on the 29th of May, and immediately waited on the Queen. He was fifty years old at that time, had a majestic presence, and manners that betokened kindness and civility. His very irregular life had injured his health, and he was suffering from lameness, and could not stand long. The Queen sat herself down with him on "tabourets," and the King and the rest of us stood round them in spite of the King of Poland's repeatedly asking us to be seated. He looked at me very attentively, praised our family, and made some amiable speech about each one of us. After an hour he took his leave, the Queen accompanying him be-

yond her audience chamber. The Crown Prince of Poland then came to pay his respects to my mother. He was tall and strong, with a handsome face. His manner was not so courteous as his father's. He looked proud and spoke little, and was not much to be praised for his civility. Since he has ascended the throne, people speak very well of him, much good is said of him, and his work has made one forget what is unpleasant in his manner. His visit to my mother was a short one. We spent our evening in our accustomed solitude, the King of Poland and his son each dining in his own room.

On the following morning we all assembled in the State rooms of the Castle. The two Kings soon afterwards joined us there, the King of Poland accompanied by three hundred nobles of his Court. They were presented to the Queen and afterwards to me. Among them was Prince Johann Adolf of Weissenfels, Lieutenant-General of Saxony. Although I did not converse for long with these gentlemen, I have remembered their names, however barbaric some of them sounded. There was a State dinner. The King of Poland and my mother sat in the middle, my father next to his Royal guest, then the Crown Prince and all the Saxon and Prussian Princes, as many as there were present. I sat on the other side of my mother. Then came my eldest sister, and next her all the other princesses. After dinner all returned to their rooms, and in the evening my mother held a reception, at which also were present the Countesses Orselska and Bilinska.

The Poles that were received by my mother were much surprised at my knowing and addressing them by their names. It flattered them so much that they said out loud that I must "become their Queen." Count Flemming, whom I have mentioned before, was not present: he died soon after leaving Berlin on his way to Vienna.

Balls and festivities succeeded each other without intermission during the King of Poland's visit, but on account of my father's jealousy at our taking part in them I had but little enjoyment from them. The Prince of Weissenfels seemed to take much notice of me, but I took all his assiduity merely as a mark of civility, and never for one moment thought that his attentions meant anything more.

The day before the King of Poland's departure the two

Kings dined at Charlottenburg, where we had been staying the last few days. After dinner they went to the Queen's rooms, and the King of Poland proposed playing a game at Ombre, in which I had the third hand. During the whole of the game the King paid me endless compliments, all of which I set down to the good wine he had had at dinner. He tried hard to make me win a hundred ducats, which would have been very useful to me, as I did not possess a penny, and was in consequence never able to give any little pleasure to my friends. The game did not last long; the King of Poland soon afterwards took his leave, and he left that same night with his suite for Dresden.

The King soon afterwards went to Prussia,[6] the Crown Prince remaining at Potsdam, with permission to visit the Queen twice a week. Countess Orselska, to whom he had paid secret visits, had quite cured him of his melancholy. During the King's absence the time passed most pleasantly; the presence of many foreigners made our Court very brilliant, and the King of Poland sent the best performers in his private band to be heard by the Queen. During this period, we became aware that my father had been on the point of engaging me to the King of Poland. Count Flemming had opened the negotiations during his stay in Berlin, and on the King's return to Dresden, these were nearly concluded, when the Crown Prince opposed the marriage. It would have been an advantageous alliance for both sovereigns. My father was to lend the King of Poland three millian thalers,[7] a handsome sum was to be settled on me, on the occasion of my marriage, in return for which Poland guaranteed the possession of the Lausitz for twenty years, on a mortgage, with the administration of its revenues, and my dowry was also to be charged to this Province. To prevent any difficulties in respect to my religion I was always to remain at Dresden. This brilliant project fell through, as the Crown Prince refused to sign the articles.

[6] Prussia was at that time still a distinct province under Polish jurisdiction, though it had been united to Brandenburg in 1618. In 1773, Frederick the Great assumed the title of King of Prussia in Germany, and united the Electorate of Brandenburg and his other provinces into one kingdom called *Prussia*. Before that time the kings of Prussia held only the rank of Electors of Brandenburg in the German Empire.

[7] £450,000.

The Queen was very glad of this. She continued to intrigue with the Envoys of England and France. The King was aware of all that was going on. That wretched maid Ramen, from whom my mother could keep nothing secret, kept him well informed, and employed his valet Eversmann and his Court surgeon Holzendorf for that purpose. My brother, the Queen's ladies and I, all knew this maid's intrigues, but she stood so high in my mother's favor that none of us dared to expose her. I even remember that the French Envoy several times expressed his surprise to me that most secret matters confided to him by the Queen were at once known in Grumkow's house. I answered him that I knew of nothing, and was very glad when I did not hear of things which did not concern me. "I shall never say anything to the Queen for the future," the Envoy continued, "but shall entrust all to your Royal Highness, which will be far better." I entreated him to spare me, adding that it was already unpleasant enough for me when the Queen did confide anything to me. "I have already told you," I continued, "that I wish to remain in ignorance of all these affairs." "And yet," he answered, "they concern your happiness and that of a whole nation." "I am quite ready to believe this," was my reply, "but at present I have not troubled myself about the future. My ambition is not great, and I have my own views on this subject, which no doubt differ much from those which others have formed."

The King was extremely annoyed at these cabals. Grumkow and Seckendorf's plan was not yet ripe, and they delayed its execution, and altered its whole character. Shortly after the King's return, we left Berlin for Wusterhausen, and had been there only a few days when he shut himself up with my mother. We were left meanwhile in the adjoining room. We soon heard a violent altercation. The King was speaking in very loud tones, and we heard my mother crying. This agitated me terribly, as I did not understand what it all meant. After an hour and three-quarters had elapsed, the King suddenly passed through the room in which we were with such a furious expression on his face that I quite trembled. The Queen at once sent for me. I found her crying bitterly. She embraced me tenderly, saying: "All is lost! You are to be

married—I am sure you have no idea to whom." I was struck dumb, and when I was at last able to answer her, said I feared it would be no happy provision for me, seeing it caused her so much sorrow. "No, indeed, it is not," she answered, "the King intends giving you in marriage to the Prince of Weissenfels." My surprise was intense.

This Prince's position was dependent on an annuity paid him by his family, and he was so badly off that he could scarcely live as his rank required. I at first said to the Queen that I thought my father had wished only to frighten her by saying this; that he could not really mean it. "But what will you say when I tell you he is coming here," my mother answered, "and that your betrothal is to be solemnized? Be firm; I will support you. Come what may, my consent shall never be given to this marriage." I promised her I would resist it as long as it was possible.

The very same day we received letters from Berlin confirming this unpleasant news. I was terribly upset and agitated, because I foresaw what a disturbance it would cause in the family, and that the whole violence of my father's anger would fall on me. My brother and I talked all day long about this miserable business. He encouraged me, and tried in every possible manner to calm me.

The King ill-used my brother more and more: nobody dared speak to him, for fear of exciting my father's suspicion. Though he still had his governors, they were no longer allowed to accompany him, in consequence of which my brother led a very dissolute life. Not having any one to turn to, he was helped in many of his adventures by Keith, one of the King's pages, who soon became inseparable from him. Keith was intelligent, but without education. He served my brother from feelings of real devotion, and kept him informed of all the King's actions, with whom he was in great favor. We were unaware of my brother's artifices; and though I had noticed that he was on more familiar terms with this page than was proper in his position, I did not know how intimate the friendship was. In answer to my remarks on the subject, he said that this young man had been the means of saving him much ill-usage at his father's hands, as he told him everything the King said of him. I mentioned nothing of all this to the

Queen, for I was anxious that my brother should be saved all annoyance, and was afraid of her displeasure, which was often carried too far.

I must now return to the Prince of Weissenfels. He arrived at Wusterhausen on Sept. 27th. During the first day I did not see him, but the King came to my mother and desired her to send to Berlin for her own jewels as well as mine. He wished me to be decked out with them in honor of my betrothal, which he intended to be solemnized. The Queen refused to do as he bade her, and told me that she would rather die than give her consent to this marriage. The next day being Michaelmas Day we went to Church, and during the whole of the service the Duke never took his eyes off me. I was in a great state of agitation. Ever since the subject had been mooted I had had no peace night nor day, and was prepared for the very worst. After church the Duke was presented to the Queen, who turned her back on him without a single word. I had managed to slip away unseen, in order to avoid his speaking to me. The Queen, who had several confidential friends with her at Wusterhausen, determined to let the Prince of Weissenfels know that if he continued to press his suit, she would have him publicly insulted, and that she would be the first to set the example. She added that neither she nor I would ever consent to the marriage, and that she therefore advised him to avoid all scandal by making an honorable retreat. In spite of the dislike I always had for this Prince, I must do him justice, for though narrow-minded, he was most upright, and would never have taken this whim into his head had it not been put there by others. He made up his mind at once, and wrote to the King, that, whilst knowing how to appreciate the great honor he had done him in choosing him for his son-in-law, he confessed himself unworthy of it. That however great his happiness would have been to have possessed me for his wife, he would rather sacrifice it than marry me against my will. He therefore entreated the King to leave me perfect liberty, and not to force my inclinations.

The King had no sooner received this letter, than he took it to the Queen, and the quarrel began afresh. The Queen's tears and entreaties resulted in her obtaining a delay, "but only on condition," the King said, "that you write to the

Queen of England and insist on her declaring positively what her intentions are with respect to the marriage of my daughter with the Prince of Wales. If the answer meets my approbation, I give up all thoughts of any other marriage for her. But if England continues to allure me with fine words, and nothing more, I will break off all negotiations, and shall give her in marriage to whomsoever it pleases me."

The Queen assured him that she was ready to write at once to England, and did not doubt for a moment but that she would receive a satisfactory answer. "We shall see," the King replied; "but be sure of this, that if I do not receive the answer I require, you can hope for no more mercy for your daughter, and as regards your worthless son," he continued, meaning my brother, "you need not expect me to think of marrying him. I will not have a daughter-in-law who carries her nose in the air, and fills my Court with intrigues, as others are already doing. Your Master Fritz shall sooner get a flogging at my hands, than I will look out for a marriage for him." Happily my brother was not present, for the King now poured forth a perfect flood of abuse.

The conversation at last came to an end. My mother having well considered the step she was about to take, began to be less confident as to its ultimate success. She would not, however, own it to herself, and said to me, "I shall not give up hope, and trust all will be well." I told her I doubted it, because I was sure the King of England would not consent to my marriage without my brother's being setltled too; and my father would not be satisfied unless he received exactly the answer he wished. The result of this would be fresh storms and scenes, which she would be unable to prevent. My mother was inclined to be angry at this remark, for she replied: "You already give up hope: well then, marry your fat Johann Adolph, and be sure that my curse will rest on you." I assured her that I was too well aware what was best for my own advantage not to know all the evils of this marriage, and that I should do everything in my power to prevent its taking place. This seemed to calm her; but I did not dare say anything more on the subject or explain my views to her, as I saw that my doing so annoyed her. The Queen, however, thought much over the whole question, and afterwards said to me, "I have

thought of a means which cannot fail to help us in attaining the end we have in view. My son must assist us. He too must write to the Queen of England, and promise her solemnly, on condition that she consents to your marriage, to marry no one but her daughter, the Princess Amelia." I was allowed to make no remark to this; and my brother, who came into the room just at that moment, at once consented. He ardently wished to marry an English princess, in order to have support and protection from further ill-treatment. He at once wrote this luckless letter, which the Queen sent off secretly.

My position was a very sad one. The Prince of Wales was indifferent to me—indeed I disliked him, and it was my mother's fault that I did so, for she had given me most unfavorable descriptions of him. "He is a good-natured Prince," she sometimes said to me, "kind-hearted, but very foolish. If you have sense enough to tolerate his mistresses, you will be able to do what you like with him."

Such a man would have suited my mother, for she loved to rule, but as I did not care about this, I was in a very different position. My ideas of marriage were very different. I wished to marry a Prince for whom I could entertain a real respect, and to whom I could look up as to a true friend. I wished that our mutual love and esteem should guide all our actions. My desire to please him in everything would result from these feelings. The notion of duty excludes a wife's feeling of friendship for her husband. Where real love exists nothing becomes difficult or hard when it is done to please the object we care for. I can now say this from personal experience, for Providence granted what I desired. But I must return again to the subject I was writing about. I had a horror of this Duke of Weissenfels: my father and mother did not agree on this point. The one had the power on his side and the other common sense. What was I to do in such a difficult position? When I thought over it all, I was ready to despair, for whichever way I turned I felt that I should be the victim of one or the other. The Duke, however, took his departure, and we were left somewhat in peace.

At last the long-expected answer from England arrived. The Queen of England wrote that both she and her husband

were much inclined to strengthen the bands which united the families by a double marriage, but that this could not be definitely settled till Parliament had been consulted. The Queen at the same time received a private letter, encouraging her to remain firm, and containing many other suggestions, which were of little use to us in our present position. A letter to my brother was written in much the same strain. No Medusa's head ever had such an effect on any one as these letters had on my mother! She trembled to show them to the King, and had nearly determined to suppress them and to write a second time to England. M. de Bourguait, when he came to see her, informed her that he had received much the same messages for the King. My mother then spoke quite openly to him about the matter, and said that if England behaved in this manner she could no longer answer for what might happen. She was prepared for endless troubles and persecutions on the King's return, and that unless she were speedily helped, everything would be lost. M. de Bourguait endeavored to pacify and calm her as much as he was able.

A few days afterwards the King arrived. His first question was, what was the reply from England. "Here it is," the Queen replied with the greatest composure; "I hope you will be satisfied with it." "Satisfied," he cried, after having read it, "how can I be satisfied when they are again trying to deceive me?" and with this he left the room without another word. Immediately afterwards he had a long conversation with Grumkow, and when he returned to us we could observe nothing, and he treated us most kindly. The Queen was greatly relieved. Not I, however; for I knew the King too well, and that if he was driven to dissemble he was far worse even than during his violent fits of passion. He did not remain long at Berlin, but soon returned to Potsdam.

A new epoch began with the year 1729. M. de Lamotte, an officer in the Hanoverian service, and a near relation of Von Sastot, one of my mother's chamberlains, came to Berlin. He suddenly arrived at Sastot's, quite secretly, one day. "I am the bearer of a most important confidential message," he said. "You must hide me somewhere in your house that my arrival may remain unknown, and you must manage that one of my letters reaches the King." Sastot promised him all he

asked, and then inquired if his business were good or evil. "It will be good if people can hold their tongues, but if they gossip it will be evil. However, as I know you are discreet, and as I require your help in obtaining an interview with the Queen, I must confide all to you. The Prince of Wales intends being here in three weeks at the latest. He means to escape secretly from Hanover, brave his father's anger, and marry the Princess. He has entrusted me with the whole affair, and has sent me here to find out if his arrival would be agreeable to the King and Queen, and if they are still anxious for this marriage. If she is capable of keeping a secret, and has no suspicious people about her, will you undertake to speak to the Queen on the subject? Yet before doing so, and in order to run no risk, you had better first consult with Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, of whose discretion I am sure. She will be your guide."

That very same evening Sastot appeared as usual in the Queen's apartments, who was not holding receptions. He called Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld on one side and told her all that had passed between him and Lamotte, and added that he had not been able to speak unreservedly with him about the affair, as he was afraid of telling this good news to the Queen, because he knew quite well that she would at once confide it all to that wretched Ramen, who would immediately communicate it to Seckendorf and his creatures.

Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld was much perturbed, but after having well considered the question, decided that Sastot should speak with the Queen. The joy this news caused her is easily to be imagined. She at once communicated them to Countess Finkenstein, and my Lady-in-waiting,[8] who both implored her to keep them secret. I was just then very ill. I had had a bad fainting fit, followed by violent fever, which confined me to my bed. The Queen desired Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld to prepare me by degrees for this happy event of which she then wished to speak to me herself.

The next morning Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld came to drink her tea by my bedside. "I cannot think what has come to Sastot," she said, "he dances about, sings, and is full of nonsense, and says it is all because he is so delighted at some

[8] Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld.

good news he has heard, which he will, however, tell nobody." "Perhaps he has taken too much," I said, "and this makes him so merry."

"Oh! no," she replied, "he declares the good news concerns you!"

"Good God," I cried, "what good news can I expect in the position in which I am placed, and how can Sastot have anything to do with it?"

"But," continued Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, "supposing he had received the news direct from the Prince of Wales himself?"

"Well! would that be such great happiness?"

"Your Royal Highness is very sinful," she replied, "and you will be punished for it, if you so despise a Prince who risks everything for your sake. What do you want? Do you wish to fade and pine away, or do you wish to marry that delightful Prince of Weissenfels?"

Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld would have endured anything that this marriage might be accomplished; it was the only point on which we differed, and we had often had arguments on the subject. I now laughed at her speech, without taking much heed of it. I thought that the Prince of Wales had most probably given an assurance similar to that which my brother had given the Queen of England, and that this had caused Sastot's high spirits. When, however, the Queen herself came to me with this pleasant piece of news, I felt in a very different mood. I remained dumb, and could not utter a word. My mother thought it the result of my satisfaction at the news. "I shall at length see you happy and my wishes realized at the same time—how much joy at once!" I kissed her hands, which I covered with tears. "You are crying," she exclaimed, "what is the matter?" I would not disturb her happiness, so I answered, "The thought of leaving you distresses me more than all the crowns of the world could delight me." The Queen was only the more tender towards me in consequence, and then left me. I loved this dear mother truly, and had only spoken the truth to her. She left me in a terrible state of mind. I was cruelly torn between my affection for her and my repugnance to the Prince of Wales; but I determined to leave all to Providence.

That same evening the Queen held a reception. As bad luck would have it, the English Envoy came to it and began at once to tell her all the news he had received from his Court. The conversation grew livelier and livelier, and, without reflecting on the consequences, the Queen confided to him the whole of the Prince of Wales's project. M. de Bourguait, with intense surprise, asked her if it were all true. "Certainly," she replied, "and to show you how true it is, he has sent Lamotte here, who has already informed the King of everything."

"Oh! why does your Majesty tell me this? I am wretched, for I must prevent it." Greatly frightened, my mother asked him why he must do so. "Because I am my Sovereign's Envoy; because my office requires of me that I should inform him of so important a matter. I shall send off a messenger to England this very evening. Would to God I had known nothing of all this!" The Queen's prayers and entreaties were all of no avail, for he left her, to dispatch the messenger. My mother's consternation was indescribable! She was in utter despair. Countess Finkenstein came the next morning and told me all that had happened. The only means we had in our power of preventing greater misfortune was to endeavor to keep it all from the King. At the end of a week, the King came to Berlin to receive the Prince of Wales. He had had a secret interview with Lamotte after which the long ardently desired arrival of the Prince was daily expected. But this joy was doomed to be turned to sorrow. A courier brought the news that at the express command of his father, the Prince of Wales had suddenly left Hanover for England. This news fell on the King and Queen like a thunderbolt.

But it is time that I should now unravel this mystery. The English nation were most anxious for the Prince of Wales's presence in England, and had incessantly begged the King to grant it. The King, on the other hand, did not feel at all inclined to do so, as he feared he might suffer in personal consideration, and that the Prince's arrival in England would raise an opposition against him, which might lead to disturbances. In order to have some plausible reason against his presence in England, the King had himself written to the Prince, suggesting his going to Berlin and marrying me. This

step he intended to use afterwards to bring about a rupture with the Prince, by which means he could keep him several years longer at Hanover. The Prince, who ardently desired the alliance with me, was only too delighted to obey his father's wishes. The sudden arrival of Bourguait's messenger spoilt everything. This messenger was sent to the Secretary of State. Nothing remained to the King, who was anxious that no suspicion should be aroused in England, but to desire the Prince to return. Poor Lamotte became the innocent victim of all this. He had to spend two years in the fortress of Hameln, and was obliged to leave the Hanoverian service. He afterwards entered the Prussian army, where he still commands a regiment.

My father was greatly incensed at again finding himself duped by England. He returned to Potsdam soon after this affair was settled, and we shortly followed him.

Immediately after our arrival my father had a violent attack of gout, which troubled him for some time. This illness, added to his displeasure at his disappointed hopes, made his temper unbearable. I was called nothing else by him but the "English *canaille,*" and he ill-treated me and my brother in a shocking manner. We were not allowed to leave him for one single moment during the whole day. We took all our meals near his bedside, and to torment us still more he let us have only those things to eat for which we had an absolute dislike. But, good or bad, we were obliged to swallow them down, and run the risk of being ill for the rest of the day. Not a single day passed without some unfortunate occurrence, and we could not lift up our eyes without beholding some unhappy being who was being tormented. The King was of too impatient a nature to remain long in bed, so he sat in an armchair in which he had himself wheeled about the castle. He held a crutch in each hand to support himself, and we followed this triumphal car like wretched prisoners expecting their sentence.

On one occasion, when his temper was more than usually bad, he told the Queen that he had received letters from Anspach, in which the Margrave announced his arrival at Berlin for the beginning of May. He was coming there for the purpose of marrying my sister, and one of his ministers

would arrive previously with the betrothal ring. My father asked my sister whether she were pleased at this prospect, and how she would arrange her household. Now my sister had always made a point of telling him whatever came into her head, even the greatest home-truths, and he had never taken her outspokenness amiss. On this occasion, therefore, relying on former experience, she answered him as follows: "When I have a house of my own I shall take care to have a well-appointed dinner table, better than yours is, and if I have children of my own I shall not plague them as you do yours, and force them to eat things they thoroughly dislike!"

"What is amiss with my dinner-table?" the King enquired, getting very red in the face. "You ask what is the matter with it," my sister replied, "there is not enough on it for us to eat, and what there is is cabbage and carrots, which we detest." Her first answer had already angered my father, but now he gave vent to his fury. But instead of punishing my sister he poured it all on my mother, my brother, and myself. To begin with he threw his plate at my brother's head, who would have been struck had he not got out of the way; a second one he threw at me, which I also happily escaped; then torrents of abuse followed these first signs of hostility. He reproached the Queen with having brought up her children so badly. "You will curse your mother," he said to my brother, "for having made you such a good-for-nothing creature. A man was once condemned to death in Carthage for various crimes," he continued, "and as he was being led to the place of execution, he asked to be allowed to speak to his mother. Whilst pretending to whisper to her, he bit a piece out of her ear, saying at the same time, 'I treat you like this, that you may serve as an example to all mothers that do not bring up their children virtuously.' You can do the same," my father continued, still addressing himself to my brother, and with this remark he let himself be wheeled away in his chair. As my brother and I passed near him to leave the room, he hit out at us with his crutch. Happily we escaped the blow, for it would certainly have struck us down, and we at last escaped without harm from the room. I had been so upset by this scene, that I trembled all over, and was obliged to sit down to avoid fainting. My mother,

who came after us, comforted us as best she could, and endeavored to persuade us to return to the King. We were, however, not the least inclined to do this. The scene with the plates and the crutch had frightened us too much. At length we were obliged to do so, and we found the King conversing quietly with his officers.

I felt quite ill nevertheless, and fainted away in the Queen's room. My mother's maid exclaimed, on seeing me, "Good gracious, your Royal Highness, what is the matter, you look dreadful!" I looked in the glass, and saw that my face and neck were covered with red spots. I told her I had been very much agitated, and that this was the result. I fainted again several times. The red spots disappeared as soon as I was in the cold air, appearing again in the heat of the room. I was obliged to keep about as best I could, as I was unable to get to bed. That night I was attacked by violent fever, which left me so weak next morning that I was obliged to ask my mother to excuse me from coming to her. She sent me word that dead or alive I must go to her. I then sent word that I had a rash which made it impossible. She however, repeated her command, and I was carried into her room, where I went from one fainting fit into another. In this condition I was dragged to the King. My sister, seeing that I was ready to give up the ghost, said to the King, "I beseech you, dear father, let my sister return to her room, she has fever, and cannot even stand." The King asked me if this were true. "You look very ill," he said, "but I will cure you," and he forced me to drink a whole goblet full of very strong, old Rhine wine. My rash had gone in, and I was fighting with death. I had no sooner drunk the wine than I began to be delirious, and begged my mother to have me taken to my room. This she granted on condition that I would leave it again in the evening.

I laid myself down without taking off my head dress, but no sooner was I in bed than the violence of the fever deprived me of my reason. The doctor who was called in pronounced me to be suffering from an inflammatory fever, and gave me three remedies not at all suitable to my present illness. From time to time I recovered consciousness, and then I prayed that God would take me to Himself. Amidst bitter tears I said to

Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, "The many sufferings I have been through have made me indifferent to this world, and now Providence will grant me the highest bliss. I am the cause of my mother's and brother's sorrows; my death will put an end to these. If I die, promise me to say two things in my name to the King, first that I beg he will restore me his affections, and secondly, implore him to be kinder towards my mother and my brother." I lay for thirty-six hours between life and death, and at last small-pox declared itself.

I now arrive at a most critical period in these memoirs, the year 1730, which certainly was the cruellest in my life. The King came to Berlin for the *fêtes* of the New Year. He was in an excellent temper during the whole time he was there, and the subject of my marriage was never touched on. We had found means of pacifying my brother, and flattered ourselves that after having gone through so many troubles we should at last have some peace! But who knows the recesses of man's heart, and who can rely on constant happiness! The King left Berlin and returned to Potsdam. A few days after Count Finkenstein received a letter from him with an order which he was not to open except in the presence of Grumkow and Field-Marshal von Bork, both of whom were Ministers of State. These two gentlemen received a Royal command to go to Count Finkenstein. As soon as they had assembled they together read the order, which enclosed a letter from the King to the Queen. The order ran as follows:

"As soon as you three, namely, Grumkow, Bork, and Finkenstein have assembled together, you are to go to the Queen, and tell her in my name that I am tired of her intrigues, that I no longer intend to remain England's plaything, a part which dishonors me and my family, that I am determined to spite every one, and settle my daughter Wilhelmine's marriage; but that as an act of great clemency towards my wife, I give her permission once more to write to England, and ask if they will consent to the marriage with the Prince of Wales. If, however, the answer does not meet my wishes, then the Queen must give me her word of honor no longer to oppose my daughter's marriage. She can have her choice between the Margrave of Schwedt and the Duke of Weissenfels.

If, on the other hand, she does not agree to these conditions, tell the Queen that I shall break with her forever, and that she can retire with her worthless daughter, whom I shall no longer acknowledge, to her dower house of Oranienburg. Do your duty as devoted subjects, and use all your influence to bring about the Queen's submission to my commands. I shall know how to reward you; but if, on the other hand, you fail, you and your families shall suffer for it.

"I remain, your affectionate King,

"FREDERICK WILLIAM."

As soon as they had read the letter, Grumkow, Bork and Finkenstein went to the Queen. She was quite unprepared for this visit; Count Finkenstein had, however, found means to let her know of it. They handed her the King's letter, which was couched in such harsh terms that I will pass over it in silence. They then showed her the King's order addressed to them, and spoke with her about it as they were desired. Grumkow distinguished himself much on this occasion. He followed the Devil's example. Having tried in vain to convince her on political grounds why it was for the King's advantage that she should make this sacrifice, he tried to quote the Bible to her. He said that it was written there that wives should be in "submission to their husbands," and that as regarded the obedience due from children to their parents, they owed it to their father above all things; that a father had the right too of forcing his daughter to marry against her inclinations. The Queen answered him by quoting the example of Bethuel, who replied as follows to Abraham's servants when they came to ask for Rebekah as wife for Isaac: " 'Call the damsel,' and they called Rebekah and said unto her, 'Wilt thou go with this man?' " She knew, the Queen added, what obedience a wife owed her husband, but she confined herself to submitting to all reasonable demands, and to those the justice and fairness of which could not be disputed. But that neither justice nor fairness existed in wishing to marry me to a coarse, dissolute creature, stamped with the traces of all his vices. He was the youngest Prince of the House of Brandenburg, a Polish General, dependent on an annuity, on which he was scarcely able to subsist, still less to keep me as befitted

my rank. His age was out of all proportion to mine, his appearance most unpleasant, and, finally, he did not possess a single advantage which could make him attractive. As regarded the King's threats to separate himself from her, the Queen continued, these went for nothing, because that matter did not lie in the King's power. She had never given him the least cause for complaint, either by her behavior or her actions, and therefore she considered it beneath her to notice this portion of his letter. The Queen would, she said, write to England as the King desired, but she would never give consent to either of the other two marriages: she would rather see me dead than plunged into such misery. In conclusion, my mother said she felt indisposed, and had expected that greater consideration would have been shown her in her present condition; and after addressing some sharp words to Grumbow she left the room in a terrible state of agitation.

She sent at once for me, told me all that had taken place, and showed me the King's letter, to which I could answer only with my tears. This dreadful letter had to be answered, and my mother's reply was most touching. Having repeated in it most of what she said to the three gentlemen, she afterwards held a consultation with Countess Finkenstein, Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, and myself, as to the decision to be taken. We agreed that the Queen should pretend to be very ill, and in such a manner, too, that even her maids should be deceived. Countess Finkenstein took this opportunity of telling my mother that she did not know who the persons were that repeated everything that happened in her rooms, even to the confidential conversations she had with her. "I assure your Majesty," she continued, "that you cannot be too careful at this critical moment. People listen at your doors, and those you think devoted to you betray you!" "No one," said the Queen, "can betray my secrets, as they do not know them, and I am quite sure of Ramen's discretion." As the Queen said this, we all three looked at each other in such a way that she must have read our thoughts; but if she did so, she took care we should not be aware of her discovery.

That same evening, whilst we were at dinner, the Queen acted as if she were taken suddenly ill. We all played our parts so well that every one was taken in, excepting the maid

Ramen, who had been told of the plan. The next day my mother kept her bed, and made all believe she was very ill. This, however, did not prevent her from secretly informing my brother of all that had happened, and of sending him the rough copy of a letter which he was to write to the Queen of England. He was to say that though he had met with no favorable response to a former letter he had written on the subject of my marriage he had not lost courage. He was too well aware of the kind-heartedness of the King and Queen of England, knowing besides how tenderly attached they were to the Queen, his mother, not to feel sure that, taking our painful position into account, they would no longer refuse to consent to my marriage with the Prince of Wales. They would risk nothing in doing so, for he gave his solemn promise never to marry any one but the Princess Amelia. If, however, the question of my marriage were further postponed, he would consider himself no longer bound by his promise, and would agree to the first marriage his father proposed to him. My brother made no difficulty about writing this letter, which was sent off, together with a very strong one from the Queen. Much as I had disliked the idea of this marriage, I own that I now much desired that it should take place. It was the least of the three evils which threatened me, and I saw but too clearly what would be the result if the negotiation failed.

Things continued in this state for several days. The Queen left her bed of an afternoon, and dined with us in the evening. On the 25th the crisis began. The Queen received a fresh embassy from the King, consisting of the same persons as had composed the former; but this time their messages were far more peremptory than those she had received before. The King persisted in his threat of sending my mother away to her dower house, at the same time threatening to imprison me and ruin my brother. He alluded to the proposed marriage with England, only to say he would hear nothing more about it. Even if the King and Queen of England agreed, he would now refuse his consent. My mother was therefore quietly to submit to his propositions, or she might be certain that the whole force of the King's resentment would fall on me. These messages, accompanied by a still more violent letter from my father, had no effect in shaking my mother's determination.

She persisted in her refusal to consent to either of the marriages proposed. The King might kill her, she said, before she would give her consent. We were prepared at any moment for the King's taking extreme measures. The perpetual agitation and sorrow in which we lived affected my health, which was always delicate. I could neither sleep nor eat, and grew visibly thinner.

A week passed in this painful state, when at last the reply from England arrived. It was couched in the usual terms. The King and Queen of England were favorably inclined to my marriage taking place on condition that my brother's was solemnized at the same time. The Queen of England's letter to my brother contained only civil speeches. My mother at once communicated this news to me, she was so affected by them that we were afraid of the result on her health. She accompanied the letter from England, which she was obliged to lay before the King, with a most touching note of her own, hoping to soften his heart. He, however, returned both unread, because Ramen, to whom the Queen had confided, had betrayed everything to him. Eversmann arrived that evening from Potsdam, and told the Queen that the King was greatly incensed against her and me, and had sworn to use violence to force us to submit to his will. Everybody was suffering from his bad temper, he said, and he had most cruelly ill-treated my brother, having seized him by his hair, dragged him through the room, and then beaten him till he bled. When Eversmann left the Queen's presence, he said to me in a most insolent tone, "How long will you continue to be the cause of these dissensions in the family, and to draw down the King's anger upon you? I speak to you as a friend. Obey the King's orders with a good grace, or prepare yourself for the grossest insult. I know what is in store for you. You have not a moment to lose. Give me a letter for the King, and don't pay any attention to what the Queen says. I don't tell you this from myself, but by the King's orders."

Put yourself in my place, and judge what I suffered at being treated thus by a wretched valet and spy! Yet I was obliged to remain cool, and therefore merely answered, "the King's displeasure is most painful to me, and I shall do everything in my power to win back his favor. I know his kind heart and

fatherly tenderness too well not to believe that he would not willingly plunge me into misery. I shall obey all his commands, however hard they may be, as soon as he and my mother are of one mind about them. I know that he has full power over me as my father, but my mother's rights are equally good. I am quite ready to take an oath never to marry the Prince of Wales, if the King will only exempt me from marrying either of the two people to whom I have an unconquerable repugnance." Eversmann then turned to Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and said, "The King commands you to induce the Princess to accept the marriage with the Duke of Weissenfels, and if she will not have him, then to take the Margrave of Schwedt. If you do not obey the King's orders, he will have you imprisoned on bread and water in Spandau, and ruin the whole of your family."

"The King has the power to do this," Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld answered, in the quietest manner possible. "He appointed me to educate the Princess, but not to force her to this marriage. I shall not meddle in this business, nor shall I tell her to accept one or the other suitor, but I shall pray to God to guide her aright, that she may decide on what is best."

"But are you not aware," Eversmann began afresh, "on what the King has decided if she continues to remain so obstinate?" "No, I am not, neither do I wish to know," was her reply. "I will, however, tell you," he continued, "the King gives the Princess three days to think it over; if she then persists in her refusal, the King will send to Wusterhausen for the two Princes, and force her to marry the one or the other. If she does not then cheerfully consent, the religious service will be dispensed with, and she will be shut up with the Duke, and we will then see if he cares to marry her after that!" Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and Madame von Konnken as well as myself, who had heard this speech from a distance, were petrified with astonishment at it. Madame von Konnken could however stand it no longer, and spoke to him most severely. He, however, insisted on every word being the truth, and moreover said that there were no means to escape from this evil fate. "Are there no other suitable marriages in the whole world for the Princess but just

these two?'' Madame von Konnken asked, ''and must she be forced to accept either of them?'' ''If the Queen knows of any better, excluding, of course, the marriage with the Prince of Wales, I think the King would not so much mind,'' Eversmann answered, ''though he has the marriage with the Duke of Weissenfels much at heart.''

At this moment the Queen sent for us, and thus put an end to the conversation. She saw, by the expression on my face, that something out of the common had taken place; and I then told her, with as much caution as I could, Eversmann's conversation. After a long deliberation, she determined to speak next day with Field-Marshal von Bork. He was a very honest man, and might be able to help her to see her way in her present difficult position. She accordingly sent for him, and gave him an account of all that had taken place the day before. Her Mistress of the Robes was present with her during the interview. ''You have delivered the messages with which the King entrusted you,'' she said, ''and I answered you as his Envoy. Now you have nothing more to do with those messages. To-day I have sent for you in the capacity of friend to ask your advice, and pray you to give it me unreservedly.'' The Field-Marshal shrugged his shoulders. ''I am in utter despair,'' he replied, ''to see such dissensions in the Royal Family, and to learn what worry and annoyance your Majesty has to endure. Till now, I had always hoped that England would come to a favorable decision; but as this is not the case, I do not see how your Majesty is to escape from the predicament in which you are placed. What Eversmann said yesterday leaves little doubt as to the truth of the violent measures which the King has in contemplation against the Princess. The Margrave of Schwedt is here incognito: one of my people saw him, and from the information I have gathered, he has been here already several days, living in the 'Neustadt.'[9] He goes out only of an evening. These two letters from Dresden inform me that the Duke of Weissenfels is staying at a little village near Wusterhausen. We, therefore, have everything to fear from the King's violence. Your Majesty knows him but too well, and how difficult it is, when once his anger is roused, to pacify him. He has already come

[9] The new part of Berlin.

to blows with the Crown Prince, and has given vent to his fury against your Majesty, so that little more is required to make him carry out his other threats. Your Majesty has asked me to give you my advice quite candidly: it is this, to gain time. It is the only means remaining to you."

"But my daughter must come to a decision the day after to-morrow," the Queen exclaimed, "how are we to gain time?"

"The only thing then to be done," the Field-Marshal replied, "is to propose a third marriage. I am sure that neither Grumkow nor Seckendorf will agree to that, and you will thereby gain time and pacify the King."

The Queen agreed to this, and thought over for some time which prince she could propose. She finally determined on the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth. The Field-Marshal undertook to let the King know of the change in the Queen's views. "If all the ropes break," he added, "at least this marriage is worth a thousand times more than either of the others. This Prince is very highly spoken of, and will also be a reigning sovereign. His country is beautiful, and his age is in every way suitable to that of the Princess." "Well then, I am satisfied," my mother said, "and if my last endeavor to get a satisfactory answer from England fails, then in God's name let her marry this Prince. My enemies will at least not have the satisfaction of triumphing over me."

The King returned two days later to Berlin. He entered my mother's room frantic with rage. She was still in bed pretending to be ill. Neither my sister nor I was in the room at the time. My mother let him say what he would, without uttering one word, and when he had finished endeavored to soften his anger by the most gentle and touching words. It was all of no use. "You can choose," he finally said, "and this is the last time you have the chance, either the Margrave of Schwedt or Duke Johann Adolph, and if you wish to please me, then let your choice fall on the latter." "May God defend me from that," my mother cried. "Very well then," the King answered, "I shall go this very moment to the Margravine Philip, (mother of the Margrave Schwedt) and accept her son for my daughter, and shall ask her to undertake the marriage preparations." And without leaving my mother time to say a word in answer, he left the room.

My father wasted not a moment, but went forthwith to the Margravine. "Your Highness will be doubtless surprised at my visit, but I bring you news which I am sure will greatly please you," and, without giving her time to reply, the King continued, "I come to announce the decision I have come to, namely, to marry my eldest daughter to your son. I do not for a moment doubt that this alliance will meet with your entire satisfaction, and that you will gladly give your consent to it. Write to your son at once—he left for Schwedt to-day—and tell him of my intentions, also that he need fear nothing. I shall show that I am master in my own house."

The venerable Margravine, who had listened with the greatest pleasure to the beginning of the King's speech, entirely changed her opinion before he got to the end of it. "I am fully sensible, as I ought to be, of the great honor your Majesty has done me, in choosing my son," she replied, "and fully recognize the good fortune and the great advantages accruing therefrom, both to my son and to myself. But though this son is dearer to me than my life, and though nothing would seem too hard to me to procure his happiness, yet I should be in despair if this happiness were obtained at the Princess's expense. I should not only refuse my consent to such a marriage, but should declare myself my son's greatest enemy if he were base enough to marry the Princess against her will."

"Would you then rather that she married the Duke of Weissenfels?" the King said. "It is immaterial to me whom she marries," the Margravine answered, "as long as neither I nor my son is the cause of her misery." When the King found that nothing would move her, he took his leave. That same evening the Margravine sent me a note by a confidential servant, informing me of all that had taken place, and begging me to tell my mother. Such generosity deserved its full measure of gratitude, and my reply expressed this feeling in the strongest manner possible, both in my own name and the Queen's.

I had not yet seen the King. My mother was afraid to let me, as she dreaded his violence. Her room was full of screens, which almost made a labyrinth, and I was able to escape through these when the King entered whilst I was with her.

Ramen, who was as watchful as Satan himself, and rejoiced whenever she could do harm to any one, had altered the position of the screens without my having noticed it. One day the King entered the room. I wanted to escape in the usual way, but found no outlet among the screens. The noise I made soon betrayed my presence. No sooner did the King see me than he poured forth a flood of abuse upon me, which he threatened to accompany with blows of his stick. There was nothing left me but to hide behind my governess. The King advanced towards her: she stepped back, pushing me behind her, further and further till we were close against the fireplace, the King, meanwhile, approaching nearer and nearer. As we had no intention of jumping into the fire, we were obliged to come to a standstill. The King now put his head over Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld's shoulder, screaming abusive epithets at me. Each time he put out his head I dived down on the other side. Finding that he could not catch me he left the room, laughing in spite of his anger at the absurd spectacle we presented.

On the following day he renewed his entreaties and his threats. The Queen, after vainly trying to divert his attention, and make him think of other things, at last said to him, "Let us both be reasonable. I agree to the rupture with England; pray do on your part give up the idea of the marriage with Weissenfels or Schwedt. I promise you to give my consent to any other marriage which holds out a fair prospect to my daughter." "Very well, then," my father answered, "name such a one to me, and I agree." The Queen thereupon named the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth, saying, "He belongs to your House, has a beautiful principality, his age is suitable to that of my daughter, and he is said to be an estimable Prince." "Well then I am satisfied," the King exclaimed, "but if she marries according to her own inclinations, I will give her no trousseau, or dowry, or marriage feast. If, on the other hand, she obeys me, I will provide for her in every way."

"But what in the world can I do more to please you?" my mother replied, "do you wish to torment me to death? Let her then marry that fat Johann Adolph; but if she has any love for me, she will never, never do so."

Upon this my father said, "You shall have your way, I will write to-morrow to the Margrave of Baireuth, and you shall see my letter."

As soon as the conversation was at an end my mother sent for me. I found her in the greatest state of delight. "All goes well," she cried, embracing me tenderly; "the King and I have together chosen the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth to be your husband, and the King writes to-morrow to the Margrave on the subject. There is only one point that makes me rather anxious, but I trust still to see it satisfactorily settled. It is this, that the King will not give you a dowry, neither will he give the marriage festivities. I hope, however, that you will get over this."

This news and decision disconcerted me terribly. I promised my mother to obey her in everything, but I expressed a hope she would consider to what she was exposing me. "What will the world say, if I marry against the King's will, and what can be more painful to me than to be turned out of the house like a worthless girl? What will the Prince think whose wife I am destined to be? I have persistently refused my consent to the other two marriages proposed to me by the King, your Majesty cannot blame me if I now refuse this which you propose to me? As soon as ever you and the King are entirely of one mind as to any particular choice, I will submit blindly, but I cannot do so as things are now!" "Well then, marry the Sultan or the Great Mogul, and have your own way!" the Queen exclaimed. "If I had known you better I should not have brought so much sorrow and trouble on myself. Marry the King's head if you like, I will have nothing more to do with the whole business," and she sent me out of the room without letting me answer a word. My mother then sent for Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld. "Induce my daughter to give way to my wishes," she said to her. "I insist on her marrying the Prince of Baireuth, and will not hear of a refusal. This marriage gives me as much pleasure as if I settled my daughter in England." She spoke in the same tone to my brother, and as he was getting very weary of England's procrastination, he spoke seriously to me on the subject. I answered him that I was ready at all times to sacrifice myself for him, but in this particular case my honor was concerned.

"If my father reconsiders his determination, and gives me a dowry, at the same time letting me leave my home in a manner befitting my position, I shall not for one moment hesitate in accepting the Prince of Baireuth. If, however, he persists in his intention, then nothing in the world will move me."

My brother was very angry with me for this, and said so many hard things to me that I was in despair. Mademoiselle von Bülow, who had been present at this interview, implored me to be calm. "I beseech your Royal Highness to reflect that all is not yet lost! I am sure I know of means to pacify the Queen. We must let her anger pass over, and then when I have spoken to her, I feel sure that she will again turn to you in love." I implored her in vain to tell me to what means she intended to resort to extricate me from my painful position.

The following morning the King brought his letter to the Margrave of Baireuth to the Queen. It was written in most courteous terms, inviting the Prince to strengthen the ties that united the two families, by consenting to a marriage between his son and myself. The King then said to my mother, "I shall send off the letter under the conditions named. Your daughter's dower, trousseau, and the marriage festivities, you can give her, but from me she shall never have a penny!" The Queen was quite satisfied with everything, but still more so when Marshal Bork secretly informed her that evening that the King had changed his mind, and had been induced by Grumkow and Seckendorf not to send off the letter. Mademoiselle von Bülow told her at the same time that M. von Kniephausen and the English Envoy had decided on sending the English Chaplain, who was my English Master, to London. They wished to make one last endeavor, and the letters they intended sending were so strong and urgent that they must wake the English Court out of its apathy.

As the Chaplain had been a witness of everything that had taken place, and knew, besides, every detail of our painful position, he would be able to describe it all in such a manner that it could not fail to produce an effect, and induce the English sovereigns to give their consent to this much-desired marriage. The Queen entirely approved of this decision, and entrusted the Chaplain with letters to the Queen of England,

in which she reproached her with her want of friendship, and described to her her sad position.

My father seemed pacified. He no longer spoke of these other hateful marriages, and treated the Queen more kindly. My brother and I were, however, in constant disgrace, but with this difference: that I was never allowed to appear before him, whilst he had to be constantly about him, a position which exposed him to constant blows and ill-treatment. I had made up my quarrel with my brother, and suffered terribly at witnessing his despair at the treatment he received from his father.

On the 18th of February the King went to Dresden, where he had several interviews with the King of Poland. These he kept quite secret.

During his absence, my mother was taken dangerously ill, and nearly died. Her sufferings were terrible. I suffered as much as she did, and never left her bedside for one moment. As soon as the King had returned to Potsdam, the doctors and her Mistress of the Robes informed him of her great danger. He was much alarmed, and would have hastened to her bedside, had not Ramen and Eversmann assured him that the sickness was a mere pretext, and that the Queen was not really ill at all. As, however, the illness increased, and the doctors considered her in imminent danger, a messenger was sent at night to tell the King. He started off at once on receipt of the news, and arrived in the afternoon. He found the Queen in a most grievous condition. His own surgeon entirely endorsed the doctor's opinion as to the gravity of the case, and the King was beside himself. My mother took this opportunity of speaking with him about his past conduct, and of all the sorrow he had caused her, which had, she told him, brought her to her present condition. She implored him to forgive me, and to restore me his fatherly affection. My father at once sent for me. It was a most touching moment. I knelt before him, kissing his hands and covering them with tears, whilst speaking in the tenderest manner to him. To please the Queen he embraced me, but as soon as she had turned her head away he pushed me from him with such a furious look on his face that I quite trembled. This apparent reconciliation between my father and myself made

my mother so happy, that three days afterwards she was out of danger.

We had scarcely escaped from one crisis when we entered upon another. My brother was so irritated at the ill usage he received from the King that he was considering seriously what decision he should come to. He never let the Queen suspect anything, but daily came secretly to see me.

"I am perpetually being told to have patience," he said, "but no one knows what I have to endure. I am treated like a slave, am beaten every day, and have no relaxation of any kind. I am forbidden to read, to study the sciences or music, and am scarcely allowed to speak to anybody. My life is in perpetual danger, I am surrounded by spies, I have not even enough clothes, and am wanting in most other necessaries of life; but the last terrible scene with the King at Potsdam has quite overcome me. He sent for me one morning. As soon as I entered the room he seized me by my hair and threw me on the ground. After having beaten me with his fists, he dragged me to the window and tied the cord, which fastened back the curtain, round my throat. I had, fortunately, time to get up and seize hold of his hands, but as he pulled with all his might at the cord round my throat, I felt I was being strangled, and screamed for help. A page rushed in to my assistance, and had to use force in freeing me from my father's hands.

"Tell me now what remains to me but flight. Katt and Keith are both ready to follow me to the end of the world. I have passports and letters of credit, and have arranged everything in such a manner that I cannot possibly run any danger. I shall fly to England, where I shall be received with open arms, and shall have nothing more to fear from my father's anger. I shall confide none of these intentions to the Queen. First of all because she gossips with Ramen; and secondly, because should such an occasion arise, she could then swear that she knew nothing about the whole business. As soon as my father undertakes another journey, for that makes everything safer for me, I shall carry out my plan, for everything is in readiness."

I cried incessantly during this speech, and afterwards asked him if he had reflected as to the results of this step, and

how terrible they would be. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, who was present, spoke in the same strain to him, but we both saw that our representations were quite useless.

Soon after this the King went to Potsdam. During his absence I took the Holy Sacrament, and on my return from the Dom (Cathedral) on Sunday I found Katt waiting for me. Ramen's rooms were just opposite, and she was standing at her door, and Katt was unfortunately imprudent enough to give me a letter from my brother in her presence.

"I have just come from Potsdam," Katt said, "where I have been staying secretly for three days to see the Crown Prince, and he entrusted this letter to my care."

I took it from him without saying a word, and went my way, much annoyed, as any one may suppose, at his want of tact. As soon as I reached my room I opened the letter and read as follows:—

"Dear Sister,

"I am beside myself. The King ill-treats me worse than ever. I can stand this existence no longer. The Queen puts the final touch to this misery by her infatuation for this maid Ramen. The King knows everything that takes place every day in her apartments, because Ramen keeps him informed of it all through his valets. These villains ought to be hung on the highest gallows. The King returns to Berlin on Tuesday; but, as it is still a secret, do not tell the Queen, or else she will at once inform that wicked creature.

"Good-by, dear Sister,

"Yours always entirely."

I was now in a terrible difficulty. I could not show this letter to the Queen, and yet I feared that Ramen would have told her I had received it. After thinking it well over, I threw the missive into the fire, and determined to say nothing. Happily, that ill-natured woman had never mentioned anything about the letter. It was, perhaps, the only good deed in her life. This circumstance is, probably, scarcely worth mentioning, still the course of these memoirs will show that I was right in noting it down.

The English Chaplain had meanwhile arrived in London. He had described our position in such touching terms, and

given so favorable an account of my brother, that the whole nation was won over to us. The Prince of Wales, with whom he had a long conversation, declared to the King his father that he would never marry any one but myself, and begged him at last to allow the marriage to be solemnized. For this purpose the King named the "Knight" Hotham as his Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Berlin, where he arrived in the month of May. The Queen was still ill, and her great weakness prevented her leaving her bed. She was much pleased at Hotham's mission. As soon as he arrived at Berlin, he demanded an audience of the King, for which purpose he was at once summoned to Charlottenburg. The Queen sent some trusty friends there to keep her informed of all that took place. Hotham made a formal proposal for my hand. He told my father that his King and master and the whole nation were convinced that, after giving him this proof of their confidence, the King would not refuse his consent to the marriage of the Crown Prince. At any rate, people in England would be quite satisfied if my wedding took place first, and they left it free to the King to decide as to the time when the Crown Prince's should be celebrated. My father was enchanted, embraced the Envoy over and over again, and gave him endless assurances of his friendship. Then dinner was announced, to which Seckendorf and Grumkow were invited. The King was in the best of tempers. At the close of the dinner he sent for a large glass, and proposed the health of his "dear son-in-law, the Prince of Wales." He had scarcely finished speaking, when all present rose from their seats and congratulated him. This expression of sympathy touched him so much that he had tears in his eyes. After dinner he took leave of the Envoy, who begged him not to make too much ado about the marriage, and to grant him another audience. Grumkow and Seckendorf meanwhile were thunderstruck, and had the greatest trouble to hide their dismay.

As soon as the King had left Charlottenburg, the Queen's faithful people came rushing to her with this joyful news. I was in my own room working and being read aloud to, when my door was thrown open, and more than thirty ladies, gentlemen and servants, entered, and bending one knee before me, according to English fashion, wished me joy. In utter sur-

prise I asked what it all meant, and if they had all gone mad. The only answer I received was that they called out, "Long live the Princess of Wales!" and then told me what had taken place. "Is that all?" I answered, and quietly resumed my work. A few moments later my sisters and several ladies from the town came to me to express their interest and sympathy. I was much beloved: every one wept with joy and satisfaction. I refused to accept all these compliments, and told them that I knew of nothing, and could not accept their good wishes on mere hearsay. In the evening I went to my mother. Her heart was overflowing with joy. She received me on entering the room as her dear Princess of Wales. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld took the liberty of entreating her to be more careful. "The King might be offended," she said, "if your Majesty makes so much ado about a subject of which he has not yet informed you. Pray be more prudent than ever! The slightest trifle may yet destroy all our hopes." As Countess Finkenstein entirely supported Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld's opinion, the Queen promised to be careful.

Three days later the King came to Berlin. He never uttered a word to the Queen about all that had happened, so that we had but little faith in these negotiations. On the other hand, he announced to her that he had just settled my second sister's marriage to the eldest son of the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, and that he and his father would arrive here next day. Seckendorf had negotiated this marriage, and intended it to serve his further purposes. It was to be the cornerstone of the political edifice he had in view.

The Duke of Brunswick was the Empress' brother, and at that time dependent on an annuity. His father-in-law, the Duke of Blankenburg, however, was the probable heir to the Duchy of Brunswick. I shall waste no time in painting his portrait, suffice it to say that he was in every way a most estimable and excellent prince. His son followed in his footsteps. My sister's formal betrothal took place two days after his arrival. As my mother was expecting her confinement, the ceremony took place privately, no other minister being present but Seckendorf. In consequence of my mother being unable to leave her room to dine with the King, we missed all opportunity of seeing Hotham.

Though Hotham did not dine with the King, he had frequent interviews with him on the following subjects. The King of England demanded Grumkow's dismissal, as a return for the step taken in the King's favor. He let my father know that he considered Grumkow the cause and instigator of the unfriendly relations between the two Courts, and of all the misunderstandings that had taken place; that he basely betrayed his master, as could be proved through letters that had been intercepted. These letters Grumkow had written to Reichenbach, a Prussian residing in London. They had been deciphered, and later on I shall give their contents. The King of England then further acquainted my father with all the intrigues of the Court of Vienna, and finally insisted on my brother's marriage. He wanted only the betrothal. He was quite ready to accept me without a dowry, and promised that the Princess Amelia's dowry should be £100,000. All this staggered my father much. As to Grumkow, he answered that if he could see the letters proving his guilt, he would dismiss him at once. My brother's marriage he would take into consideration, but as regards my own he gladly accepted every condition. A few days later the King said to Hotham, "I will agree to my son's marriage if he is made Regent of Hanover, and allowed to direct the management of the kingdom till my death, and if provision is made for his maintenance." Hotham answered that he would at once write to England about it, and that he did not think he should meet with any great difficulties.

As long as Hotham was at Berlin he received letters from the Prince of Wales by every post. Some of these he communicated to my mother. I also saw some of them, and they always ended up in this way, "Please, dear Hotham, get my marriage settled, my impatience increases daily, for I am quite foolishly in love." It cannot be disputed that these were most romantic feelings. He had never even caught the slightest glimpse of me! I really believe it was more obstinacy than love, and was not, therefore, much flattered by his protestations.

The suspicions Hotham had raised in the King's mind against Grumkow began to take effect. My father scarcely ever spoke to him now, and abused him before others, who

he knew would be sure to repeat to him what they heard. Seckendorf also stood very low in favor, and to all appearance my marriage was a certainty. On the twenty-fifth the Queen gave birth to a prince. He was named Augustus Ferdinand, and the whole Brunswick family stood sponsors. On the thirtieth the King left for the camp at Mühlberg. The King of Poland's love of pomp and splendor were very apparent on this occasion. Nearly the whole of the Saxon army was assembled in the camp, and performed all the evolutions and maneuvers laid down by Polybius. The uniforms, liveries, and carriages were wonderfully rich, and people say that this camp quite exceeded in splendor the Field of the Cloth of Gold which took place in France.[10]

The evening before his departure, my brother came to see me. He wore a French uniform, which frightened me dreadfully. No prince or officer is allowed to wear any other uniform than his own, and to do so is a punishable offense. It is true that it could matter but little to my brother whether he was turned out of the army or not; but, considering my father's temper, such an act of disobedience might have led to terrible consequences. "I come to take leave of you," my brother said, "and do so with the greatest grief. God knows when we shall see each other again!" These words fell on me like a thunderbolt, and I stood there petrified. My governess, who had more presence of mind, tried to induce him to feel how very wrongly he was acting in taking this step, and what cruel consequences it might have for us. Just now too when the King was becoming reconciled to England, when Seckendorf and Grumkow were losing their influence, and when everything seemed turning out for his happiness. He would destroy all these hopes if he carried out his purpose. Besides, the King was too well aware of the intimate relations subsisting between my brother and myself, not to suspect me of participation in this plot, and would therefore make me the first victim. Already it was but too apparent how much our great devotion to each other annoyed him, and she was sure that he was on the point of bringing wretchedness on our whole family. I added my entreaties to those of my governess,

[10] The meeting of Francis I. of France and Henry VIII. of England in 1520.

and these and our tears prevailed so far as to induce him to give us his word of honor to return home again.

The King had no sooner reached Mühlberg than endeavors were made to impress on him that the measures taken by England to bring about the marriages were only moves in some deep-laid game; that it was intended to get rid of the King's most trusty and devoted servants. He was further told that the English Court was ready, in order to gain my father's consent to the Crown Prince's marriage, to acquiesce in the most stringent conditions, but that its real object was to depose him, so that my brother might assume the government. I have often mentioned that suspicion and distrust were marked traits in my father's character. His great dislike to my brother, therefore, prevented him from examining into the truth of these rumors, and he returned to Berlin in a state of anger that boded ill for the success of Hotham's mission.

The King at last spoke to the Queen on the subject. He told her that he was most anxious to see me provided for and my future settled, but that he would never agree to my brother's marriage. My mother tried her utmost to calm him and allay his suspicions, and she seemed to have succeeded in doing so. The Danish Envoy, a very clever man, came gallantly to her aid, and helped finally to pacify the King. He spoke to him about Grumkow, and exposed all his intrigues. The King answered that he was quite willing to dismiss him, and to treat him severely, but would not do so till my marriage was formally declared. England, however, insisted on his dismissal before this event. The King left Berlin very favorably inclined.

Grumkow, who had his spies everywhere, soon learned what had passed between M. von Lövner, the Danish Envoy, and the King. His conscience told him what treatment he had to expect if all his plots, double dealings and intrigues were discovered. The Queen was holding receptions during this time, and Grumkow was imprudent enough to appear at one of them. His appearance betrayed his state of mind most clearly, for he looked like a culprit, and did not dare raise his eyes from the ground. The Queen never spoke to him, nor did she invite him to sit at her table: he stood the whole time in a corner, and nobody went near him. The fall of a man,

who had up to this time been honored and feared by all as much as the King himself, made me very thoughtful. His fate called forth my pity, and I determined to speak to him. I accordingly had a long conversation with him on trivial subjects, and treated him as civilly as I was wont. M. von Lövner afterwards expressed his surprise to me that I should have spoken with such a villain, and said that the English Envoy would not be over satisfied when he heard of my doing so. "I am not in England," I answered, "and at present it is not necessary that I should frame my behavior according to the ideas of that nation. I am quite well aware that Grumkow is a bad man and my bitterest enemy, but his misfortune calls forth my pity. Believe me, a fallen enemy can still remain dangerous. For my part I wish him no other punishment than that of being unable to do any further harm." M. von Lövner has often since reminded me of this conversation, and of the truth of my prophecy.

The King returned to Berlin soon after this. I found my brother in a terrible state of mind. His whole being had so suffered from the constant ill-treatment he had received, and he was so embittered against his father, that it was no longer possible to pacify him.

I have already had occasion to mention Colonel Rochow, who was about my brother's person. My brother had, during the moments of his bitterest despair, let fall some hints of his plan of flight before him. This imprudence had made Rochow pay greater attention to the Prince and his utterances, and he found that they were not merely wild words uttered at random, but that he had some fixed plan ready to carry into execution. Rochow went to Mademoiselle von Bülow, and begged her to speak with the Queen about it. Had he been a discreet man he would have let the manner rest there, but as it was, he went from house to house confiding it to every one. My mother was greatly alarmed when Mademoiselle von Bülow spoke to her on the subject, and at once asked me if I knew anything about it. I answered that I was but too well aware of my brother's utter state of despair, and that he only hid it from her to spare her sorrow. But I said I did not believe him capable of the plan attributed to him. I was unable to say more to her about it on account of the maid Ramen.

I begged the Queen to speak with my brother, but in all love and gentleness, as I had great confidence in her influence with him. She followed my advice, and the assurances she received from him allayed all her fears. My own were, however, none the less, and I was in an agony of mind. I could not confide in the Queen, on account of Ramen, and yet I was powerless to avert the threatened blow.

Meanwhile the replies from England arrived. Every condition the King had made as regards my brother was agreed to, but the English Court insisted anew on Grumkow's immediate dismissal. Till he was gone the consent to the marriage would be withheld. Intercepted letters from Grumkow were at the same time sent to my father. Seckendorf, who had his spies everywhere, heard of these, and to be beforehand he sought an interview with the King. In this audience Seckendorf represented to his master, in the most glowing terms, the trouble and pain the Emperor had taken to gain the King's friendship. He had not only allowed him the right of getting recruits for his army in his dominions, but had also promised him to be security for the principalities of Jülich and Berg. Furthermore, in what despair the Emperor would be when he found that despite all his efforts the King had thrown himself entirely into the arms of England. If the King, however, were so desirous of my marriage, then the Emperor would not object to its being carried out. Seckendorf then continued to say, with abject hypocrisy, "I am an honest man, and have been devoted to you for years past: your position causes me the greatest alarm. See these letters which I received from England: they prove that the Crown Prince is in complete understanding with that Court, that the Queen has expressed herself most imprudently as to the steps he has taken, and that he has engaged himself to the Princess Amelia without your knowledge, and has twice written to the Queen of England on the subject. Grumkow has even more positive information about all this than I have, and is ready to lay it before your Majesty. Your Majesty may now judge for yourself as to the dangers to which you expose yourself if you consent to the Crown Prince's marriage, and dismiss your faithful servants. You will have a daughter-in-law for whose maintenance the State is not able to pay, your Court will be

filled with intriguers, and the Crown Prince will soon assume the government, leaving your Majesty merely the bare title of King, whilst he will be the actual Sovereign. You will soon feel the truth of all I have said, as you already have the beginning of it before your eyes. England already treats you like a child. It dictates its commands to you, and, so to speak, coaxes you with a piece of sugar, saying 'If you dismiss Grumkow you shall have this nice piece of sugar, otherwise you get nothing.' ''

Seckendorf's long speech, which he accompanied with all the necessary action and exclamations, fulfilled its object. The King became very silent and thoughtful, and though he made no answer, Seckendorf observed that he had succeeded in shaking him.

On the 14th of July, the day after this conversation, Hotham had an audience with the King. He began by saying that England was quite ready to agree to all the King's conditions, and to further all his objects, but that his King did not doubt that my father would be ready on his part to sacrifice Grumkow; and Hotham thereupon showed the King Grumkow's intercepted letters. My father took the letters, white with rage, and threw them in Hotham's face, asking whether he expected him to kick him if he only lifted up one foot, with which remark he left the room, furiously banging the door behind him. Hotham left the Castle no less angry, a circumstance which, to people acquainted with English temper, speaks for itself. He at once sent for the Danish and Dutch Envoys, told them of all that happened, and declared that he considered all negotiations broken off, and that he would leave Berlin next morning. It was only with the greatest trouble that these gentlemen induced Hotham to postpone his departure for a few days.

The King had no sooner reached his own room than he began bitterly to regret what he had done, foreseeing the results. He was in perfect despair. The Queen was informed of what had occurred, by a note which Hotham wrote to Mademoiselle von Bülow. It is needless to say how greatly distressed she was at it. At last we went to dinner. The King spoke little, and seemed very much put out. As soon as dinner was over, he sent for the Danish and Dutch Envoys,

and asked their aid as mediators between him and Hotham. During the rest of this day, which was spent in perpetual "goings and comings," the King did nothing but torment my mother by saying that all negotiations with England were broken off. That as he did not any longer know "with what sauce to serve me," I had better become Abbess of Herfort. My mother answered that she should be quite satisfied with this. The King, therefore, wrote to the Margravine Philip, who was at this time the Abbess of Herfort, begging her to give me the post which my youngest sister there had. That she readily met the King's wishes, is almost unnecessary to state.

As the King became aware that all his endeavors to pacify Hotham had been unavailing, he now desired the two Envoys to offer him an ample apology in his name. My brother, who heard of this from M. von Lövner, at once wrote word to my mother, mentioning at the same time that Lövner had begged him to write to the English Envoy, entreating him to accept the King's excuse. The Queen entirely approved of this suggestion, and my brother wrote as follows:—

"Sir,

"I have heard from M. von Lövner of the King's latest proposals, and feel sure that you will agree to them. You will no doubt remember that the whole of my sister's future happiness and my own, as well as that of the two houses, depend on your answer. I feel convinced that your reply will fulfill our expectations, and that you will yield to our entreaties. I shall never forget the gratitude I shall owe you for this service rendered by you: it will be life-long.

"I remain always, Sir,

"Your well-wisher and sincere friend."

Katt was sent with this letter to Hotham. The Queen had grown very fond of Katt, in consequence of my brother's constant, earnest recommendations. Half an hour later my brother received the following answer from Hotham:—

"Sir,

"M. de Katt has just given me your Royal Highness' letter. I am most grateful for the confidence expressed in me.

If this whole business concerned me only, I should leave no stone unturned to prove the devotion and respect I bear your Royal Highness and your wishes. But the insult which has been offered me touches the King my master, and for this reason I cannot give way to your Royal Highness' request. I shall endeavor to place the whole subject in the best possible light, and although the negotiations have been for the present broken off, I trust that they are not so finally.

"I remain, Sir,

"Etc., etc., etc."

How greatly this answer grieved the Queen will easily be understood. My brother threw his head up in the air, saying, "After all, the misfortune is not so great," then turning to me, he continued, "You had better become Abbess, for then you will have nothing more to fear from the Duke of Weissenfels or the Margrave of Schwedt. It is really not worth while for the Queen to make such an ado about the business. I am sick and tired of the whole concern. Do you do what you like. I have nothing more to reproach myself with on your account. I have done all I can to see you settled in England, and now the time has come to think of myself. Tears and entreaties are no longer of any use: I have suffered enough. You must see how you can get on alone." These words, which he uttered in a very disdainful manner, hurt me extremely. I endeavored at first to pacify him with gentle words, but his answers were so curt and rude, that I at last grew angry, and said some sharp things before we parted.

At five o'clock that evening the wife of my mother's page brought me the following letter from her:—

"Dear Daughter,

"Everything is lost. The King is determined to marry you. I have had some cruel scenes on the subject. Neither my tears nor my entreaties have been of any avail. Eversmann has received orders to prepare everything for the wedding. You will lose Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld (the King is determined on that point) if you do not submit. For God's sake do not give in. A prison is better than a bad marriage. Good-by, dear daughter. I hope great things from your courage and firmness."

The Queen's ladies and I were still speaking about this letter, when a servant came rushing into the room and announced General von Podewils and another gentleman, who wished to speak with Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld. The ladies left me without delay, and immediately afterwards Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld came to me saying that these gentlemen had come by the King's orders to speak with me. "For God's sake," she added, "do not let them frighten you, but obey the orders of the Queen."

The gentlemen now entered my room. They were Marshal Bork, Grumkow, Podewils, and one other, who I afterwards found out was M. Thulemeier. He was also a Minister of State, and both coarse and false. He had hitherto pretended to be devoted to the Queen's cause. I had never seen him before, as he was of too low rank to be admitted at Court. These gentlemen thereupon made my governess understand that her presence was not required, and locked all the doors. Grumkow now addressed me as follows: "We are sent here by the King's orders to tell your Royal Highness that the King insists on your marriage. Till now he has put it off, hoping that England would consent to your marriage with the Prince of Wales. However, all hopes of this are over. The King of England has refused to consider our Sovereign's proposals. Indeed, he has let him know that the Prince will be married within a year. Your father very naturally felt this offense keenly, and answered that you would be married in three months' time. He must keep his word, and although he did not feel bound, as your father and master, to enter into any discussion with you on this subject, he wishes you to consider how disgraceful it is, both to yourself and him, to be treated as England's plaything. The rupture which the King of England has caused in the two families by his obstinacy is quite reason enough for your Royal Highness's making another alliance. Think of the sorrow which your mother daily endures for your sake; think of your brother's position, and of that of so many others on whom the King's anger has fallen! To prevent your putting any difficulties in the way, we are commanded to propose to you in marriage the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth, but at the same time leaving you the option of marrying the Duke of Weissenfels, or the Margrave of

Schwedt. You cannot have anything to urge against the Prince of Baireuth, because you do not know him. You cannot even reproach him with what you did the others, for he has a beautiful Principality of his own, and then the Queen herself first proposed him. It is possible that as you have been educated in the idea of obtaining a crown, you may be somewhat disappointed. Princesses of great houses are destined from their birth to sacrifice themselves for the good of their country, and after all a high position does not always bring earthly happiness with it. I advise your Royal Highness, therefore, to submit to the decrees of Providence. Let us be the bearers of such an answer as will restore peace to your family. If all the reasons I have put forward here are still unavailing in inducing you to submit, I have the King's order (which he showed me) to have you conveyed to a fortress where you are to be imprisoned. And here is another order," Grumkow continued, "which concerns Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and your other companions, whose fate will be far more grievous than Katt's. Several points in the Crown Prince's trial were purposely not inquired into, in order to leave him a means of escape. The King now intends to have him re-imprisoned in the fortress. On the other hand, listen to what the King promises you if you will obey him. First, he will give you a larger dowry than any of your sisters; secondly, your brother is to be completely at liberty two days after your marriage, and everything that has passed is to be forgotten; and thirdly, he promises you to treat the Queen more kindly." During this long address, I prayed to the Almighty to direct me to come to a right decision. I answered the gentleman, saying, "You are much mistaken if you imagine that it was the wish to become Queen which has prevented my obeying my father. I am not in the least aware what has roused his anger against me, because he has never let me know anything about a marriage. I never thought Eversmann's gossip about the subject was a message from the King. If the King had been agreed with the Queen about it, I should have been ready at any moment to assure him of my submission, and I will do so at once if he will allow me to get my mother's consent to doing so. If the Queen, however, persists in her refusal, then I shall be unable to accept the proposal." "No,

your Royal Highness," Grumkow answered, "that is forbidden you, and we have the King's commands not to leave you till you give an answer." "Will you still remain obstinate?" Marshall Bork now said. "The King has assured me that his whole peace of mind depends on your answer." "Yes," Thulemeier added, "I am a devoted servant of the Queen's, and know she would approve of this step." He then looked fixedly at me, saying, "You risk everything if you do not submit." I asked Grumkow who it was that was speaking to me, and when I heard it was Thulemeier I felt I must no longer hesitate. "Well then," I said, "I am ready to be the victim, and gladly sacrifice myself for my family, hoping peace will thereby be restored to it. As to you, gentlemen, you will have to appear before God's judgment-seat to answer for your sins, if you do not insist on my father keeping the promises he has made me with regard to my brother. You swear to me that they shall be carried out to the letter, if I write to the King and tell him I am ready to obey him, and accept the proposal of marriage with the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth." They allowed me to write also to the Queen, and having given them my letters to her and to the King, they took their leave. Thulemeier remained behind for a moment, and said, "Your Royal Highness has acted as a gifted princess should. The King will be delighted with your answer, which will pacify him. You will still be happy. Comfort yourself, for all is not yet lost." As soon as I was alone, I burst out crying; my governess was in despair, all around me were in the greatest dismay. The next day I received a letter from my father, in which he wrote, "I am very pleased indeed, dear Wilhelmine, that you submit to the wishes of your father. God will bless you, and I will never desert you, but shall care for you all the days of my life, and shall always prove to you that I am your devoted father."

I answered him at once, and also wrote the following letter to my mother:

"Your Majesty will have learned my fate from the sad letter I sent you under cover to the King. It is very difficult to describe to you in what a state I am. My consent to my marriage was not forced from me by the threats made me, however dreadful these were. They showed me a paper signed

by the King's own hand, containing my sentence. It was to be carried out if I still persisted in my refusal. I was told of the disagreement subsisting between you and the King, and the account of it made me shudder. Every reason that I could possibly give against the marriage was rendered useless, even the plea that I could not accept the Prince of Baireuth without first having your consent. I was reminded that your Majesty yourself had a year ago proposed this very alliance. Besides which the King had forbidden me to ask you for advice. The gentlemen had received orders not to leave my room till I had given them an answer. It is impossible for me to relate all that was said. I must keep it till I have the honor of seeing your Majesty and telling you myself. I can but too well understand how grieved you will be, and that is what hurts me most. I beseech your Majesty to submit to God's will. He directs all for the best. I do so more earnestly, as I am so happy at being able to sacrifice myself for my dear mother and my brother. I love both of them so tenderly, that I wish it were in my power to do more for them. I therefore entreat you again, if your Majesty has the least love for me, to take care of your health, which is more precious to me than life. I had the misfortune to be the sole cause of all your trouble and sorrow, and I could bear it no longer. I am quite content to accept the decrees of Providence, and trust that the prayers which I offer daily for your Majesty's happiness will be heard. One source of comfort you at least have in the promise which has been made me of my brother's freedom and of your being treated in a kind and considerate manner. I write this letter crying bitterly and with a trembling hand, but at peace in the thought that I have sacrificed myself for you. I am sure these lines must touch you, and that you will understand the tender feelings of a daughter for her mother, whom she will never, till her last hour, cease to love and honor."

The Queen's answer to this letter was so terrible that I did not keep it, but I cannot either forget it. Amongst other things she wrote, "You pierce my heart through and through by your abominable conduct in submitting to the King's will. I no longer own you as my daughter; you are unworthy of being my child. I shall never forgive you the cruel annoy-

ance you have caused me. Had I known sooner what a bad heart yours is I might have saved myself much trouble and worry on your account."

For a whole week I received letters written in the same tone. My answers were as touching and affectionate as possible. Nobody's grief ever equaled mine! My health began to suffer from it, and I shook from head to foot so that I could scarcely stand. My position caused me most sad reflections. I was on the point of being married to a Prince whom I did not even know. The world spoke highly of him, but I did not know whether mutual sympathy, so necessary to happiness in married life, would accompany my marriage. The good understanding that had subsisted between my mother and myself was destroyed forever, for I knew her revengeful nature. All those who had formerly paid me court turned their backs on me, and the first to do so were the Queen's ladies. I do not know how I bore so much sorrow without dying of it!

Eversmann came one day and told me with a kind message from the King that he would come to Berlin next day. He would endeavor to arrive before my mother, who was to reach Berlin only in the evening. The King desired my sisters and myself to be in his rooms on his arrival. Eversmann told me that my mother was by no means pacified, and that I must expect to be unkindly treated by her. He also told me that the Duchess of Bevern, who had been for several days at Potsdam, had tried all her powers of persuasion with the Queen. I spent the whole day in tears. On the following day I went to my father's apartments, where he arrived at two o'clock. I expected an affectionate reception, and was therefore sadly taken aback to see my father enter with as furious an expression as ever on his face. "Will you obey me or not?" the King said to me. I threw myself sobbing at his feet, and assured him of my entire submission, and begged him to restore his fatherly affection to me. He then lifted me up from the ground and embraced me kindly, saying, "Now I am satisfied with you. I shall always look after you as long as I live."

The Queen arrived only at seven o'clock that evening. I wanted to kiss the hem of her dress, and fainted in doing so. I was told that she was not in the least moved by seeing the condition I was in. It took some time before they could

restore me to consciousness. I then threw myself at her feet, but my heart was so full, and tears so choked my utterance, that I was incapable of saying a word. During the whole of this scene my mother looked at me in a hard disdainful manner. Ramen at last put an end to this painful interview. She represented to the Queen how extremely displeased and angry my father would be when he learned how she treated me, and that he would make her suffer for it. She added that my grief was apparently so great, that I was unable to control myself. If the Queen did not change her manner towards me, Ramen told her, it would only lead to fresh disagreeables. This speech made some impression on my mother, for she was much afraid of the King. She therefore pretended to be touched by my distress, bade me get up, and said in a most dry tone that she would forgive me on condition that I did not make a further exhibition of my sorrow.

At this moment the Duke of Bevern with his wife and son entered the room. The Duchess could not hide her emotion on seeing my state of distress. I had never before seen her, but she assured me in whispers of her sympathy, and from that moment we took a great affection for each other, and remained firm friends forever after.

The next day M. Thulemeier, whom I have already mentioned, secretly sent my mother word that all was not yet lost. He considered that all the steps my father had taken about my marriage were a sort of bait to force the King of England to make up his mind. Thulemeier said he had made enquiries everywhere about the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth, and had been unable to hear anything of him. It was therefore impossible that he had returned home, and also impossible that he could come to Berlin.

This letter of Thulemeier's pacified the Queen, and she treated me more kindly. She desired me to tell her everything that had happened during her absence. She reproached me incessantly but in a gentler tone. Her hopes grew daily. The King made no mention of my marriage, and it seemed almost as if my act of submission had made him forget all about it.

On Sunday, the 26th, the King told my mother that he wished her to be present at the review next morning: "The

Duchess of Bevern and my two daughters will accompany you in the carriage," he added, "and you must be ready dressed at 4 a.m. I do not intend dining to-night, so you must entertain the Princes whilst I go to bed." The Queen left my father and returned to her own room, where she began a game at Pharo.[11] She had scarcely finished it when we saw a post-chaise drive up to the principal entrance of the Castle. As this right is granted only to princes of high rank, the Queen was at once alarmed, and asked who it was who had arrived. Soon after the answer was brought her that it was the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth. No thunderbolt could have caused her a greater shock, she became as pale as death, and almost fainted. I was in much the same condition. After some little reflection, I went up to my mother and asked her to excuse my accompanying her next day to the review. "My father will make such a to-do with me in public," I said, "that it will be painful for your Majesty to have to witness it." The Queen quite agreed with me, but her almost slavish terror of the King forbade her granting my request. After some dispute on the subject, it was settled that I must go with her.

I spent a cruel night. Dreadful palpitations of the heart and an indescribable terror deprived me almost of speech, Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld did her best to comfort me. She sat near my bed crying bitterly. I was obliged to get up early and dress. I covered my face up as much as I could and went to the Queen, and we soon afterwards drove off together. The troops were drawn in order of battle. We drove down the lines, and then took up our position close to a battery, which was at some distance from the troops. Colonel von Wachholtz, one of the King's favorites, now approached my mother, and told her that by the King's commands he was to have the honor of presenting to her the Hereditary Prince Henry of Baireuth. He then did so. The Queen received the Prince very haughtily, and said a few cold words to him, after which she motioned him away. The Prince was tall and well grown: he had noble features, and an open pleasing expression. Although his features were not regular, his whole appearance was that of a very hand-

[11] A game at cards.

some man. The hot weather, together with the fear and agitation I was in, caused me to faint away. I was carried to a carriage in which my mother and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld were sitting. After some time, the remedies they applied restored me to consciousness. They did all they could besides to help me to regain my composure. I remained with them during the whole review. The King and the Princes all dined in the town, so that we saw nothing more of them that day.

On the 28th, Prince Henry of Baireuth, with the other Princes, came to pay their respects to the Queen. She spoke very little to him, and when he turned to me, I acknowledged his bow without saying anything.

The 29th and 30th passed without anything being said by the King. On the 31st he sent for my mother and myself to come to his room: "You know," he said, "that I have promised my daughter in marriage to the Prince of Baireuth. I wish the betrothal to take place to-morrow. You can, if you choose to take the thing in the right spirit, win all my love; if, on the contrary, you show any ill-will, you may count on my taking my revenge." The King said much the same to me. Both the Queen and I then assured him that his wishes were law to us. My father then desired my mother to dress me handsomely, and to lend me her jewels. The Queen, who was almost choking with rage, cast furious looks at me all the time, but was forced to submit. Soon after this, the Queen went to her apartments, and in a little while the King brought the Prince to her.

The Queen gave the Prince a pretty good reception, and as long as the King was present treated him civilly. No sooner had my father, however, turned his back than she never ceased saying the most unpleasant things to him. In the evening after dinner the Prince followed my mother, and begged her to grant him a few moments' conversation. She would gladly have escaped from this, had she been able to do so with dignity. As soon as they were alone together the Prince began, "I have been made acquainted with all the sorrow and annoyance to which your Majesty has been subjected. I know the Princess was destined for the Prince of Wales, and that it was your Majesty's ardent wish to see

her settled in England. I know too that it is only in consequence of the rupture of the negotiations for that marriage that I have the honor of being chosen the King's son-in-law. My happiness and my good fortune are great indeed to be allowed to aspire to the hand of a Princess for whom I have the warmest and most respectful feelings. But it is just these feelings which make me aware how far too precious she is for me to venture to marry her against her will. I therefore respectfully implore your Majesty to speak quite openly with me as to your views on the subject. Be assured that I will abide by your answer. I would rather break with the King and be a miserable man for the rest of my life, than cause the Princess unhappiness."

The Queen was quite unprepared for this speech, and reflected for a few moments what she should answer. As she feared the King's anger, and did not think she could trust the Prince, she replied that she had no exception whatever to take to the King's wishes, and both she and I were obliged to obey them.

On the 1st of June, a Sunday morning, I went to the Queen's room, where soon afterwards the King appeared. He presented me with a beautiful diamond ring, which I was to give the Prince that evening as a betrothal ring, and also gave me a service of gold plate. He repeated his injunctions to the Queen to accept the present state of things with a good grace. I dined alone with my mother, who was terribly agitated, and looked the whole time at me with eyes full of anger.

That evening at seven we went over to the State rooms of the Castle. The Queen and all the Princesses sat in one room which had been specially prepared for them, and to which no one but my mother's Court was admitted. Soon afterwards the King entered with Prince Henry of Baireuth. My father was as much agitated as my mother, so that he quite forgot to betroth us formally in the room appointed for the ceremony. The King approached the Prince and myself and caused us to exchange rings. I wanted to kiss his hands, but he kissed me and took me in his arms and held me there a long time, whilst the tears poured down his face. The Queen received me with her usual coldness. The King

then bade the Prince give me his hand to lead me to the ball-room. As soon as we entered our betrothal was announced. I was much beloved in Berlin, and as the English marriage had been greatly desired, all were much dismayed. The ladies wept, and silently kissed the hem of my dress: indeed the King himself never ceased crying.

Grumkow and Seckendorf meanwhile could not contain their satisfaction, for they had successfully accomplished a new trick. Lord Chesterfield, the English Envoy in Holland, had sent a messenger from the English Court to Berlin, who had arrived that very morning. Grumkow and Seckendorf had, however, delayed the messenger, so that he was able to present his dispatches to the King only in the evening after my betrothal had been declared.

The King of England had at last consented to agree to my father's wishes, and to allow my marriage with the Prince of Wales to take place, without reference to my brother. This news fell on the King like a thunderbolt. Grumkow and Seckendof managed, however, to pacify him, and to induce him to give an answer which entirely carried out their wishes. The King's reply was that he refused to entertain any of the proposals made to him by England. My mother heard of this only next day, and in spite of the King's words still flattered herself that she could break off my marriage. She forbade me, under pain of her extreme displeasure, either to speak to Prince Henry or show him the slightest mark of civility.

Prince Henry was really indifferent to me. I did not dislike him, but on the other hand I had no feeling of affection for him. I was, however, anxious to be soon married to him, in order to have peace, and to put an end to the perpetual teasing I was subjected to by the Queen and others. All those who had lived at the Court of the late Margrave never wearied of telling me of all its splendors and amusements. They assured me that the riches in plate, both gold and silver, far exceeded anything at Berlin. These descriptions made me desirous of soon settling in my new home. I built many castles in the air, picturing to myself the happy quiet life I should lead there. As long as I was still under my mother's care I determined to obey her in all things, as

much from fear of her as to escape from the ill-treatment to which I was exposed.

That afternoon the Queen assumed a new character. I do not know whether she wished to give us a private representation: anyhow if it was so, she gave me very little pleasure by it. She began to examine the Hereditary Prince in his studies. "Do you know ancient and modern history?" she asked, "also geography, mathematics, philosophy, painting, and music?" The Prince at first answered my mother with a very laconic "Yes" and "No," but when he observed that she questioned him as she would a child, he said laughingly, "Yes, and I also know my Catechism and my A B C." This answer disconcerted the Queen so much that she put no further questions to him.

Grumkow and Seckendorf were persuaded that England would make one more attempt to prevent my marriage with Prince Henry of Baireuth. We were at Makenhau, a pretty country seat not far from Wusterhausen, when one fine day a Hessian, Colonel Donep, was announced. The King of England, who did not wish to expose himself to any more refusals, had entrusted these fresh negotiations to Prince William of Hesse. He had sent Colonel Donep to my father to make some very acceptable proposals to him. Had my father wished to cheat Grumkow and Seckendorf, nothing at this moment could have prevented him from doing so. The whole matter was kept so secret, that they would never have heard of it had not my father himself told them. The King was in a dreadful temper during the whole week we spent at Makenhau. The Queen had to bear the brunt of it. He quarreled with her from morning till night, and then I became the victim of my mother's anger. In addition to this, she was inhuman enough to make me go out when I was very ill with high fever and an abscess in my throat. When the abscess broke I got better. I had caught cold at a representation given by tight-rope dancers in the court-yard at Makenhau. The King and Queen looked on at it from the windows of their rooms, and my sisters, Prince Henry and I, from another. The Prince looked very sad, and said to me, "To-morrow my fate will be decided." I was much surprised at this remark, but I did not venture to ask him what he

meant. He then continued, "Colonel Donep is come with new proposals from the King of England. Till now it has been a secret even from Grumkow and Seckendorf, but the King told them this morning. They have made the strongest representations to him on the subject, but he is still undecided what to do." This piece of news so petrified me, that I was unable to answer him. That same evening Donep had the Queen secretly informed of his mission and his hopes. These, and the sad demeanor of Prince Henry, made her flatter herself that my marriage with the Prince of Wales might still be brought about. She was in the most amiable of moods that evening, and made herself more than agreeable to Prince Henry. I was in quite a different frame of mind. I had taken a great liking to him, and was tired of being Fate's plaything. I therefore determined that nothing should make me break with him.

Next day we went to Wusterhausen. The Queen at once called me into her boudoir to tell me all the news of the day. "Your engagement will be broken off to-day," she told me, "and to-morrow, I trust, Prince Henry will take his departure. I should hope you have not such low taste as to prefer him to the Prince of Wales." As I made no reply, she said, "I insist on you telling me what you think about it. You must decide, for I have asked you with a purpose: do you understand me?" While the Queen was speaking to me I had called on all the saints in Paradise for help. I do not know if they in truth came to my aid, or if my good angel inspired me, but I took courage and replied, "Your Majesty's wishes have ever met with my ready obedience. When I submitted to the King's orders and accepted Prince Henry, I did so for the purpose of restoring peace in the family, to spare your Majesty more sorrow and trouble, and to have my brother restored to liberty. At that time I did not know the Prince of Baireuth, so that affection for him did not influence my actions. Now, however, that I feel the greatest respect and esteem for him, I should consider it a most unworthy act on my part were I to break off my marriage with him. His character, besides, gives not the slightest cause for complaint." I had scarcely finished speaking, when the Queen overwhelmed me with reproaches, and treated me

without the slightest consideration. I cried most bitterly, for I felt myself once again the victim of circumstances, and foresaw no end to my sufferings. Yet I knew I must control my emotion in the King's presence. He had scarcely spoken to me since my engagement, indeed barely looked at me. During dinner my father seemed in a very bad temper. In the evening when Prince Henry came as usual to supper, he found me alone in the room. He rushed up to me in high spirits, saying, "All goes well. Colonel Donep leaves to-morrow; the King has refused all his proposals." I pretended to be quite unmoved by this news, but it had restored peace to my poor troubled heart. A few hours later the Queen was informed, to her great dismay, of the total failure of the English Envoy. I had as usual to bear the brunt of her anger.

The King had invited to my wedding the Margrave of Anspach and my sister. She was expected to arrive at Wusterhausen in a week. The King rode to meet her, and on her arrival immediately led her to the Queen's rooms. We scarcely knew her again. She had been beautiful, but had now completely lost all traces of her beauty. Her complexion had become faded, and her whole manner too was altered. The Queen had always disliked my sister, who had become a great favorite with my father during my disgrace. My father caressed her in every possible way, and incessantly called her his "dear Royal Highness." The Queen, who could not bear more attention to be paid another person than to herself, was very much put out, but did not dare show her feelings.

My sister was most affectionate towards me, and I did all I could to show her my joy at seeing her again. After dinner my father led my sister to her room, if you can call a little attic under the roof by that name. On her being told that her maid had not yet arrived, my father pointed to me and said, "Your sister can act as your maid, it is about all she is fit for." I was struck dumb by this remark: I had not deserved to be treated thus, yet I controlled myself, and left my sister soon after the King did. When I reached my room I burst into tears, for I was bitterly hurt. The King had no right to put my sister before me, for I was the eldest

of all my sisters. The Queen was extremely angry at it also, but her representations on the subject were of no use.

The King reached Berlin at the same time as the Duke and Duchess of Bevern and their son. The Margrave of Baireuth arrived shortly afterwards. He was presented to me in the Queen's presence, and paid me many compliments and gave me endless assurances of his friendship. As I was to be married in three days the Queen allowed the Margrave and Prince Henry to pay me visits whenever they wished, but they were unable to take much advantage of this permission, as I was nearly all day with my mother. As I was able to speak with them for only a few moments of an evening in my rooms in the presence of numbers of other people, I cannot say that I grew more closely acquainted with them. On the 20th I went in deshabille to the King. He told me that I should have to renounce the Allodial Estates, as all the Princesses who married had to do so. I had already been informed on this point, so that it did not surprise me. I followed the King and Queen into a room where I found the Margrave and his son, as well as Grumkow, Thulemeier, and Podewils. There was also present M. von Voit, the Minister from Baireuth. They read me the declaration and the oath I was to take. It was as follows:—I renounced all the Allodial Estates as long as any of my brothers or their descendants lived, but in the event of their all dying I re-entered on my rights of succession to all, excepting to Prince Henry's claims on Jülich and Berg. I at once took the required oath. Then followed another declaration, which surprised me more than I can say, the more so as I was quite unprepared for it. It was this, that I gave up all claims to any of the Queen's fortune, in case she died without making a will. Instead of answering with the accustomed oath, "So help me God," I remained quite dumb.

The King, who had never taken his eyes off me the whole time, now approached me, and embracing me, said, with tears in his eyes, "My dear child, you must agree to this hard condition. Your sister, the Margravine of Anspach, had to do the same. It is merely a form, and your mother is at perfect liberty to make a will whenever she chooses." These words comforted me somewhat. I kissed the King's hands, and

told him that as he had promised solemnly to provide for me, I could not believe that he would wish to treat me so harshly. My father changed color, and said that there was no time for argument. I must make up my mind and sign the deed of renunciation with good grace, or else he would force me to do so. All this was said in a low voice. The King then led me to a table, where I affixed my signature to this delightful paper. My father now thanked me most lovingly for my acquiescence to his wishes. He made me many fine promises, none of which he ever intended keeping any more than I did the oath I had been forced to take. After this, we went to dinner, at which no one was present except the King and Queen, my two eldest sisters, the Duchess of Bevern and Prince Henry of Baireuth. The other princely guests had received invitations to dine in the town.

After dinner I began my toilette. I had so many maids to help me, with the Queen at their head, that one undid what the other had just done. The Queen tried to prolong my dressing in every way she could, I never understood why. At last, at the end of four hours, and after the King had sent repeatedly to hurry me, I was ready dressed, and looked like a madwoman. I had a diamond crown on my head, from which twenty-four long curls hung down. They dragged my head so that I could not hold it straight. My court dress was of cloth of silver. The train, which was twelve yards long, was carried by two of my ladies and two of the Queen's. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld had that day been appointed Abbess of Wolmirstätten.

After the dinner, which lasted two hours, we went back to the first of the largest rooms, and here the Polonaise (Fackeltanz) [12] took place. This dance is performed with great state. All the Court officials walk in front with long wands. The Lieut.-Generals follow them carrying torches, then come the Bride and Bridegroom, who walk twice round the room. After this the Bride dances in turn with each Prince present, and then the Bridegroom takes her place and dances with each Princess. After the Polonaise was at an

[12] This Polonaise is still performed in exactly the same manner at all royal weddings at Berlin, and the whole ceremonial observed now is almost the same as that described by the Margravine.

end I was escorted, according to the prescribed ceremonial, to my room, where I was undressed, my mother assisting me. I was then laid on a crimson satin bed, and all the royal guests and the ladies from the town, with the exception of my relations of Brunswick and Anspach, took leave of me. As my mother bade me good-night she could not resist saying some very unkind things to me. She was in a state of utter despair, for a messenger had just arrived from England bringing such advantageous proposals, that had they been received twenty-four hours sooner my marriage with the Prince of Baireuth would certainly have been broken off.

I cannot here refrain from making a few remarks on this subject. It will be remembered that on the day of my betrothal, England had made some proposals similar to those received on my weding day. I have always had my suspicion that these steps were a mistaken policy on the part of England. King George had never cared or wished for this marriage for his son. He wanted a daughter-in-law who was not clever, and who would not mix herself up in politics. I do not know whether they had given him an exaggerated description of my mental gifts. Anyhow, his dislike to my marriage had been fostered by his fear that, having been brought up at a court so full of intrigues as that of Berlin, I might be imbued with the same principles. But whatever may have been the reason, the King of England was always opposed to this alliance. The Prince of Wales and the whole nation, on the other hand, were very anxious for it. In order to relieve the state of tension existing between the two Courts, King George had thought it advisable to make the aforesaid proposals. He had, however, worded them so carefully, that they could never lead to any result. I have since learned that my father never wished the marriage with Prince Henry of Baireuth. Nothing but the often repeated assurances of Grumkow and Seckendorf that this marriage was the only means of obliging the King of England to declare himself had made him consent to it. The Margrave of Baireuth was furious at his son's marriage, partly from jealousy and partly for other reasons which I shall mention later on. I therefore saw myself married

against the wishes of the King, the Queen, and my father-in-law, and yet they all three acted as if they were delighted at it. When I reflect on it all, I must admire the decrees of fate, and my philosophy on the subject must give way to my experience. But I must put an end to my moral reflections, for were I to note them down, my memoirs would be contained in endless folio volumes. . . .

[The story of her married life follows telling of the Margrave's devotion to her and breaking off abruptly when he transferred his attentions to another woman.]

The Duchess of Würtemberg arrived about this time. She talked pleasantly, but possessed a mind which occupied itself only with trifles. At first this is rather amusing, but after a time it became very wearisome. She was in a perpetual state of merriment and high spirits, and, as her chief study consisted in trying to attract others, all her endeavors had no other end in view. Jokes, childish behavior, looks, in fact everything that deserves the name of coquetry was used for that purpose. The two Mademoiselles von Marwitz imagined the Duchess' behavior was copied from the French, and that in order to be in the fashion people must adopt the same. The older, who had much influence with the Margrave, induced him to alter the whole Court. In a fortnight all was changed: there was nothing but romping, throwing napkins at one another's heads, running about like wild horses, and finally singing very ambiguous French songs. Far removed from being like French ladies, I believe if any French person had visited us at this moment he would have thought he was in the company of opera girls and actresses. My endeavors to put a stop to this disorder were in vain. My Governess thundered and inveighed against her nieces, but instead of answering her they turned their backs on her. How happy I was still at that time! Oh! those Marwitzes deceived me, and I knew nothing of their intrigues, for the Margrave showed me as much attention as ever. I slept quietly whilst my destruction was being worked out.

The Duchess' departure made me hope to restore things to their former condition, but I soon observed the evil had taken root. As I have since then perceived, Mademoiselle von Marwitz had at that moment made her plan. She had

great ambition, and in order to satisfy it she felt she must entangle the Margrave in a net of amusements and gayeties, a fault to which he was already too much inclined. She hoped by that means to distract his mind from his affairs, to which he gave such earnest attention. She knew also how to deceive me by having me informed of important business matters, and endeavored to allay my suspicions by the confidence shown me by the Margrave. She meanwhile kept the appointments of some people and the rewards given to others in her own hands, and particularly the finances. The rumors that had been circulated at Berlin about her, and the remarks on her position and power over the Margrave, had led her to make many reflections on the subject. Her desire to make her great genius felt overruled every other consideration. She had observed his weakness for her, and made use of it to rule according to her own will and pleasure. She thought that if she gained my confidence, and avoided every occasion of rousing my suspicions, she would at last throw such a glamor over me, that should I discover her intrigues I should be powerless to defend myself. It was true her behavior, as well as the Margrave's, were calculated to keep me in complete ignorance of their secret understanding.

We went to Stuttgart at the end of July, where we had been invited by the Duchess of Würtemberg. I will not describe this Court. I thought it most repugnant, full of ceremonies and civilities.

[Here the Memoirs suddenly break off.]

END OF WILHELMINE'S MEMOIRS

ENGLISH
HISTORY

DAVID HUME

SCOTLAND'S MOST RENOWNED HISTORIAN AND PHILOSOPHER

1711-1776

(AUTOBIOGRAPHY ADDED)

DAVID HUME

SCOTLAND'S MOST RENOWNED HISTORIAN AND PHILOSOPHER

1711-1778

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

David Hume ranks among the foremost thinkers of the world. His "Treatise of Human Nature," which was published in 1739, may fairly be called the turning point in mankind's study of philosophy. His other philosophical and political books of argument were almost equally momentous; and his "History of England," though it has since been superseded by more accurate and less partisan works, was the historical masterpiece of his age.

Hume was born of the Scottish aristocracy, but as a younger son he was without financial means and had to support himself while making his way in the world of literature and scholarship. His personal appearance is said to have been almost as unprepossessing as that of his great contemporary, Dr. Samuel Johnson. Yet his solid worth won him a tardy recognition even in the highest circles and he became a diplomat, entrusted with British diplomatic missions and finally an Under-Secretary of State in the British Government.

Jealous of his fame, suspicious of his enemies, and knowing how bitterly many men regarded him because of the "freethinking" character of his writings, Hume determined to make his own record of his life. He, therefore, in his closing years, very carefully prepared the following brief memoir.

MY OWN LIFE

It is difficult for a man to speak long of himself without vanity, therefore I shall be short. It may be thought an instance of vanity that I pretend at all to write my life; but this narrative shall contain little more than the history of my writings, as indeed almost all my life has been spent in literary pursuits and occupations. The first success of most of my writings was not such as to be an object of vanity.

I was born the twenty-sixth of April, 1711, old style, at

Edinburgh. I was of a good family, both by father and mother. My father's family is a branch of the earl of Home's or Hume's;[1] and my ancestors had been proprietors of the estate which my brother possessed for several generations. My mother was daughter of Sir David Falconer, President of the College of Justice: the title of Lord Halkerton came by succession to her brother.

My family, however, was not rich; and, being myself a younger brother, my patrimony, according to the mode of my country, was of course very slender. My father, who passed for a man of parts, died when I was an infant, leaving me with an elder brother and sister, under the care of our mother, a woman of singular merit: who, though young and handsome, devoted herself entirely to the rearing and educating of her children.[2] I passed through the ordinary course of education with success, and was seized very early with a passion for literature, which has been the ruling passion[3] of my life, and the great source of my enjoyments. My studious disposition, my sobriety, and my industry, gave

[1] Hume showed his family pride by selecting the Earl of Home as one of the two witnesses to his will.

[2] Dr. Alexander Carlyle records the following anecdote, which he had from one of "Hume's most intimate friends, the Honorable Patrick Boyle." "When David and he were both in London, at the period when David's mother died, Mr. Boyle found him in the deepest affliction, and in a flood of tears. He said to him, 'My friend, you owe this uncommon grief to your having thrown off the principles of religion; for if you had not, you would have been consoled by the firm belief that the good lady, who was not only the best of mothers, but the most pious of Christians, was now completely happy in the realms of the just.' To which David replied, 'Though I threw out my speculations to entertain and employ the learned and metaphysical world, yet in other things I do not think so differently from the rest of mankind as you may imagine.'" With this anecdote we may contrast the following: Lord Charlemont "hinted" to Hume, shortly after his return to England in 1766, "that he was convinced he must be perfectly happy in his new friend Rousseau, as their sentiments were, he believed, nearly similar. 'Why no, man,' said he; 'in that you are mistaken; Rousseau is not what you think him; he has a hankering after the Bible, and indeed is little better than a Christian in a way of his own.'"

[3] The "ruling passion" comes from Pope's *Moral Essays*, i. 174:—

> "Search then the ruling passion: there alone
> The wild are constant, and the cunning known."

Johnson speaks of this as Pope's "favorite theory," and adds:—"Of any passion, thus innate and irresistible, the existence may reasonably be doubted." Johnson's *Works*, ed. 1825, viii. 293.

my family a notion that the law was a proper profession for me; but I found an unsurmountable aversion to everything but the pursuits of philosophy and general learning; and, while they fancied I was poring upon Voet[4] and Vinnius,[5] Cicero and Virgil were the authors which I was secretly devouring.[6]

My very slender fortune, however, being unsuitable to this plan of life, and my health being a little broken by my ardent application, I was tempted, or rather forced, to make a very feeble trial for entering into a more active scene of life.[7] In 1734, I went to Bristol, with recommendations to eminent merchants; but in a few months found that scene totally unsuitable to me. I went over to France with a view of prose-

[4] Paul Voet, born 1619, died 1677, a Dutch jurisconsult.

[5] Arnold Vinnen, born 1588, died 1657. Francis Horner, in the plan which he laid down for the study of the Scotch law in 1797, says:—"I must study both Heineccius and Vinnius."

[6] Hume, in a statement of his health which he drew up for a physician in the year 1734, says:—"Every one who is acquainted either with the philosophers or critics knows that there is nothing yet established in either of these two sciences, and that they contain little more than endless disputes, even in the most fundamental articles. Upon examination of these, I found a certain boldness of temper growing in me, which was not inclined to submit to any authority in these subjects, but led me to seek out some new medium by which truth might be established. After much study and reflection on this, at last, when I was about eighteen years of age, there seemed to be opened up to me a new scene of thought, which transported me beyond measure, and made me, with an ardor natural to young men, throw up every other pleasure of business to apply entirely to it. The law, which was the business I designed to follow, appeared nauseous to me, and I could think of no other way of pushing my fortune in the world, but that of a scholar and philosopher."

[7] In this same statement, after describing a weakness of spirits into which he had fallen, which hindered him from "following out any train of thought by one continued stretch of view," he continues:—"I found that as there are two things very bad for this distemper, study and idleness, so there are two things very good, business and diversion; and that my whole time was spent betwixt the bad, with little or no share of the good. For this reason I resolved to seek out a more active life, and though I could not quit my pretensions in learning but with my last breath, to lay them aside for some time in order the more effectually to resume them." It is a curious coincidence that Hume and Johnson were first attacked by melancholy at the same time. "About the beginning of September, 1729," says Hume, "all my ardor seemed to be in a moment extinguished." *Ib.* p. 31. "While Johnson was at Lichfield," writes Boswell, "in the college vacation of the year 1729, he felt himself overwhelmed with an horrible hypochondria." We may compare with both these cases the melancholy into which John Stuart Mill sank at about the same age, in the autumn of 1826.

cuting my studies in a country retreat; and I there laid that plan of life which I have steadily and successfully pursued. I resolved to make a very rigid frugality supply my deficiency of fortune, to maintain unimpaired my independency, and to regard every object as contemptible, except the improvement of my talents in literature.

During my retreat in France, first at Rheims, but chiefly at La Fleche, in Anjou, I composed my *Treatise of Human Nature.* After passing three years very agreeably in that country, I came over to London in 1737. In the end of 1738, I published my treatise,[8] and immediately went down to my mother and my brother, who lived at his country-house, and was employing himself very judiciously and successfully in the improvement of his fortune.

Never literary attempt was more unfortunate than my *Treatise of Human Nature.* It fell *dead-born from the press* without reaching such distinction as even to excite a murmur among the zealots. But being naturally of a cheerful and sanguine temper, I very soon recovered the blow, and prosecuted with great ardor my studies in the country. In 1742, I printed at Edinburgh the first part of my *Essays,* the work was favorably received, and soon made me entirely forget my former disappointment. I continued with my mother and brother in the country, and in that time recovered the knowledge of the Greek language, which I had too much neglected in my early youth.[9]

In 1745, I received a letter from the Marquis of Annandale, inviting me to come and live with him in England; I found also that the friends and family of that young nobleman were desirous of putting him under my care and direction, for the state of his mind and health required it. I lived with him a twelvemonth. My appointments during that

[8] The publisher, John Noone, gave Hume £50, and twelve bound copies of the book for right to publish an edition of the first two volumes, of one thousand copies. Dr. Burton, after praising Noone's "discernment and liberality," continues:—"It may be questioned whether in this age, when knowledge has spread so much wider, and money is so much less valuable, it would be easy to find a bookseller, who, on the ground of its internal merits, would give £50 for an edition of a new metaphysical work, by an unknown and young author."

[9] Hume, in a letter dated Feb. 19, 1751, speaks of "having read over almost all the classics both Greek and Latin."

time made a considerable accession to my small fortune.[10] I then received an invitation from general St. Clair, to attend him as secretary to his expedition, which was at first meant against Canada, but ended in an incursion on the coast of France. Next year, to wit 1747, I received an invitation from the general, to attend him in the same station in his military embassy to the courts of Vienna and Turin. I then wore the uniform of an officer, and was introduced at these courts as aid-de-camp to the general, along with Sir Harry Erskine, and Captain Grant, now General Grant.[11] These two years were almost the only interruptions which my studies have received during the course of my life: I passed them agreeably, and in good company; and my appointments, with my frugality, had made me reach a fortune which I called independent, though most of my friends were inclined to smile when I said so: in short, I was now master of near a thousand pounds.

I had always entertained a notion that my want of success

[10] "On March 5, 1748, the Marquis was found, on an inquest from the Court of Chancery in England, to be a lunatic, incapable of governing himself, and managing his own affairs, and to have been so since Dec. 12, 1744." Burton's *Hume*, i. 171. "He appears to have been haunted by a spirit of literary ambition." He wrote a novel "of which," says Hume, "we were obliged to print off thirty copies, to make him believe that we had printed a thousand, and that they were to be dispersed all over the Kingdom." Hume was treated with great insolence by a Captain Vincent, a cousin of the Marchioness-Dowager, whom he suspected of evil designs about the property. He was suddenly dismissed, and he was robbed of a quarter's salary of £75, which was clearly due to him. So late as the year 1761 he was still urging his claim, by which time the accumulated savings of the Annandale property amounted to £400,000. Whether he was paid or not is not known.

[11] Lord Charlemont, who met Hume at Turin, thus describes him:— "Nature, I believe, never formed any man more unlike his real character than David Hume. . . . His face was broad and fat, his mouth wide, and without any other expression than that of imbecility. His eyes vacant and spiritless, and the corpulence of his whole person was far better fitted to communicate the idea of a turtle-eating alderman than of a refined philosopher. His speech in English was rendered ridiculous by the broadest Scotch accent, and his French was, if possible, still more laughable. . . . His wearing an uniform added greatly to his natural awkwardness, for he wore it like a grocer of the trained bands. Sinclair was sent to the Courts of Vienna and Turin as a military envoy, to see that their quota of troops was furnished by the Austrians and Piedmontese. It was therefore thought necessary that his Secretary should appear to be an officer, and Hume was accordingly disguised in scarlet."

in publishing the *Treatise of Human Nature,* had proceeded more from the manner than the matter, and that I had been guilty of a very usual indiscretion, in going to the press too early. I therefore cast the first part of that work anew in the *Enquiry concerning Human Understanding,* which was published while I was at Turin. But this piece was at first little more successful than the *Treatise of Human Nature.* On my return from Italy, I had the mortification to find all England in a ferment, on account of Dr. Middleton's *Free Enquiry,* while my performance was entirely overlooked and neglected. A new edition, which had been published at London on my *Essays,* moral and political, met not with a much better reception.

Such is the force of natural temper, that these disappointments made little or no impression on me. I went down in 1749, and lived two years with my brother, at his country-house, for my mother was now dead. I there composed the second part of my essay, which I called *Political Discourses,* and also my *Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals,* which is another part of my treatise that I cast anew. Meanwhile my bookseller, A. Millar, informed me that my former publications (all but the unfortunate treatise) were beginning to be the subject of conversation; that the sale of them was gradually increasing, and that new editions were demanded. Answers by Reverends and Right Reverends came out two or three in a year;[12] and I found, by Dr. Warburton's railing, that the books were beginning to be esteemed in good company. However, I had fixed a resolution, which

[12] One of the answers was by Johnson's friend, Dr. William Adams. When Johnson and Boswell called on him in March 1776, at Pembroke College, of which he was then Master, "he told me," says Boswell, "he had once dined in company with Hume in London; that Hume shook hands with him, and said, 'You have treated me much better than I deserve'; and that they exchanged visits. I took the liberty to object to treating an infidel writer with smooth civility. . . . Johnson coincided with me, and said, 'When a man voluntarily engages in an important controversy, he is to do all he can to lessen his antagonist, because authority from personal respect has much weight with most people, and often more than reasoning. If my antagonist writes bad language, though that may not be essential to the question, I will attack him for his bad language.' ADAMS. 'You would not jostle a chimney-sweeper.' JOHNSON. 'Yes, Sir, if it were necessary to jostle him *down.*' " Boswell's *Johnson,* ii. 441.

I inflexibly maintained, never to reply to anybody;[13] and not being very irascible in my temper, I have easily kept myself clear of all literary squabbles. These symptoms of a rising reputation gave me encouragement, as I was ever more disposed to see the favorable than unfavorable side of things; a turn of mind which it is more happy to possess, than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a year.

In 1751, I removed from the country to the town, the true scene for a man of letters.[14] In 1752, were published at Edinburgh, where I then lived, my *Political Discourses*, the only work of mine that was successful on the first publication.

[13] Hume forgets his reply to Rousseau, and his note in his *History* on "a person that has written an *Enquiry historical and critical into the Evidence against Mary Queen of Scots;* and has attempted to refute the foregoing narrative." It is in this note that he makes his famous assertion:—"There are, indeed, three events in our history which may be regarded as touchstones of party-men. An English Whig, who asserts the reality of the Popish Plot, an Irish Catholic, who denies the massacre in 1641, and a Scotch Jacobite, who maintains the innocence of Queen Mary, must be considered as men beyond the reach of argument or reason, and must be left to their prejudices." *History of England.*

[14] "I have the strangest reluctance to change places," wrote Hume from London on Jan. 25, 1759. Burton's *Hume*, ii. 50. This reluctance he expresses on other occasions. He might have remained at Ninewells had not his brother "plucked up a resolution" and got married. Writing on March 19, 1751, he says:—"Since my brother's departure, Katty [his sister] and I have been computing in our turn, and the result of our deliberation is, that we are to take up house in Berwick; where, if arithmetic and frugality don't deceive us (and they are pretty certain arts), we shall be able, after providing for hunger, warmth, and cleanliness, to keep a stock in reserve, which we may afterwards turn to the purposes of hoarding, luxury, or charity." Burton's *Hume*. On June 22 he wrote from Ninewells:—"While interest remains as at present, I have £50 a year, a hundred pounds worth of books, great store of linens and fine clothes, and near £100 in my pocket; along with order, frugality, a strong spirit of independency, good health, a contented humor, and an unabating love of study. In these circumstances, I must esteem myself one of the happy and fortunate; and so far from being willing to draw my ticket over again in the lottery of life, there are very few prizes with which I would make an exchange. After some deliberation, I am resolved to settle in Edinburgh. . . . Besides other reasons which determine me to this resolution, I would not go too far away from my sister, who thinks she will soon follow me. . . . And as she can join £30 to my stock, and brings an equal love of order and frugality, we doubt not to make our revenues answer." At the end of the year he was a candidate for the Chair of Logic in the University of Glasgow, which was vacated by Adam Smith's transference to the Chair of Moral Philosophy. He had, it is said, Edmund Burke for his competitor, but to both of them was preferred one Mr. Clow. Adam Smith wrote to Dr.

It was well received abroad and at home. In the same year was published at London, my *Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals;* which, in my own opinion, (who ought not to judge on that subject,) is of all my writings, historical, philosophical, or literary, incomparably the best. It came unnoticed and unobserved into the world.

In 1752, the Faculty of Advocates chose me their librarian; an office from which I received little or no emolument, but which gave me the command of a large library.[15] I then formed the plan of writing the *History of England,* but being frightened with the notion of continuing a narrative through a period of 1700 years, I commenced with the accession of the house of Stuart, an epoch when I thought the misrepresentations of faction began chiefly to take place.[16] I was, I own, sanguine in my expectations of the success of this work. I thought that I was the only historian that had at once neglected present power, interest, and authority, and the cry of popular prejudices; and, as the subject was suited to every capacity, I expected proportional applause. But miserable was my disappointment: I was assailed by one cry of reproach, disapprobation, and even detestation: English,

William Cullen:—"Edin. Tuesday, November 1751. . . . I should prefer David Hume to any man for a colleague; but I am afraid the public would not be of my opinion; and the interest of the society will oblige us to have some regard to the opinion of the public."

[15] In this post Hume succeeded Thomas Ruddiman, the learned grammarian of Scotland; "whose farewell letter to the Faculty of Advocates, when he resigned the office of their Librarian, should," said Johnson, "have been in Latin." Hume describes the post as "a petty office of forty or fifty guineas a year." He calls it also "a genteel office." In 1754 he was censured by three of the curators—James Burnet (Lord Monboddo), Sir David Dalrymple (Lord Hailes), and another—for buying three French books, which they described as "indecent, and unworthy of a place in a learned library." Writing about this to Adam Smith, he says:—"Being equally unwilling to lose the use of the books, and to bear an indignity, I retain the office, but have given Blacklock, our blind poet, a bond of annuity for the salary. I have now put it out of these malicious fellows' power to offer me any indignity, while my motive for remaining in this office is so apparent." In January, 1757, he resigned his office in the curtest of letters.

[16] David Hume used to say that he did not find it an irksome task to him to go through a great many dull books when writing his *History.* "I then read," said he, "not for pleasure, but in order to find out facts." He compared it to a sportsman seeking hares, who does not mind what sort of ground it is that he goes over further than as he may finds hares in it.

Scotch, and Irish, Whig and Tory, churchman and sectary, freethinker and religionist, patriot and courtier, united in their rage against the man who had presumed to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I.[17] and the Earl of Strafford; and after the first ebullitions of their fury were over, what was still more mortifying, the book seemed to sink into oblivion. Mr. Millar told me, that in a twelvemonth he sold only forty-five copies of it.[18] I scarcely, indeed, heard of one man in the three kingdoms, considerable for rank or letters, that could endure the book.[19] I must only except the primate of England, Dr. Herring, and the primate of Ireland, Dr. Stone, which seem two odd exceptions. These dignified prelates separately sent me messages not to be discouraged.

[17] Hume writing to his friend William Mure about the first volume of his *History* says:—"The first quality of an historian is to be true and impartial. The next to be interesting. If you do not say that I have done both parties justice, and if Mrs. Mure be not sorry for poor King Charles, I shall burn all my papers and return to philosophy." Burton's *Hume.*

[18] It is in the list of books in the *Gent. Mag.* for November, 1754, but is not reviewed; Hume wrote to the Earl of Balcarres from Edinburgh, on Dec. 17:—"My *History* has been very much canvassed and read here in town, as I am told; and it has full as many inveterate enemies as partial defenders. The misfortune of a book, says Boileau, is not the being ill spoke of, but the not being spoken of at all. The sale has been very considerable here, about 450 copies in five weeks. How it has succeeded in London, I cannot precisely tell; only I observe that some of the weekly papers have been busy with me.—I am as great an Atheist as Bolingbroke; as great a Jacobite as Carte; I cannot write English, &c." Hume seems at one time to have attributed the smallness of the London sale to the fault of his Edinburgh bookseller, Baillie Hamilton. He wrote to Millar on April 12, 1755:—"I think the London booksellers have had a sufficient triumph over him, when a book, which was much expected and was calculated to be popular, has had so small a sale in his hands. To make the triumph more complete I wish you would take what remains into your hands, and dispose of it in a few months."

[19] Horace Walpole, writing of it on March 27, 1755, speaks of it as "a book, which though more decried than ever book was, and certainly with faults, I cannot help liking much. It is called Jacobite, but in my opinion is only not *George-Abite;* where others abuse the Stuarts, he laughs at them: I am sure he does not spare their ministers. Harding [the Clerk of the House of Commons], who has the History of England at the ends of his parliament fingers, says that the Journals will contradict most of his facts. If it is so, I am sorry; for his style, which is the best we have in history, and his manner, imitated from Voltaire, are very pleasing." *Letters,* ii. 428. Johnson called Hume "an echo of Voltaire."

I was, however, I confess, discouraged; and, had not the war at that time been breaking out between France and England, I had certainly retired to some provincial town of the former kingdom, have changed my name, and never more have returned to my native country;[20] but as this scheme was not now practicable, and the subsequent volume was considerably advanced, I resolved to pick up courage and to persevere.

In this interval, I published at London my *Natural History of Religion,* along with some other small pieces: its public entry was rather obscure, except only that Dr. Hurd wrote a pamphlet against it, with all the illiberal petulance, arrogance, and scurrility, which distinguish the Warburtonian school. This pamphlet gave me some consolation for the otherwise indifferent reception of my performance.

In 1756, two years after the fall of the first volume, was published the second volume of my *History, containing the period from the death of Charles I. till the Revolution.* This performance happened to give less displeasure to the Whigs, and was better received. It not only rose itself, but helped to buoy up its unfortunate brother.

But though I had been taught by experience that the Whig party were in possession of bestowing all places, both in the state and in literature, I was so little inclined to yield to their senseless clamor, that in above a hundred alterations, which further study, reading, or reflection, engaged me to make in the reigns of the two first Stuarts, I have made all of them invariably to the Tory side. It is ridiculous to consider the English constitution before that period as a regular plan of liberty.

[20] Hume wrote to a friend on April 20, 1756:—"Were I to change my habitation, I would retire to some provincial town in France, to trifle out my old age, near a warm sun in a good climate, a pleasant country, and amidst a sociable people. My stock would then maintain me in some opulence; for I have the satisfaction to tell you, dear Doctor, that on reviewing my affairs I find that I am worth £1600 sterling, which, at five per cent., makes near 1800 livres a year—that is, the pay of two French captains." Burton's *Hume.* Horace Walpole, writing on March 28, 1777, says:—"Have you read Hume's *Life,* and did you observe that he thought of retiring to France, and changing his name, because his works had not got him a name? Lord Bute called himself Sir John Stuart in Italy to shroud the beams of a title too gorgeous but it is new to conceal a name that nobody had heard of."

In 1759, I published my *History of the House of Tudor.* The clamor against this performance was almost equal to that against the *History of the two first Stuarts.* The reign of Elizabeth was particularly obnoxious. But I was now callous against the impressions of public folly, and continued very peaceably and contentedly in my retreat at Edinburgh, to finish, in two volumes, the more early part of *The English History,* which I gave to the public in 1761, with tolerable, and but tolerable, success.

But, notwithstanding this variety of winds and seasons to which my writings had been exposed, they had still been making such advances, that the copy-money given me by the booksellers much exceeded anything formerly known in England. I was become not only independent, but opulent, I retired to my native country of Scotland, determined never more to set my foot out of it; and retaining the satisfaction of never having preferred a request to one great man, or even making advances of friendship to any of them. As I was now turned of fifty, I thought of passing all the rest of my life in this philosophical manner, when I received, in 1763, an invitation from the Earl of Hertford, with whom I was not in the least acquainted, to attend him on his embassy to Paris, with a near prospect of being appointed secretary to the embassy; and, in the meanwhile, of performing the functions of that office.[21] This offer, however inviting, I at first declined, both because I was reluctant to begin connections with the great, and because I was afraid that the civilities and gay company of Paris would prove disagreeable to a person of my age and humor; but on his lordship's repeating the invitation, I accepted of it. I have every reason, both of pleasure and

[21] Hume wrote to a friend on Jan. 9, 1764:—"When I came up to London, I found that Mr. [afterwards Sir Charles] Bunbury, a gentleman of considerable fortune, and married to the Duke of Richmond's sister, had already been appointed Secretary; but was so disagreeable to the ambassador that he was resolved never to see, or do business with his secretary, and therefore desired I should attend him, in order to perform the functions." Burton's *Hume.* In another letter he adds:—"The King gave me a pension of £200 a year for life, to engage me to attend his Lordship. My Lord is very impatient to have me Secretary to the Embassy; and writes very earnest letters to that purpose to the Ministers. . . . Mr. Bunbury has great interest. . . . The appointments of this office are above £1000 a year, and the expense attending it nothing."

interest, to think myself happy in my connections with that nobleman, as well as afterwards with his brother, General Conway.

Those who have not seen the strange effects of modes will never imagine the strange reception I met with at Paris, from men and women of all ranks and stations. The more I resiled from their excessive civilities, the more I was loaded with them. There is, however, a real satisfaction in living at Paris, from the great number of sensible, knowing, and polite company with which the city abounds above all places in the universe. I thought once of settling there for life.

I was appointed secretary to the embassy; and in summer 1765, Lord Hertford left me, being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. I was *chargé d'affaires* till the arrival of the Duke of Richmond, towards the end of the year. In the beginning of 1766 I left Paris, and next summer went to Edinburgh, with the same view as formerly, of burying myself in a philosophical retreat. I returned to that place not richer, but with much more money, and a much larger income, by means of Lord Hertford's friendship, than I left it; and I was desirous of trying what superfluity could produce, as I had formerly made an experiment of a competency. But in 1767 I received from Mr. Conway an invitation to be under-secretary; and this invitation both the character of the person, and my connections with Lord Hertford, prevented me from declining. I returned to Edinburgh in 1769 very opulent, (for I possessed a revenue of one thousand pounds a year,) healthy, and though somewhat stricken in years, with the prospect of enjoying long my ease, and of seeing the increase of my reputation.

In spring, 1775, I was struck with a disorder in my bowels, which at first gave me no alarm, but has since, as I apprehend it, become mortal and incurable. I now reckon upon a speedy dissolution. I have suffered very little pain from my disorder; and, what is more strange, have, notwithstanding the great decline of my person, never suffered a moment's abatement of my spirits; insomuch that were I to name a period of my life which I should most choose to pass over again, I might be tempted to point to this later period. I possess the same ardor as ever in study, and the same gayety in company. I

consider, besides, that a man at sixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities; and though I see many symptoms of my literary reputation's breaking out at last with additional luster, I know that I could have but very few years to enjoy it. It is difficult to be more detached from life than I am at present.

To conclude historically with my own character. I am, or rather was (for that is the style I must now use in speaking of myself, which emboldens me the more to speak my sentiments) I was, I say, a man of mild disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humor,[22] capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions. Even my love of literary fame, my ruling passion, never soured my temper, notwithstanding my frequent disappointments. My company was not unacceptable to the young and careless, as well as to the studious and literary; and as I took a particular pleasure in the company of modest women, I had no reason to be displeased with the reception I met with from them. In a word, though most men, anywise eminent, have found reason to complain of calumny, I never was touched, or even attacked, by her baleful tooth; and though I wantonly exposed myself to the rage of both civil and religious factions, they seemed to be disarmed in my behalf of their wonted fury. My friends

[22] "Dr. Robertson used frequently to say that in Mr. Hume's gayety there was something which approached to *infantine.*" Dr. Blair, in a letter to Hume's nephew dated Nov. 20, 1797, speaks of "that amiable naïveté and sprightly gayety for which his uncle was so distinguished." Gray, writing to Dr. Beattie on July 2, 1770, asks:—"Is not that *naïveté* and good-humor, which Hume's admirers celebrate in him, owing to this, that he has continued all his days an infant, but one that unhappily has been taught to read and write?" Dr. Burton tells how at the beginning of Hume's last illness a woman called on him "with the information that she had been entrusted with a message to him from on High. 'This is a very important matter, Madam,' said the philosopher; 'we must take it with deliberation;—perhaps you had better get a little temporal refreshment before you begin. Lassie, bring this good lady a glass of wine.' While she was preparing for the attack he entered good-humoredly into conversation with her; and discovering that her husband was a chandler, announced that he stood very much in want at that time of some temporal lights, and entrusted his guest with a very large order. This unexpected stroke of business at once absorbed all the good woman's thoughts; and forgetting her important mission she immediately trotted home to acquaint her husband with the good news." Burton's *Hume.*

never had occasion to vindicate any one circumstance of my character and conduct: not but that the zealots, we may well suppose, would have been glad to invent and propagate any story to my disadvantage, but they could never find any which they thought would wear the face of probability. I cannot say there is no vanity in making this funeral oration of myself; but I hope it is not a misplaced one; and this is a matter of fact which is easily cleared and ascertained.

April 18, 1776.

END OF "MY OWN LIFE"

KING FREDERICK THE GREAT

KING FREDERICK THE GREAT

THE FOUNDER OF PRUSSIA'S MILITARY EMPIRE

1712-1786

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Frederick II of Prussia, commonly called the Great, was the leading European sovereign of those days of arbitrary kingly power which preceded the French Revolution. There can be no question of the military abilities of Frederick, of his daring, his persistency, his coldly cynical and successful statecraft. Almost without allies Prussia faced the chief kingdoms of continental Europe in the great Seven Years' War, and held her own against their united forces. No man but Frederick could have carried his country through the dangers into which he himself had plunged her.

As Frederick himself tells us, he was in his early days possessed by that impulse toward authorship so characteristic of his century. Hence we have from his own pen the history of his early but not of his later wars. The history however is almost wholly military and impersonal, merely describing the course of campaigns and speaking of himself in the third person. Only in the opening of his work and again at the very close does he discourse of himself, explaining in clear and most self-revealing fashion his theories of statecraft and of life.

THE HISTORY OF MY OWN TIME

Most of our historians are compilers of falsehood interspersed occasionally with truth. Among the prodigious number of events which are transmitted to posterity, none may be perfectly relied on except those which concern some historical epoch, whether of the rise or of the fall of empires. It appears indubitable that the battle of Salamis was fought, and that the Persians were vanquished. There can be no doubt but that Alexander the Great conquered the empire of Darius, that the Romans subjected the Carthaginians, and that Antiochus vanquished Persia. Such evidence is confirmed by the

conquerors' having taken possession of the countries. History acquires additional credit in what relates to the civil wars between Marius and Sylla, Pompey and Cæsar, Anthony and Augustus, by the authenticity of contemporary authors, who have described these events. The fall of the western and eastern empires cannot be disputed, for kingdoms have arisen and been formed from the dismemberment of the Roman domains. But when invited by curiosity we would examine circumstantially facts which happened in times so remote, we lose ourselves in a labyrinth abounding in obscurities and contradictions, without any clew to guide us in research. The love of the marvelous, the prejudices of historians, their ill-placed zeal for their own nation, and their hatred to its enemies, have each inspired passions which have influenced their opinions; and the ages that have passed away, since they have written, have so much altered, by disguising, facts that to develop them at present would be impossible, even did we possess the eyes of the lynx.

Nevertheless among the multitude of ancient authors we distinguish with pleasure the description which Xenophon has given of the retreat of the ten thousand, commanded by himself, and brought back into Greece. Thucydides enjoys nearly the same advantages. We are delighted to find in the fragments we possess of Polybius, who was the friend and companion of Scipio Africanus, events recorded of which the writer was himself a witness. The letters of Cicero to his friend Atticus bear the same stamp. He was an actor in the grand scenes which he delineates. I shall not forget the Commentaries of Cæsar, written with the noble simplicity of a great man, and, whatever may be affirmed by Hirtius, the narratives of other historians are conformable in all respects to the incidents described in his Commentaries. But from the time of Cæsar history contains nothing but panegyric or satire. The barbarism of succeeding times has made the history of the lower empire a chaos, in which not anything interesting is to be found, except the memoirs written by the daughter of the emperor Alexis Comnenes, a princess who relates what she herself beheld.

The monks, who alone possessed some knowledge, have left annals found in their convents which appertain to the his-

tory of Germany. But what materials are these for history! The French also have had their bishop of Tours, their Joinville, and their Journalist de l'Etoile; compilers who wrote what they learned by chance, but who must have written feebly, for they scarcely could have been well informed. Since the revival of letters, the passion for writing is become ungovernable; we have now but too many memoirs, anecdotes and narratives. Among the authors of these we must select the few who have held employments, who have been themselves in action, who have resided at courts, or who have had the permission of sovereigns to search the archives; such as the state president de Thou; Philip de Comines; Vargas, fiscal of the council of Trent; Mademoiselle d'Orleans; the cardinal de Retz, &c. To these let us add the letters of d'Estrades, and the memoirs of de Torcy, well worthy of curiosity, especially the latter, for they develop the truth of the will of Charles II., king of Spain, concerning which there has been such diversity of opinions.

Reflections like these on the incertitude of history, which I have often made, gave birth to the idea of transmitting to posterity the principal events in which I have taken part, or of which I have been a witness, in order that those who hereafter shall govern the kingdom may know the true situation of affairs, when I came to the crown; the reasons that compelled me to act; what were my means; what the snares of our enemies; what the various negotiations, wars, and particularly what the heroic actions of our officers were, by which they have justly acquired immortality.

Since the revolutions which overthrew first the empire of the west, afterward that of the east; since the wonderful success attendant on Charlemagne; since the famous reign of Charles V. since the troubles which were excited by the reformation in Germany, and which were of thirty years continuance; and lastly, since the war which arose for the Spanish succession, there have been no events more remarkable or more interesting than those produced by the death of the emperor Charles VI. the last male descendant of the house of Hapsburg.

The court of Vienna saw itself attacked by a prince whom it could not suppose sufficiently strong to undertake so diffi-

cult an enterprise. A conspiracy of kings and sovereigns was soon after formed, all determined to have some part of that immense succession. The imperial crown passed into the house of Bavaria; and, when every incident seemed to concur in the ruin of the youthful queen of Hungary, that princess by her fortitude and address extricated herself from a situation thus dangerous, and supported her monarchy by sacrificing Silesia, and a small part of the Milanese. This was all which could be expected from so young a princess who, scarcely a queen, was imbued with the spirit of government, and became the soul of her council.

This work being destined for posterity, I am relieved from that restraint which bids us respect the living, and observe certain delicacies incompatible with the freedom of truth. I am permitted to speak without reserve, and aloud, what might otherwise only be thought: I shall paint princes as they are, without prejudice in favor of my allies, or hatred for my enemies; I shall mention myself only when obliged by necessity, and must be permitted, after the example of Cæsar, to speak of what relates to myself in the third person, to avoid the disagreeable effects of egotism. By posterity we must be judged; but if we are prudent we shall anticipate posterity by rigorously judging ourselves. The true merit of an excellent prince is to have a sincere love of the public good, of his country, and of fame; I say of fame, for that happy instinct which animates men with the desire of acquiring fame is the true principle of heroic actions. It is that impulse of the soul which raises it from its lethargy, inciting it to useful, necessary and worthy enterprises.

Whatever is affirmed in these memoirs, whether it respects negotiations, letters of sovereign princes, or treaties signed, is affirmed from proofs preserved in the archives. Concerning military facts I may be credited, as an ocular witness. Accounts of battles were deferred two or three days to render them more exact and conformable to truth.

Posterity, perhaps, will see with surprise, in these memoirs, a recital of treaties concluded and broken. Numerous as such examples are, example would not really justify the author of this work, if he had not better reason to excuse and explain his conduct.

The interest of the state ought to serve as the rule to the monarch.

Cases in which alliances may be broken are, (1) When the ally fails in fulfilling his engagements; (2) When the ally meditates deceit, and there is no other resource than that of being the first to deceive; (3) When a superior force oppresses and renders the breaking of a treaty an act of necessity; (4), and lastly, The want of means to continue the war. That despicable thing called money, by I know not what fatality, influences all affairs. Princes are slaves to their means; the interest of the state prescribes law to them, and that law is inviolable. If the prince is under an obligation even to sacrifice his life for the safety of his subjects, how much more ought he to sacrifice those connections the continuation of which would to them become prejudicial! Examples of treaties in like manner broken are frequent. It is not our intention to justify them all, yet dare we affirm there are some treaties which either necessity, wisdom, prudence, or the good of the nation, oblige us to transgress; for kings only possess these means of avoiding ruin. Had Francis I. fulfilled the treaty of Madrid, he would, by the loss of Burgandy, have established an enemy in the heart of his dominions. This would have reduced France to the unhappy condition in which she was in the reign of Louis XI. and Louis XII.

If after the battle of Muhlberg, won by Charles V. the Protestant league in Germany had not strengthened itself by the support of France, it could not but have worn those chains which the emperor had long been forging. Had not the English broken the alliance, so contrary to their interests, by which Charles II. was united with Louis XIV. a diminution of their power would have been risked, and the more so because France would have had greatly the advantage over England in the political balance of Europe. Sages, who predict effects from causes, ought early to resist all such causes as are thus diametrically opposed to their interests. Suffer me to explain myself exactly, on so delicate a subject, which has seldom been otherwise than dogmatically treated. To me it appears evident that a private person ought to be scrupulously tenacious of his promise, though he should have made

it inconsiderately. If he is injured he can have recourse to the protection of the laws, and be the issue what it may, an individual only suffers. But where is the tribunal that can redress a monarch's wrongs, should another monarch forfeit his engagement? The word of an individual can only involve an individual in misfortune, while that of a sovereign may draw down calamities on nations. The question then will be reduced to this, must the people perish or must the prince infringe a treaty? And where is the man weak enough to hesitate a moment concerning his answer? Hence, from the case we have supposed, is deduced the necessity of first carefully examining the circumstances under which the monarch acts, the conduct of his allies, the resources he may be able to obtain, or his incapacity to fulfill his engagements, before any decisive judgment ought to be passed upon his proceedings. For, as we have already said, the good or ill state of the finances is the pulse of the kingdom, which has a greater influence than is either known or believed on political and military operations. Ignorant of this, the public judges only from appearances, and consequently is deceived in its judgments. Prudence will not admit that they should be better informed, for it would be the excess of frenzy to vain-gloriously publish the weak side of a nation. Delighted by such a discovery, its enemies would not fail to profit by the intelligence. Wisdom therefore requires we should leave to the public the rash liberty of deciding, and, unable to justify ourselves, while we live, without danger to the state, we must rest satisfied with that justification which may be obtained from disinterested posterity.

No one perhaps will take offense if I add some general reflections on what I have said, concerning events which happened in my own times. I have seen small states able to maintain themselves against the greatest monarchies, when these states possessed industry and great order in their affairs. I find that large empires, fertile in abuses, are full of confusion, and only are maintained by their vast resources, and the intrinsic weight of the body. Those intrigues which exist in such courts would bring destruction on less powerful princes. They always injure, but they do not prevent numerous armies from preserving their preponderance. I observe

that all wars carried far from the frontiers of the people by whom they are undertaken, have not equal success with those which are made nearer home. Is not this the result of a sentiment natural to man, who feels it is more just to defend himself than to rob his neighbor? It may be indeed that the physical reason is too mighty for the moral, because of the difficulty of finding provisions when the distance from the frontiers is great, and of furnishing recruits, horses, clothing, ammunition, &c. Let us add, also, that the farther troops have adventured into distant countries the more they fear lest retreat should be cut off, or rendered difficult.

I view the undoubted superiority of the English fleets over those of France and Spain united, and I wonder how it could happen that the naval force of Philip II. which formerly had so much the ascendant over that of the English and the Dutch, did not preserve advantages so great: I further remark, with surprise, that all these naval armaments are rather for ostentation than effect, and that instead of protecting commerce they do not impede its destruction. Here we behold the king of Spain, sovereign of Postosi, overwhelmed by debt in Europe, and accepting credit at Madrid from his officers and domestics; there the King of England profusely scattering his guineas, which thirty years of industry had accumulated in Great Britain to sustain the queen of Hungary and the Pragmatic sanction; independent of which this same queen is obliged to sacrifice some provinces that she may preserve those that remain. The capital of the Christian world receives the first invader; and the Pope, not daring to utter anathemas on those who lay it under contribution, is obliged to give them his benediction. Foreigners inundate Italy, who combat each other to accomplish its subjection. The example of the English, like a torrent, draws the Dutch into a war with which they have no concern; and those republicans, who, when the heroes Eugene and Marlborough commanded their armies, sent their deputies to regulate military operations, no longer send any when a duke of Cumberland finds himself at the head of their troops.

The brand is kindled in the north, and a war fatal to Sweden is the consequence. Denmark awakes, is agitated, and is calmed; Saxony twice changes its party, and gains

nothing with either: on the contrary the Prussians are introduced into the country, and it is ruined. Conflicting events alter the cause of dispute; effects however continue, though the motive has ceased; fortune rapidly flies from side to side, but ambition and the desire of vengeance feed and maintain the flames of war. We seem to view an assembly of gamblers who demand their revenge, and who refuse to quit play till they are totally ruined. If an English minister be asked what madness induces him to prolong the war, he replies, because France cannot furnish the expenses of the next campaign. Should a similar question be put to the French minister, the answer would be much the same. The most deplorable effect of such policy is that the lives of men are sported with, and human blood is ineffectually and profusely shed.

Could war fix any certain limits to the frontiers of states, and preserve that balance of power so necessary among the nations of Europe, we might regard those who have perished as victims sacrificed to the tranquillity and safety of the public. But American provinces are objects of cupidity, and soon we see all Europe engaged, on different sides, to combat by sea and land. The ambitious ought never to forget that arms and military discipline, being nearly the same throughout Europe, and that alliances having the general effect of producing equality between the forces of the belligerent parties, all that princes may hope from the greatest advantages, in these times, is to acquire, after accumulated success, either some small town on the frontiers, or some suburb which will not pay interest for the debts incurred by war, and the population of which is far inferior to the number of inhabitants which have perished in the field.

Whoever has a heart capable of compassion, when he coolly examines such objects, must be agitated at the remembrance of evils which statesmen, either from the want of wisdom, or hurried on by their passions, have brought upon nations. Reason prescribes a rule on this subject from which it appears to me that no statesman ought to depart: which is to seize occasion, and when that is favorable to be enterprising; but neither to force occasion, nor leave everything to chance. There are moments which require us to exert all our activity,

in order to profit by them; but there are others in which prudence requires we should remain inactive. This is an affair worthy of the most profound reflection; for, it is requisite, not only perfectly to examine the present state of things, but, to foresee all the consequences of any undertaking, and to weigh the means we ourselves possess, in opposition to those of our enemies, in order to find which must ultimately preponderate. If reason alone does not decide, and if passion takes any part, it is impossible that success should be the result.

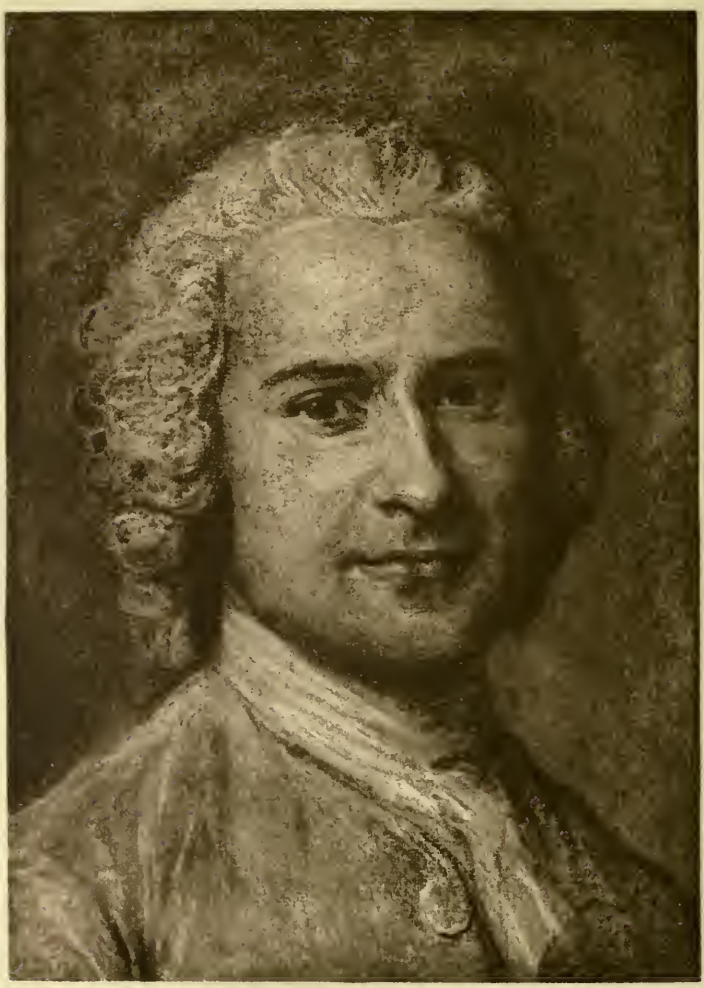
State politics exact patience; and the height of wisdom in a great man is to do all things in their proper season. History supplies us with too many examples of wars inconsiderately undertaken. To be convinced of this we have only to read the life of Francis I. and what Brantome tells us was the cause of the unhappy expedition into the Milanese, where this king was made prisoner at Pavia. We have but to cast a retrospect on all the advantages Charles V. derived from the opportunity he had, after the battle of Muhlberg, to subjugate Germany. We have but to examine the history of Frederic V. the elector Palatine, and the precipitation with which he engaged in a contest so much above his strength. In our own times let us recall to mind the conduct of Maximilian of Bavaria, who, in the war of succession, when his country may be said to have been blockaded by the allies, took part with France, only to see himself stripped of his states. Charles XII. will furnish us with a more recent, and more striking example still, of the fatal consequences which the headlong and false conduct of monarchs entails upon their subjects. History is the school of princes; it is their duty to inform themselves of the errors of past ages, in order to shun them, to learn how essential it is for them to form a system and pursue it step by step; and that he, among them, who best calculates consequences, is the competitor who alone is able to carry the prize from others who act less rationally than himself.

[Here follows a wholly impersonal account of Frederick's early wars, leading up to the following closing paragraph or prayer—if Frederick's sarcasm can be called prayer.]

May Providence grant (if Providence shall deign to look

down on human miseries) that the unalterable and flourishing destiny of this State may raise the monarchs by whom it is governed, superior to the calamities and plagues Prussia has endured in these times of trouble and subversion; and that they never may be obliged to have recourse to remedies so violent and fatal, as were then found necessary to be employed, that the country might be preserved against the ambitious hatred of the sovereigns of Europe, who wished to annihilate the house of Brandenburg and eternally exterminate all who bore the name of Prussia.

END OF FREDERICK'S ACCOUNT OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR



JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

THE FRANKEST AND MOST FAMED OF SELF-ANALYSTS

1712-1778

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

This self-revelation of Rousseau ranks as perhaps the greatest effort of one man to tell others exactly what he was and is. The undertaking is supremely difficult, for the paradox of the matter is, that the more a man forgets himself, the more likely he is to remember that which we accept as the true and vital part of him. Fallibility and human frailty are bound to affect his most sincere effort at revealing his physical and spiritual duality. In Rousseau we have the extreme and extraordinary spectacle of a man resolute to the point of fanaticism to bare his heart and soul to his fellowmen, aye, even going so far as to declare that his book would be presented to God as a faithful account of his earthly stewardship, yet somehow we suspect the accuracy and fidelity of his narrative in many places. Not because Rousseau did not try to do what he set out to do, but that in the very nature of the case it was a task nigh impossible; for it presupposes that in yourself you can combine the judge, the jury, and the culprit. One would have to be something akin to divine to accomplish an analysis and verdict of such scope.

But the attempt of Rousseau has put him with the immortals. Everybody should read his "Confessions"; for despite their sensuality, their morbid sentimentality, their minutiæ of real or imagined grievances, their callous and selfish intimations, they undoubtedly are the honest convictions of a peculiar genius whose hypersensitive egotism was fated to many false and foolish reactions. His confidences are an elaborate survey of unhealthy and unpropitious conditions superinduced by a wonderful talent handicapped by poverty. Complex and contradictory, he was at once diffident, yet as vain as one could be. Vehement for equality and the rights of man in theory, he was not loth to play the varlet on occasion. Disdaining pity, he would do much to gain it. He would flay a friend without a tremor, but a moonlit scene in nature would awaken tenderness to tears. Hundreds of similar contradictions might be adduced from his confidences.

Counting among his friends the greatest people in the kingdom of

France, courted and indulged by many of them, yet Rousseau entertained suspicions of all. Nature alone, he said, would not betray. Despite this devotion to the realm of Pan, Rousseau was the author of books that demanded the enfranchisement of mankind from social and political and educational bondage. His "Social Contract" has been called the Bible of the French Revolution. Within three years he produced the "New Heloïse," which was the memorial of his downfall, the "Social Contract," which was the most influential, and "Emile," which was perhaps the most elevated and spiritual of all the outpourings of the prolific genius of France in the eighteenth century.

Rousseau's literary genius was late-flowering. He was nearing his half-century mark before he began his career as author. It is pitiable to think that with all his fame and influence, a malign fury seemed to pursue him. From a period of brief affluence and comfort, he sank to indigence and despair. Always, he was haunted by the idea that hordes of enemies were conspiring against him. His faithful Theresa, instead of proving a solace, became a beastly virago. And when he died suddenly the world was not sure whether the cause of his end was apoplexy, as given out to the public, or a bullet directed by his own hand.

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROUSSEAU

BOOK I

I HAVE entered upon a performance which is without example, whose accomplishment will have no imitator. I mean to present my fellow-mortals with a man in all the integrity of nature; and this man shall be myself.

I know my heart, and have studied mankind; I am not made like any one I have been acquainted with, perhaps like no one in existence; if not better, I at least claim originality, and whether Nature did wisely in breaking the mold with which she formed me, can only be determined after having read this work.

Whenever the last trumpet shall sound, I will present myself before the sovereign Judge with this book in my hand, and loudly proclaim, thus have I acted; these were my thoughts; such was I. With equal freedom and veracity have I related what was laudable or wicked, I have concealed no crimes, added no virtues; and if I have sometimes introduced superfluous ornament, it was merely to occupy a void occasioned by defect of memory: I may have supposed that certain, which I only knew to be probable, but have never

asserted as truth, a conscious falsehood. Such as I was, I have declared myself; sometimes vile and despicable, at others, virtuous, generous and sublime; even as thou hast read my inmost soul: Power eternal! assemble round thy throne an innumerable throng of my fellow-mortals, let them listen to my confessions, let them blush at my depravity, let them tremble at my sufferings; let each in his turn expose with equal sincerity the failings, the wanderings of his heart, and, if he dare, aver, *I was better than that man.*

I was born at Geneva, in 1712, son of Isaac Rousseau and Susannah Bernard, citizens. My father's share of a moderate competency, which was divided among fifteen children, being very trivial, his business of a watchmaker (in which he had the reputation of great ingenuity) was his only dependence. My mother's circumstances were more affluent; she was daughter of a Mons. Bernard, minister, and possessed a considerable share of modesty and beauty; indeed, my father found some difficulty in obtaining her hand.

The affection they entertained for each other was almost as early as their existence; at eight or nine years old they walked together every evening on the banks of the Treille, and before they were ten, could not support the idea of separation. A natural sympathy of soul confined those sentiments of predilection which habit at first produced; born with minds susceptible of the most exquisite sensibility and tenderness, it was only necessary to encounter similar dispositions; that moment fortunately presented itself, and each surrendered a willing heart.

The obstacles that opposed served only to give a degree of vivacity to their affection, and the young lover, not being able to obtain his mistress, was overwhelmed with sorrow and despair. She advised him to travel—to forget her. He consented—he traveled, but returned more passionate than ever, and had the happiness to find her equally constant, equally tender. After this proof of mutual affection, what could they resolve?—to dedicate their future lives to love! the resolution was ratified with a vow, on which Heaven shed its benediction.

Fortunately, my mother's brother, Gabriel Bernard, fell in love with one of my father's sisters; she had no objection to

the match, but made the marriage of his sister with her brother an indispensable preliminary. Love soon removed every obstacle, and the two weddings were celebrated the same day: thus my uncle became the husband of my aunt, and their children were doubly cousins german. Before a year was expired, both had the happiness to become fathers, but were soon after obliged to submit to a separation.

My uncle Bernard, who was an engineer, went to serve in the empire and Hungary, under Prince Eugene, and distinguished himself both at the siege and battle of Belgrade. My father, after the birth of my only brother, set off, on recommendation, for Constantinople, and was appointed watchmaker to the Seraglio. During his absence, the beauty, wit, and accomplishments of my mother attracted a number of admirers, among whom Mons. de la Closure, Resident of France, was the most assiduous in his attentions. His passion must have been extremely violent, since after a period of thirty years I have seen him affected at the very mention of her name. My mother had a defense more powerful even than her virtue; she tenderly loved my father, and conjured him to return; his inclination seconding his request, he gave up every prospect of emolument, and hastened to Geneva.

I was the unfortunate fruit of this return, being born ten months after, in a very weakly and infirm state; my birth cost my mother her life, and was the first of my misfortunes. I am ignorant how my father supported her loss at that time, but I know he was ever after inconsolable. In me he still thought he saw her he so tenderly lamented, but could never forget I had been the innocent cause of his misfortune, nor did he ever embrace me, but his sighs, the convulsive pressure of his arms, witnessed that a bitter regret mingled itself with his caresses, though, as may be supposed, they were not on this account less ardent. When he said to me, "Jean Jacques, let us talk of your mother," my usual reply was, "Yes, father, but then, you know, we shall cry," and immediately the tears started from his eyes. "Ah!" exclaimed he, with agitation, "give me back my wife; at least console me for her loss; fill up, dear boy, the void she has left in my soul. Could I love thee thus wert thou only *my* son?" Forty years after this loss he expired in the arms of his second

wife, but the name of the first still vibrated on his lips, still was her image engraved on his heart.

Such were the authors of my being: of all the gifts it had pleased Heaven to bestow on them, a feeling heart was the only one that descended to me; this had been the source of their felicity, it was the foundation of all my misfortunes.

I came into the world with so few signs of life, that they entertained but little hope of preserving me, with seeds of a disorder that has gathered strength with years, and from which I am now relieved at intervals, only to suffer a different, though more intolerable evil. I owed my preservation to one of my father's sisters, an amiable and virtuous girl, who took the most tender care of me; she is yet living, nursing, at the age of four-score, a husband younger than herself, but worn out with excessive drinking. Dear aunt! I freely forgive your having preserved my life, and only lament that it is not in my power to bestow on the decline of your days the tender solicitude and care you lavished on the first dawn of mine. My nurse, Jaqueline, is likewise living, and in good health—the hands that opened my eyes to the light of this world may close them at my death. We suffer before we think; it is the common lot of humanity. I experienced more than my proportion of it. I have no knowledge of what passed prior to my fifth or sixth year; I recollect nothing of learning to read, I only remember what effect the first considerable exercise of it produced on my mind; and from that moment I date an uninterrupted knowledge of myself.

Every night, after supper, we read some part of a small collection of romances which had been my mother's. My father's design was only to improve me in reading, and he thought these entertaining works were calculated to give me a fondness for it; but we soon found ourselves so interested in the adventures they contained, that we alternately read whole nights together, and could not bear to give over until at the conclusion of a volume. Sometimes, in a morning, on hearing the swallows at our window, my father, quite ashamed of this weakness, would cry, "Come, come, let us go to bed; I am more a child than thou art."

I soon acquired, by this dangerous custom, not only an extreme facility in reading and comprehending, but, for my

age, a too intimate acquaintance with the passions. An infinity of sensations were familiar to me, without possessing any precise idea of the objects to which they related—I had conceived nothing—I had felt the whole. This confused succession of emotions did not retard the future efforts of my reason, though they added an extravagant, romantic notion of human life, which experience and reflection have never been able to eradicate.

My romance reading concluded with the summer of 1719, the following winter was differently employed. My mother's library being quite exhausted, we had recourse to that part of her father's which had devolved to us; here we happily found some valuable books, which was by no means extraordinary, having been selected by a minister that truly deserved that title, in whom learning (which was the rage of the times) was but a secondary commendation, his taste and good sense being most conspicuous. The history of the Church and Empire by Le Sueur, Bossuett's Discourses on Universal History, Plutarch's Lives, the history of Venice by Nani, Ovid's Metamorphoses, La Bruyère, Fontenelle's World, his Dialogues of the Dead, and a few volumes of Molière, were soon ranged in my father's closet, where, during the hours he was employed in his business, I daily read them, with an avidity and taste uncommon, perhaps unprecedented at my age.

Plutarch presently became my greatest favorite. The satisfaction I derived from repeated readings I gave this author, extinguished my passion for romances, and I shortly preferred Agesilaus, Brutus, and Aristides, to Orondates, Artemenes, and Juba. These interesting studies, seconded by the conversations they frequently occasioned with my father, produced that republican spirit and love of liberty, that haughty and invincible turn of mind, which rendered me impatient of restraint or servitude, and became the torment of my life, as I continually found myself in situations incompatible with these sentiments. Incessantly occupied with Rome and Athens, conversing, if I may so express myself with their illustrious heroes; born the citizen of a republic, of a father whose ruling passion was a love of his country, I was fired with these examples; could fancy myself a Greek or Roman, and readily give into the character of the per-

sonage whose life I read; transported by the recital of any extraordinary instance of fortitude or intrepidity, animation flashed from my eyes, and gave my voice additional strength and energy. One day, at table, while relating the fortitude of Scœvola, they were terrified at seeing me start from my seat and hold my hand over a hot chafing-dish, to represent more forcibly the action of that determined Roman.

My brother, who was seven years older than myself, was brought up to my father's profession. The extraordinary affection they lavished on me might be the reason he was too much neglected: this certainly was a fault which cannot be justified. His education and morals suffered by this neglect, and he acquired the habits of a libertine before he arrived at an age to be really one. My father tried what effect placing him with a master would produce, but he still persisted in the same ill conduct. Though I saw him so seldom that it could hardly be said we were acquainted, I loved him tenderly, and believe he had as strong an affection for me as a youth of his dissipated turn of mind could be supposed capable of.

If this poor lad was neglected, it was quite different with his brother, for the children of a king could not be treated with more attention and tenderness than were bestowed on my infancy, being the darling of the family; and what is rather uncommon, though treated as a beloved, never a spoiled child; was never permitted, while under paternal inspection, to play in the street with other children; never had any occasion to contradict or indulge those fantastical humors which are usually attributed to nature, but are in reality the effects of an injudicious education. I had the faults common to my age, was talkative, a glutton, and sometimes a liar, made no scruple of stealing sweetmeats, fruits, or, indeed, any kind of eatables; but never took delight in mischievous waste, in accusing others, or tormenting harmless animals. I recollect, indeed, that one day, while Madam Clot, a neighbor of ours, was gone to church, I made water in her kettle: the remembrance even now makes me smile, for Madam Clot (though, if you please, a good sort of creature) was one of the most tedious grumbling old women I ever knew. Thus have I given a brief, but faithful, history of my childish transgressions.

How could I become cruel or vicious, when I had before my

eyes only examples of mildness, and was surrounded by some of the best people in the world? My father, my aunt, my nurse, my relations, our friends, our neighbors, all I had any connection with, did not obey me, it is true, but loved me tenderly, and I returned their affection. I found so little to excite my desires, and those I had were so seldom contradicted, that I was hardly sensible of possessing any, and can solemnly aver I was an absolute stranger to caprice until after I had experienced the authority of a master.

Such were my affections on entering this life. Thus began to form and demonstrate itself, a heart, at once haughty and tender, a character effeminate, yet invincible; which, fluctuating between weakness and courage, luxury and virtue, has ever set me in contradiction to myself; causing abstinence and enjoyment, pleasure and prudence, equally to shun me.

This course of education was interrupted by an accident, whose consequences influenced the rest of my life. My father had a quarrel with M. G——, who had a captain's commission in France, and was related to several of the Council. This G——, who was an insolent, ungenerous man, happening to bleed at the nose, in order to be revenged, accused my father of having drawn his sword on him in the city, and in consequence of this charge they were about to conduct him to prison. He insisted (according to the law of this republic) that the accuser should be confined at the same time; and not being able to obtain this, preferred a voluntary banishment for the remainder of his life, to giving up a point by which he must sacrifice his honor and liberty.

I remained under the tuition of my uncle Bernard, who was at that time employed in the fortifications of Geneva. He had lost his eldest daughter, but had a son about my own age, and we were sent together to Bossey, to board with the Minister Lambercier. Here we were to learn Latin, with all the insignificant trash that has obtained the name of education.

Two years spent in this village softened, in some degree, my Roman fierceness, and again reduced me to a state of childhood. At Geneva, where nothing was exacted, I loved reading, which was, indeed, my principal amusement; but, at Bossey, where application was expected, I was fond of play as a relaxation. The country was so new, so charming in

my idea, that it seemed impossible to find satiety in its enjoyments, and I conceived a passion for rural life, which time has not been able to extinguish; nor have I ever ceased to regret the pure and tranquil pleasures I enjoyed at this place in my childhood; the remembrance having followed me through every age, even to that in which I am hastening again towards it.

M. Lambercier was a worthy, sensible man, who, without neglecting our instruction, never made our acquisitions burthensome, or tasks tedious. What convinces me of the rectitude of his method is, that notwithstanding my extreme aversion to restraint, the recollection of my studies is never attended with disgust; and, if my improvement was trivial, it was obtained with ease, and has never escaped memory.

The manner in which I passed my time at Bossey was so agreeable to my disposition, that it only required a longer duration absolutely to have fixed my character, which would have had only peaceable, affectionate, benevolent sentiments for its basis. I believe no individual of our kind ever possessed less natural vanity than myself. At intervals, by an extraordinary effort, I arrived at sublime ideas, but presently sunk again into my original languor. To be loved by every one who knew me was my most ardent wish. I was naturally mild, my cousin was equally so, and those who had the care of us were of similar dispositions. Everything contributed to strengthen those propensities which nature had implanted in my breast, and during the two years I was neither the victim nor witness of any violent emotions.

I knew nothing so delightful as to see every one content, not only with me, but all that concerned them. When repeating our catechism at church, nothing could give me greater vexation, on being obliged to hesitate, than to see Miss Lambercier's countenance express disapprobation and uneasiness. This alone was more afflicting to me than the shame of faltering before so many witnesses, which, notwithstanding, was sufficiently painful; for though not over-solicitous of praise, I was feelingly alive to shame; yet I can truly affirm, the dread of being reprimanded by Miss Lambercier alarmed me less than the thought of making her uneasy.

Neither she nor her brother were deficient in a reasonable

severity, but as this was scarce ever exerted without just cause, I was more afflicted at their disapprobation than the punishment. Certainly the method of treating youth would be altered if the distant effects, this indiscriminate, and frequently indiscreet method produces, were more conspicuous. I would willingly excuse myself from a further explanation, did not the lesson this example conveys (which points out an evil as frequent as it is pernicious) plainly forbid me to keep silence.

As Miss Lambercier felt a mother's affection, she sometimes exerted a mother's authority, even to inflicting on us when we deserved it, the punishment of infants. She had often threatened it, and this threat of a treatment entirely new, appeared to me extremely dreadful; but I found the reality much less terrible than the idea, and what is still more unaccountable, this punishment increased my affection for the person who had inflicted it. All this affection, aided by my natural mildness, was scarcely sufficient to prevent my seeking, by fresh offenses, a return of the same chastisement; for a degree of sensuality had mingled with the smart and shame, which left more desire than fear of a repetition. I was well convinced the same discipline from her brother would have produced a quite contrary effect; but from a man of his disposition this was not probable, and if I abstained from meriting correction it was merely from a fear of offending Miss Lambercier, for benevolence, aided by the passions, has ever maintained an empire over me which has given law to my heart.

This event, which, though desirable, I had not endeavored to accelerate, arrived without my fault; I should say, without my seeking; and I profited by it with a safe conscience; but this second, was also the last time, for Miss Lambercier, who doubtless had some reason to imagine this chastisement did not produce the desired effect, declared it was too fatiguing, and that she renounced it for the future. Till now we had slept in her chamber, and during the winter, even in her bed; but two days after another room was prepared for us, and from that moment I had the honor (which I could very well have dispensed with) of being treated by her as a great boy.

Who would believe this childish discipline, received at eight

years old, from the hands of a woman of thirty, should influence my propensities, my desires, my passions, for the rest of my life, and that in quite a contrary sense from what might naturally have been expected? The very incident that inflamed my senses, gave my desires such an extraordinary turn, that, confined to what I had already experienced, I sought no further, and, with blood boiling with sensuality, almost from my birth, preserved my purity beyond the age when the coldest constitutions lose their insensibility; long tormented, without knowing by what, I gazed on every handsome woman with delight; imagination incessantly brought their charms to my remembrance, only to transform them into so many Miss Lamberciers.

Thus I passed the age of puberty, with a constitution extremely ardent, without knowing or even wishing for any other gratification of the passions than what Miss Lambercier had innocently given me an idea of; and when I became a man, that childish taste, instead of vanishing, only associated with the other. This folly, joined to a natural timidity, has always prevented my being very enterprising with women, so that I have passed my days in languishing in silence for those I most admired, without daring to disclose my wishes.

To fall at the feet of an imperious mistress, obey her mandates, or implore pardon, were for me the most exquisite enjoyments, and the more my blood was inflamed by the efforts of a lively imagination the more I acquired the appearance of a whining lover.

I have made the first, most difficult step, in the obscure and painful maze of my Confessions. We never feel so great a degree of repugnance in divulging what is really criminal, as what is merely ridiculous. I am now assured of my resolution, for after what I have dared disclose, nothing can have power to deter me. The difficulty attending these acknowledgments will be readily conceived, when I declare, that during the whole of my life, though frequently laboring under the most violent agitation, being hurried away with the impetuosity of a passion which (when in company with those I loved) deprived me of the faculty of sight and hearing, I could never, in the course of the most unbounded

familiarity, acquire sufficient resolution to declare my folly, and implore the only favor that remained to bestow.

In thus investigating the first traces of my sensible existence, I find elements, which, though seemingly incompatible, have united to produce a simple and uniform effect; while others, apparently the same, have, by the concurrence of certain circumstances, formed such different combinations, that it would never be imagined they had any affinity; who would believe, for example, that one of the most vigorous springs of my soul was tempered in the identical source from whence luxury and ease mingled with my constitution and circulated in my veins? Before I quit this subject, I will add a striking instance of the different effects they produced.

One day, while I was studying in a chamber contiguous to the kitchen, the maid set some of Miss Lambercier's combs to dry by the fire, and on coming to fetch them some time after, was surprised to find the teeth of one of them broken off. Who could be suspected of this mischief? No one but myself had entered the room: I was questioned, but denied having any knowledge of it. Mr. and Miss Lambercier consult, exhort, threaten, but all to no purpose; I obstinately persist in the denial; and, though this was the first time I had been detected in a confirmed falsehood, appearances were so strong that they overthrew all my protestations. This affair was thought serious; the mischief, the lie, the obstinacy, were considered equally deserving of punishment, which was not now to be administered by Miss Lambercier. My uncle Bernard was written to; he arrived; and my poor cousin being charged with a crime no less serious, we were conducted to the same execution, which was inflicted with great severity. If finding a remedy in the evil itself, they had sought ever to allay my depraved desires, they could not have chosen a shorter method to accomplish their designs, and, I can assure my readers, I was for a long time freed from the dominion of them.

As this severity could not draw from me the expected acknowledgment, which obstinacy brought on several repetitions, and reduced me to a deplorable situation, yet I was immovable, and resolutely determined to suffer death rather than submit. Force, at length, was obliged to yield to the

diabolical infatuation of a child, for no better name was bestowed on my constancy, and I came out of this dreadful trial, torn, it is true, but triumphant. Fifty years have expired since this adventure—the fear of punishment is no more. Well, then, I aver, in the face of Heaven, I was absolutely innocent: and, so far from breaking, or even touching the comb, never came near the fire. It will be asked, how did this mischief happen? I can form no conception of it, I only know my own innocence.

Let any one figure to himself a character whose leading traits were docility and timidity, but haughty, ardent, and invincible, in its passions; a child, hitherto governed by the voice of reason, treated with mildness, equity, and complaisance, who could not even support the idea of injustice, experiencing, for the first time, so violent an instance of it, inflicted by those he most loved and respected. What perversion of ideas! What confusion in the heart, the brain, in all my little being, intelligent and moral!—let any one, I say, if possible, imagine all this, for I am incapable of giving the least idea of what passed in my mind at that period.

My reason was not sufficiently established to enable me to put myself in the place of others, and judge how much appearances condemned me, I only beheld the rigor of a dreadful chastisement, inflicted for a crime I had not committed; yet I can truly affirm, the smart I suffered, though violent, was inconsiderable compared to what I felt from indignation, rage, and despair. My cousin, who was almost in similar circumstances, having been punished for an involuntary fault as guilty of a premeditated crime, became furious by my example. Both in the same bed, we embraced each other with convulsive transport; we were almost suffocated; and when our young hearts found sufficient relief to breathe out our indignation, we sat up in the bed, and with all our force, repeated a hundred times, Carnifex! Carnifex! Carnifex! Executioner, tormentor.

Even while I write this I feel my pulse quicken, and should I live a hundred thousand years, the agitation of that moment would still be fresh in my memory. The first instance of violence and oppression is so deeply engraved on my soul, that every relative idea renews my emotion: the senti-

ment of indignation, which in its origin had reference only to myself, has acquired such strength, and is at present so completely detached from personal motives, that my heart is as much inflamed at the sight or relation of any act of injustice (whatever may be the object, or wheresoever it may be perpetrated) as if I was the immediate sufferer. When I read the history of a merciless tyrant, or the dark and the subtle machination of a knavish designing priest, I could on the instant set off to stab the miscreants, though I was certain to perish in the attempt.

Near thirty years passed away from my leaving Bossey, without once recalling the place to my mind with any degree of satisfaction; but after having passed the prime of life, as I decline into old age (while more recent occurrences are wearing out apace) I feel these remembrances revive and imprint thmselves on my heart, with a force and charm that every day acquires fresh strength; as if, feeling life fleet from me, I endeavored to catch it again by its commencement. The most trifling incident of those happy days delight me, for no other reason than being of those days, I recall every circumstance of time, place, and persons; I see the maid or footman busy in the chamber, a swallow entering the window, a fly settling on my hand while repeating my lessons.

On my return to Geneva, I passed two or three years at my uncle's, expecting the determination of my friends respecting my future establishment. His own son being devoted to genius, was taught drawing, and instructed by his father in the elements of Euclid; I partook of these instructions, but was principally fond of drawing. Meantime, they were irresolute, whether to make me a watchmaker, a lawyer, or a minister. I should have preferred being a minister, as I thought it must be a charming thing to preach, but the trifling income which had been my mother's, and was to be divided between my brother and myself, was too inconsiderable to defray the expense attending the prosecution of my studies. As my age did not render the choice very pressing, I remained with my uncle, passing my time with very little improvement, and paying pretty dear, though not unreasonably, for my board.

My uncle, like my father, was a man of pleasure, but had not learned, like him, to abridge his amusements for the sake of instructing his family, consequently our education was neglected. My aunt was a devotee, who loved singing psalms better than thinking of our improvement, so that we were left entirely to ourselves, which liberty we never abused.

These details, I confess, are not very amusing, but they serve to demonstrate that the former part of our education was well directed, since being, at such an early age, the absolute master of our time, we found no inclination to abuse it; and so little in want of other companions, that we constantly neglected every occasion of seeking them. When taking our walks together, we observed their diversions without feeling any inclination to partake of them. Friendship so entirely occupied our hearts, that, pleased with each other's company the simplest pastimes were sufficient to delight us.

We were soon remarked for being thus inseparable: and what rendered us more conspicuous, my cousin was very tall, myself extremely short, so that we exhibited a very whimsical contrast. This meager figure, small, sallow countenance, heavy air, and supine gait, excited the ridicule of the children, who, in the gibberish of the country, nicknamed him *Barna Bredanna;* and we no sooner got out of doors than our ears were assailed with a repetition of *"Barna Bredanna."* He bore this indignity with tolerable patience, but I was instantly for fighting. This was what the young rogues aimed at. I engaged accordingly, and was beat. My poor cousin did all in his power to assist me, but he was weak, and a single stroke brought him to the ground. I then became furious, and received several smart blows, some of which were aimed at *Barna Bredanna.* This quarrel so far increased the evil, that, to avoid their insults, we could only show ourselves in the streets while they were employed at their tasks in school.

I had already become a redresser of grievances; there only wanted a lady in the way to be a knight-errant in form. This defect was soon supplied; I presently had two. I frequently went to see my father at Nion, a small city in the Vaudois country, where he was now settled. Being universally respected, the affection entertained for him extended to me:

and, during my visits, the question seemed to be, who should show me most kindness. A Madam de Vulson, in particular, loaded me with caresses; and, to complete all, her daughter made me her gallant. I need not explain what kind of gallant a boy of eleven must be to a girl of two and twenty; the artful hussies know how to set these puppets up in front, to conceal more serious engagements. On my part I saw no inequality between myself and Miss Vulson, was flattered by the circumstance, and went into it with my whole heart, or rather my whole head, for this passion certainly reached no further, though it transported me almost to madness, and frequently produced scenes sufficient to make even a cynic expire with laughter.

I have experienced two kinds of love, equally real, which have scarce any affinity, yet each differing materially from tender friendship. My whole life has been divided between these affections, and I have frequently felt the power of both at the same instant. For example, at the very time I so publically and tyrannically claimed Miss Vulson, that I could not suffer any other of my sex to approach her, I had short, but passionate, assignations with a Miss Goton, who thought proper to act the schoolmistress with me. Our meetings, though absolutely childish, afforded me the height of happiness. I felt the whole charm of mystery, and repaid Miss Vulson in kind, when she least expected it, the use she made of me in concealing her amours. To my great mortification, this secret was soon discovered, and I presently lost my young schoolmistress.

Miss Goton was, in fact, a singular personage. She was not handsome, yet there was a certain something in her figure which could not easily be forgotten, and this for an old fool, I am too often convinced of. Her eyes, in particular, neither corresponded with her age, her height, nor her manner; she had a lofty imposing air, which agreed extremely well with the character she assumed, but the most extraordinary part of her composition was a mixture of forwardness and reserve difficult to be conceived; and while she took the greatest liberties with me, would never permit any to be taken with her in return, treating me precisely like a child. This makes me suppose she had either ceased herself to be one, or was yet

sufficiently so to behold us play the danger to which this folly exposed her.

I was so absolutely in the power of both these mistresses, that when in the presence of either, I never thought of her who was absent; in other respects, the effects they produced on me bore no affinity. I could have passed my whole life with Miss Vulson, without forming a wish to quit her; but then, my satisfaction was attended with a pleasing serenity; and, in numerous companies, I was particularly charmed with her. The sprightly sallies of her wit, the arch glance of her eye, even jealousy itself, strengthened my attachment, and I triumphed in the preference she seemed to bestow on me, while addressed by more powerful rivals; applause, encouragement, and smiles, gave animation to my happiness. Surrounded by a throng of observers, I felt the whole force of love—I was passionate, transported; in a *tête-à-tête,* I should have been constrained, thoughtful, perhaps unhappy. If Miss Vulson was ill, I suffered with her; would willingly have given up my own health to establish hers (and, observe I knew the want of it from experience); if absent, she employed my thoughts, I felt the want of her; when present, her caresses came with warmth and rapture to my heart, though my senses were unaffected. The familiarities she bestowed on me I could not have supported the idea of her granting to another; I loved her with a brother's affection only, but experienced all the jealousy of a lover.

With Miss Goton this passion might have acquired a degree of fury; I should have been a Turk, a tiger, had I once imagined she bestowed her favors on any but myself. The pleasure I felt on approaching Miss Vulson was sufficiently ardent, though unattended with uneasy sensations; but at sight of Miss Goton, I felt myself bewildered—every sense was absorbed in ecstasy. I believe it would have been impossible to have remained long with her; I must have been suffocated with the violence of my palpitations. I equally dreaded giving either of them displeasure; with one I was more complaisant; with the other, more submissive. I would not have offended Miss Vulson for the world; but if Miss Goton had commanded me to throw myself into the flames, I think I should have instantly obeyed her. Happily, both

for her and myself, our amours, or rather rendezvous, were not of long duration: and though my connection with Miss Vulson was less dangerous, after a continuance of some greater length, that likewise had its catastrophe; indeed the termination of a love affair is good for nothing, unless it partakes of the romantic, and can furnish out at least an exclamation.

Thus, before my future destination was determined, did I fool away the most precious moments of my youth. After deliberating a long time on the bent of my natural inclination, they resolved to dispose of me in a manner the most repugnant to them. I was sent to Mr. Masseron, the City Register, to learn (according to the expression of my uncle Bernard) the thriving occupation of a scraper. This nickname was inconceivably displeasing to me, and I promised myself but little satisfaction in the prospect of heaping up money by a mean employment. The assiduity and subjection required completed my disgust, and I never set foot in the office without feeling a kind of horror, which every day gained fresh strength.

Mr. Masseron, who was not better pleased with my abilities than I was with the employment, treated me with disdain, incessantly upbraiding me with being a fool and blockhead, not forgetting to repeat, that my uncle had assured him I was a knowing one, though he could not find that I knew anything. That he had promised to furnish him with a sprightly boy, but had, in truth, sent him an ass. To conclude, I was turned out of the registry, with the additional ignominy of being pronounced a fool by all Mr. Masseron's clerks, and fit only to handle a file.

My vocation thus determined, I was bound apprentice; not, however, to a watchmaker, but to an engraver, and I had been so completely humiliated by the contempt of the register, that I submitted without a murmur. My master, whose name was M. Ducommon, was a young man of a very violent and boorish character, who contrived in a short time to tarnish all the amiable qualities of my childhood, to stupefy a disposition naturally sprightly, and reduce my feelings, as well as my condition, to an absolute state of servitude. I forgot my Latin, history and antiquities; I could hardly recollect whether such people as Romans ever existed. When I visited

my father, he no longer beheld his idol, nor could the ladies recognize the gallant Jean Jacques; nay, I was so well convinced that Mr. and Miss Lambercier would scarce receive me as their pupil, that I endeavored to avoid their company, and from that time have never seen them. The vilest inclinations, the basest actions, succeeded my amiable amusements and even obliterated the very remembrance of them. I must have had, in spite of my good education, a great propensity to degenerate, else the declension could not have followed with such ease and rapidity, for never did so promising a Cæsar so quickly become a Laradon.

The art itself did not displease me. I had a lively taste for drawing. There was nothing displeasing in the exercise of the graver; and as it required no very extraordinary abilities to attain perfection as a watchcase engraver, I hoped to arrive at it. Perhaps I should have accomplished my design, if unreasonable restraint, added to the brutality of my master, had not rendered my business disgusting. I wasted his time, and employed myself in engraving medals, which served me and my companions as a kind of insignia for a new invented order of chivalry, and though this differed very little from my usual employ, I considered it as a relaxation. Unfortunately, my master caught me at this contraband labor, and a severe beating was the consequence. He reproached me at the same time with attempting to make counterfeit money because our medals bore the arms of the Republic, though, I can truly aver, I had no conception of false money, and very little of the true, knowing better how to make a Roman As than one of our threepenny pieces.

My master's tyranny rendered insupportable that labor I should otherwise have loved, and drove me to vices I naturally despised, such as falsehood, idleness, and theft. Nothing ever gave me a clearer demonstration of the difference between filial dependence and abject slavery, than the remembrance of the change produced in me at that period. Hitherto I had enjoyed a reasonable liberty; this I had suddenly lost. I was enterprising at my father's, free at Mr. Lambercier's, discreet at my uncle's; but, with my master, I became fearful, and from that moment my mind was vitiated. Accustomed to live on terms of perfect equality, to be witness of no pleasures

I could not command, to see no dish I was not to partake of, or be sensible of a desire I might not express; to be able to bring every wish of my heart to my lips—what a transition! —at my master's I was scarce allowed to speak, was forced to quit the table without tasting what I most longed for, and the room when I had nothing particular to do there; was incessantly confined to my work, while the liberty my master and his journeymen enjoyed, served only to increase the weight of my subjection.

Thus I learned to covet, dissemble, lie, and, at length, to steal, a propensity I never felt the least idea of before, though since that time I have never been able entirely to divest myself of it. Desire and inability united naturally led to this vice, which is the reason pilfering is so common among footmen and apprentices, though the latter, as they grow up, and find themselves in a situation where everything is at their command, lose this shameful propensity. As I never experienced the advantage, I never enjoyed the benefit.

Good sentiments, ill-directed, frequently lead children into vice. Notwithstanding my continual wants and temptations, it was more than a year before I could resolve to take even eatables. My first theft was occasioned by complaisance, but it was productive of others which had not so plausible an excuse.

I recollect an attempt to procure some apples, which was attended with circumstances that make me smile and shudder even at this instant. The fruit was standing in the pantry, which by a lattice at a considerable height received light from the kitchen. One day, being alone in the house, I climbed up to see these precious apples, which being out of my reach, made this pantry appear the garden of Hesperides. I fetched the spit—tried if it would reach them—it was too short—I lengthened it with a small one which was used for game,—my master being very fond of hunting, darted at them several times without success; at length was more fortunate; being transported to find I was bringing up an apple, I drew it gently to the lattice—was going to seize it when (who can express my grief and astonishment!) I found it would not pass through—it was too large. I tried every expedient to accomplish my design, sought supporters to keep the spits in

the same position, a knife to divide the apple, and a lath to hold it with; at length, I so far succeeded as to effect the division, and made no doubt of drawing the pieces through; but it was scarcely separated, (compassionate reader, sympathize with my affliction) when both pieces, as luck would have it, fell into the pantry.

Though I lost time by this experiment, I did not lose courage, but, dreading a surprise, I put off the attempt till next day, when I hoped to be more successful, and returned to my work as if nothing had happened, without once thinking of what the two obvious witnesses I had left in the pantry deposed against me.

The next day (a fine opportunity offering) I renew the trial. I fasten the spits together; get on the stool; take aim; am just going to dart at my prey—unfortunately the dragon did not sleep; the pantry door opens, my master makes his appearance, and, looking up, exclaims, "Bravo!"—The horror of that moment returns—the pen drops from my hand.

A continual repetition of ill treatment rendered me callous; it seemed a kind of composition for my crimes, which authorized me to continue them, and, instead of looking back at the punishment, I looked forward to revenge. Being beat like a slave, I judged I had a right to all the vices of one. I was convinced that to rob and be punished were inseparable, and constituted, if I may so express myself, a kind of traffic, in which, if I perform my part of the bargain, my master would take care not to be deficient in his; that preliminary settled, I applied myself to thieving with great tranquillity, and whenever this interrogatory occurred to my mind, "What will be the consequence?" the reply was ready, "I know the worst, I shall be beat; no matter, I was made for it."

I love good eating; am sensual, but not greedy; I have such a variety of inclinations to gratify, that this can never predominate; and unless my heart is unoccupied, which very rarely happens, I pay but little attention to my appetite; to purloining eatables, but extended this propensity to everything I wished to possess, and if I did not become a robber in form, it was only because money never tempted me.

My master had a closet in the workshop, which he kept locked; this I contrived to open and shut as often as I pleased,

and laid his best tools, fine drawings, impressions, in a word, everything he wished to keep from me, under contribution.

These thefts were so far innocent, that they were always employed in his service, but I was transported at having the trifles in my possession, and imagined I stole the art with its productions. Besides what I have mentioned, his boxes contained threads of gold and silver, a number of small jewels, valuable medals, and money; yet, though I seldom had five sous in my pocket, I do not recollect ever having cast a wishful look at them; on the contrary, I beheld these valuables rather with terror than with delight.

I am convinced the dread of taking money was, in a great measure, the effect of education. There was mingled with the idea of it the fear of infamy, a prison, punishment, and death: had I even felt the temptation, these objects would have made me tremble; whereas my failings appeared a species of waggery, and, in truth, they were little else; they could but occasion a good trimming, and this I was already prepared for. A sheet of fine drawing paper was a greater temptation than money sufficient to have purchased a ream. This unreasonable caprice is connected with one of the most striking singularities of my character, and has so far influenced my conduct, that it requires a particular explanation.

My passions are extremely violent; while under their influence, nothing can equal my impetuosity; I am an absolute stranger to discretion, respect, fear, or decorum; rude, saucy, violent, and intrepid: no shame can stop, no danger intimidate me. My mind is frequently so engrossed by a single object, that beyond it the whole world is not worth a thought; this is the enthusiasm of a moment, the next, perhaps, I am plunged in a state of annihilation. Take me in my moments of tranquillity, I am indolence and timidity itself; a word to speak, the least trifle to perform, appear an intolerable labor; everything alarms and terrifies me; the very buzzing of a fly will make me shudder; I am so subdued by fear and shame, that I would gladly shield myself from mortal view.

When obliged to exert myself, I am ignorant what to do! when forced to speak, I am at a loss for words; and if any one looks at me, I am instantly out of countenance. If animated with my subject, I express my thoughts with ease, but,

in ordinary conversations, I can say nothing—absolutely nothing; and, being obliged to speak, renders them insupportable.

I may add, that none of my predominant inclinations center in those pleasures which are to be purchased: money empoisons my delight; I must have them unadulterated; I love those of the table, for instance, but cannot endure the restraints of good company, or the intemperance of taverns; I can enjoy them only with a friend, for alone it is equally impossible; my imagination is then so occupied with other things, that I find no pleasure in eating. Women who are to be purchased have no charms for me; my beating heart cannot be satisfied without affection; it is the same with every other enjoyment, if not truly disinterested, they are absolutely insipid; in a word, I am fond of those things which are only estimable to minds formed for the peculiar enjoyment of them.

I never thought money so desirable as it is usually imagined; if you would enjoy you must transform it; and this transformation is frequently attended with inconvenience; you must bargain, purchase, pay dear, be badly served, and often duped. I buy an egg, am assured it is new-laid—I find it stale; fruit in its utmost perfection—'tis absolutely green. I love good wine, but where shall I get it? Not at my wine merchant's—he will poison me to a certainty. I wish to be universally respected; how shall I compass my design? I must make friends, send messages, write letters, come, go, wait, and be frequently deceived. Money is the perpetual source of uneasiness; I fear it more than I love good wine.

Had I ever possessed a moderate independence, I am convinced I should have had no propensity to become avaricious. I should have required no more, and cheerfully lived up to my income; but my precarious situation has constantly and necessarily kept me in fear. I love liberty, and I loathe constraint, dependence, and all their kindred annoyances. As long as my purse contains money it secures my independence, and exempts me from the trouble of seeking other money, a trouble of which I have always had a perfect horror; and the dread of seeing the end of my independence, makes me proportionately unwilling to part with my money. The money that we possess is the instrument of liberty, that which we

lack and strive to obtain is the instrument of slavery. Thence it is that I hold fast to aught that I have, and yet covet nothing more.

My disinterestedness, then, is in reality only idleness, the pleasure of possessing is not in my estimation worth the trouble of acquiring: and my dissipation is only another form of idleness; when we have an opportunity of disbursing pleasantly we should make the best possible use of it.

I am less tempted by money than by other objects, because between the moment of possessing the money and that of using it to obtain the desired object there is always an interval, however short; whereas to possess the thing is to enjoy it. I see a thing and it tempts me; but if I see not the thing itself but only the means of acquiring it, I am not tempted. Therefore it is that I have been a pilferer, and am so even now, in the way of mere trifles to which I take a fancy, and which I find it easier to take than to ask for; but I never in my life recollect having taken a farthing from any one, except about fifteen years ago, when I stole seven francs and ten sous. The story is worth recounting, as it exhibits a concurrence of ignorance and stupidity I should scarcely credit, did it relate to any but myself.

It was in Paris: I was walking with M. de Franceul at the Palais Royal; he pulled out his watch, he looked at it, and said to me, "Suppose we go to the opera?"—"With all my heart." We go: he takes two box tickets, gives me one, and enters himself with the other; I follow, find the door crowded; and, looking in, see every one standing; judging, therefore, that M. de Franceul might suppose me concealed by the company, I go out, ask for my ticket, and, getting the money returned, leave the house, without considering, that by then I had reached the door every one would be seated, and M. de Franceul might readily perceive I was not there.

As nothing could be more opposite to my natural inclination than this abominable meanness, I note it, to show there are moments of delirium when men ought not to be judged by their actions: this was not stealing the money, it was only stealing the use of it, and was the more infamous for wanting the excuse of a temptation.

I should never end these accounts, was I to describe all the

gradations through which I passed, during my apprenticeship, from the sublimity of a hero to the baseness of a villain. Though I entered into most of the vices of my situation, I had no relish for its pleasures; the amusements of my companions were displeasing, and when too much restraint had made my business wearisome, I had nothing to amuse me. This renewed my taste for reading which had long been neglected. I thus committed a fresh offense, books made me neglect my work, and brought on additional punishment, while inclination, strengthened by constraint, became an unconquerable passion. La Tribu, a well-known librarian, furnished me with all kinds; good or bad, I perused them with avidity, and without discrimination.

It will be said: "At length, then, money became necessary" —true; but this happened at a time when a taste for study had deprived me both of resolution and activity; totally occupied by this new inclination, I only wished to read, I robbed no longer. This is another of my peculiarities; a mere nothing frequently calls me off from what I appear the most attached to; I give in to the new idea; it becomes a passion, and immediately every former desire is forgotten.

The frequent blows I received from my master, with my private and ill-chosen studies, rendered me reserved, unsociable, and almost deranged my reason. Though my taste had not preserved me from silly unmeaning books, by good fortune I was a stranger to licentious or obscene ones; not that La Tribu (who was very accommodating) had any scruple of lending these, on the contrary, to enhance their worth she spoke of them with an air of mystery; this produced an effect she had not foreseen, for both shame and disgust made me constantly refuse them. Chance so well seconded my bashful disposition, that I was past the age of thirty before I saw any of those dangerous compositions.

In less than a year I had exhausted La Tribu's scanty library, and was unhappy for want of further amusement. My reading, though frequently bad, had worn off my childish follies, and brought back my heart to nobler sentiments than my condition had inspired; meantime disgusted with all within my reach, and thinking everything charming that was out of it, my present situation appeared extremely miser-

able. My passions began to acquire strength, I felt their influence, without knowing whither they would conduct me. I sometimes, indeed, thought of my former follies, but sought no further.

At this time my imagination took a turn which helped to calm my increasing emotions; it was, to contemplate those situations in the books I had read, which produced the most striking effect on my mind; to recall, combine, and apply them to myself in such a manner, as to become one of the personages my recollection presented, and be continually in those fancied circumstances which were most agreeable to my inclinations; in a word, by contriving to place myself in these fictitious situations, the idea of my real one was in a great measure obliterated.

Thus I attained my sixteenth year, uneasy, discontented with myself and everything that surrounded me; displeased with my occupation; without enjoying the pleasures common to my age, weeping without a cause, sighing I knew not why, and fond of my chimerical ideas for want of more valuable realities.

Every Sunday, after sermon-time, my companions came to fetch me out, wishing me to partake of their diversions. I would willingly have been excused, but when once engaged in amusement, I was more animated and enterprising than any of them; it was equally difficult to engage or restrain me; indeed, this was ever a leading trait in my character. In our country walks I was ever foremost, and never thought of returning till reminded by some of my companions. I was twice obliged to be from my master's the whole night, the city gates having been shut before I could reach them. The reader may imagine what treatment this procured me the following mornings; but I was promised such a reception for the third, that I made a firm resolution never to expose myself to the danger of it. Notwithstanding my determination, I repeated this dreaded transgression, my vigilance having been rendered useless by a cursed captain, named M. Minutoli, who, when on guard, always shut the gate he had charge of an hour before the usual time. I was returning home with my two companions, and had got within half a league of the city, when I heard them beat the tattoo; I redouble my

pace, I run with my utmost speed, I approach the bridge, see the soldiers already at their posts, I call out to them in a suffocated voice—it is too late; I am twenty paces from the guard, the first bridge is already drawn up, and I tremble to see those terrible horns advanced in the air which announce the fatal and inevitable destiny, which from this moment began to pursue me.

I threw myself on the glacis in a transport of despair, while my companions, who only laughed at the accident, immediately determined what to do. My resolution, though different from theirs, was equally sudden; on the spot, I swore never to return to my master's, and the next morning, when my companions entered the city, I bade them an eternal adieu, conjuring them at the same time to inform my cousin Bernard of my resolution, and the place where he might see me for the last time.

Before I abandon myself to the fatality of my destiny, let me contemplate for a moment the prospect that awaited me had I fallen into the hands of a better master. Nothing could have been more agreeable to my disposition, or more likely to confer happiness, than the peaceful condition of a good artificer, in so respectable a line as engravers are considered at Geneva. I could have obtained an easy subsistence, if not a fortune; this would have bounded my ambition; I should have had means to indulge in moderate pleasures, and should have continued in my natural sphere, without meeting with any temptation to go beyond it. Having an imagination sufficiently fertile to embellish with its chimeras every situation, and powerful enough to transport me from one to another, it was immaterial in which I was fixed: that was best adapted to me, which, requiring the least care or exertion, left the mind most at liberty; and this happiness I should have enjoyed. In my native country, in the bosom of my religion, family and friends, I should have passed a calm and peaceful life, in the uniformity of a pleasing occupation, and among connections dear to my heart. I should have been a good Christian, a good citizen, a good friend, a good man. I should have relished my condition, perhaps have been an honor to it, and after having passed a life of happy obscurity, surrounded by my family, I should have died at peace. Soon

it may be forgotten, but while remembered it would have been with tenderness and regret.

Instead of this—what a picture am I about to draw!—Alas! why should I anticipate the miseries I have endured? The reader will have but too much of the melancholy subject.

BOOK II

THE moment in which fear had instigated my flight, did not seem more terrible than that wherein I put my design in execution appeared delightful. To leave my relations, my resources, while yet a child, in the midst of my apprenticeship, before I had learned enough of my business to obtain a subsistence; to run on inevitable misery and danger: to expose myself in that age of weakness and innocence to all the temptations of vice and despair; to set out in search of errors, misfortunes, snares, slavery, and death; to endure more intolerable evils than those I meant to shun, was the picture I should have drawn, the natural consequence of my hazardous enterprise. How different was the idea I entertained of it!—The independence I seemed to possess was the sole object of my contemplation; having obtained my liberty, I thought everything attainable: I entered with confidence on the vast theater of the world, which my merit was to captivate: at every step I expected to find amusements, treasures, and adventures; friends ready to serve, and mistresses eager to please me; I had but to show myself, and the whole universe would be interested in my concerns; not but I could have been content with something less.

In expectation of this modest fortune, I passed a few days in the environs of the city, with some country people of my acquaintance, who received me with more kindness than I should have met with in town; they welcomed, lodged, and fed me cheerfully; I could be said to live on charity, these favors were not conferred with a sufficient appearance of superiority to furnish out the idea.

I rambled about in this manner till I got to Confignon, in Savoy, at about two leagues' distance from Geneva. The vicar was called M. de Pontverre; this name, so famous in the history of the Republic, caught my attention; I was curious to see what appearance the descendants of the gentle-

men of the spoon exhibited; I went, therefore, to visit this M. de Pontverre, and was received with great civility.

He spoke of the heresy of Geneva, declaimed on the authority of holy mother church, and then invited me to dinner. I had little to object to arguments which had so desirable a conclusion, and was inclined to believe that priests, who gave such excellent dinners, might be as good as our ministers. Notwithstanding M. de Pontverre's pedigree, I certainly possessed most learning; but I rather sought to be a good companion than an expert theologian; and his Frangi wine, which I thought delicious, argued so powerfully on his side, that I should have blushed at silencing so kind a host; I, therefore, yielded him the victory, or rather declined the contest. Any one who had observed my precaution would certainly have pronounced me a dissembler, though, in fact, I was only courteous.

Reason, piety, and love of order, certainly demanded that instead of being encouraged in my folly, I should have been dissuaded from the ruin I was courting, and sent back to my family; and this conduct any one that was actuated by genuine virtue would have pursued; but it should be observed that though M. de Pontverre was a religious man, he was not a virtuous one, but a bigot, who knew no virtue except worshiping images and telling his beads, in a word, a kind of missionary, who thought the height of merit consisted in writing libels against the ministers of Geneva. Far from wishing to send me back, he endeavored to favor my escape, and put it out of my power to return even had I been so disposed. It was a thousand to one but he was sending me to perish with hunger, or become a villain; but all this was foreign to his purpose; he saw a soul snatched from heresy, and restored to the bosom of the church: whether I was an honest man or a knave was very immaterial, provided I went to mass.

This ridiculous mode of thinking is not peculiar to Catholics; it is the voice of every dogmatical persuasion where merit consists in belief, and not in virtue.

"You are called by the Almighty," said M. de Pontverre; "go to Annecy, where you will find a good and charitable lady, whom the bounty of the king enables to turn souls from

those errors she has happily renounced." He spoke of a Madam de Warrens, a new convert, to whom the priests contrived to send those wretches who were disposed to sell their faith, and with these she was in a manner constrained to share a pension of two thousand francs bestowed on her by the King of Sardinia. I felt myself extremely humiliated at being supposed to want the assistance of a good and *charitable* lady. I had no objection to be accommodated with everything I stood in need of, but did not wish to receive it on the footing of charity, and to owe this obligation to a devotee was still worse; notwithstanding my scruples the persuasions of M. de Pontverre, the dread of perishing with hunger, the pleasures I promised myself from the journey, and hope of obtaining some desirable situation, determined me; and I set out though reluctantly, for Annecy. I could easily have reached it in a day, but being in no great haste to arrive there, it took me three. My head was filled with the ideas of adventures, and I approached every country-seat I saw in my way, in expectation of having them realized. I had too much timidity to knock at the doors, or even enter if I saw them open, but I did what I dared—which was to sing under those windows that I thought had the most favorable appearance; and was very much disconcerted to find I wasted my breath to no purpose, and that neither old nor young ladies were attracted by the melody of my voice, or the wit of my poetry, though some songs my companions had taught me I thought excellent and that I sung them incomparably. At length I arrived at Annecy, and saw Madam de Warrens.

As this period of my life, in a great measure, determined my character, I could not resolve to pass it lightly over. I was in the middle of my sixteenth year, and though I could not be called handsome, was well made for my height; I had a good foot, a well turned leg, and animated countenance; a well proportioned mouth, black hair and eyebrows, and my eyes, though small and rather too far in my head, sparkling with vivacity, darted that innate fire which inflamed my blood; unfortunately for me, I knew nothing of all this, never having bestowed a single thought on my person till it was too late to be of any service to me. The timidity common to my age was heightened by a natural benevolence, which made

me dread the idea of giving pain. Though my mind had received some cultivation, having seen nothing of the world, I was an absolute stranger to polite address, and my mental acquisitions, so far from supplying this defect, only served to increase my embarrassment, by making me sensible of every deficiency.

Depending little, therefore, on external appearances, I had recourse to other expedients: I wrote a most elaborate letter, where, mingling all the flowers of rhetoric which I had borrowed from books with the phrases of an apprentice, I endeavored to strike the attention, and insure the good will of Madam de Warrens. I enclosed M. de Pontverre's letter in my own and waited on the lady with a heart palpitating with fear and expectation. It was Palm Sunday, of the year 1728; I was informed she was that moment gone to church; I hasten after her, overtake, and speak to her.—The place is yet fresh in my memory—how can it be otherwise? often have I moistened it with my tears and covered it with kisses.—Why cannot I enclose with gold the happy spot, and render it the object of universal veneration? Whoever wishes to honor monuments of human salvation would only approach it on their knees.

It was a passage at the back of the house, bordered on the left hand by a little rivulet, which separated it from the garden, and, on the right, by the court yard wall; at the end was a private door which opened into the church of the Cordeliers. Madam de Warrens was just passing this door; but on hearing my voice, instantly turned about. What an effect did the sight of her produce! I expected to see a devout, forbidding old woman; M. de Pontverre's pious and worthy lady could be no other in my conception; instead of which, I see a face beaming with charms, fine blue eyes full of sweetness, a complexion whose whiteness dazzled the sight, the form of an enchanting neck, nothing escaped the eager eye of the young proselyte; for that instant I was hers!—a religion preached by such missionaries must lead to paradise!

My letter was presented with a trembling hand; she took it with a smile—opened it, glanced an eye over M. de Pontverre's and again returned to mine, which she read through and would have read again, had not the footman that instant

informed her that service was beginning—"Child," said she, in a tone of voice which made every nerve vibrate, "you are wandering about at an early age—it is really a pity!"—and without waiting for an answer, added—"Go to my house, bid them give you something for breakfast, after mass, I will speak to you."

Let those who deny the existence of a sympathy of souls, explain, if they know how, why the first glance, the first word of Madam de Warrens inspired me, not only with a lively attachment, but with the most unbounded confidence, which has since known no abatement.

What could be done for me, was the present question, and in order to discuss the point with greater freedom, she made me dine with her. This was the first meal in my life where I had experienced a want of appetite, and her woman, who waited, observed it was the first time she had seen a traveler of my age and appearance deficient in that particular: this remark, which did me no injury in the opinion of her mistress, fell hard on an overgrown clown, who was my fellow guest, and devoured sufficient to have served at least six moderate feeders. For me, I was too much charmed to think of eating; my heart began to imbibe a delicious sensation, which engrossed my whole being, and left no room for other objects.

Madam de Warrens wished to hear the particulars of my little history—all the vivacity I had lost during my servitude returned and assisted the recital. In proportion to the interest this excellent woman took in my story, did she lament the fate to which I had exposed myself; compassion was painted on her features, and expressed by every action. I was resolved not to return. Madam de Warrens, seeing her endeavors would be fruitless, became less explicit, and only added, with an air of commiseration, "Poor child! thou must go where Providence directs thee, but one day thou wilt think of me."—I believe she had no conception at that time how fatally her prediction would be verified.

The difficulty still remained how I was to gain a subsistence. I have already observed that I knew too little of engraving for that to furnish my resource, and had I been more expert, Savoy was too poor a country to give much encourage-

ment to the arts. The above-mentioned glutton, who eat for us as well as himself, being obliged to pause in order to gain some relaxation from the fatigue of it, imparted a piece of advice, which, according to him, came express from Heaven; though to judge by its effects it appeared to have been dictated from a direct contrary quarter: this was that I should go to Turin, where, in a hospital instituted for the instruction of catechumens, I should find food, both spiritual and temporal, be reconciled to the bosom of the church, and meet with some charitable Christians, who would make it a point to procure me a situation that would turn to my advantage. "In regard to the expenses of the journey," continued our advisor, "his grace, my lord bishop, will not be backward, when once madam has proposed this holy work, to offer his charitable donation, and madam, the baroness, whose charity is so well known," once more addressing himself to the continuation of his meal, "will certainly contribute."

I was by no means pleased with all these charities; I said nothing, but my heart was ready to burst with vexation. Madam de Warrens, who did not seem to think so highly of this expedient as the projector pretended to do, contented herself by saying, every one should endeavor to promote good actions, and that she would mention it to his lordship; but the meddling devil, who had some private interest in this affair, and questioned whether she would urge it to his satisfaction, took care to acquaint the almoners with my story, and so far influenced those good priests, that when Madam de Warrens, who disliked the journey on my account, mentioned it to the bishop, she found it so far concluded on, that he immediately put into her hands the money designed for my little viaticum. She dared not advance anything against it; I was approaching an age when a women like her could not, with any propriety, appear anxious to retain me.

My departure being thus determined by those who undertook the management of my concerns, I had only to submit; and I did it without much repugnance.

He who suggested the journey was to set off in two days with his wife. I was recommended to their care; they were likewise made my purse-bearers, which had been augmented by Madam de Warrens, who, not contented with these kind-

nesses, added secretly a pecuniary reënforcement, attended with the most ample instructions, and we departed on the Wednesday before Easter.

The day following, my father arrived at Annecy, accompanied by his friend, a Mr. Rival, who was likewise a watchmaker; he was a man of sense and letters, who wrote better verses than La Motte, and spoke almost as well; what is still more to his praise, he was a man of the strictest integrity, but whose taste for literature only served to make one of his sons a comedian. Having traced me to the house of Madam de Warrens, they contented themselves with lamenting, like her, my fate, instead of overtaking me, which, (as they were on horseback and I on foot) they might have accomplished with the greatest ease.

My uncle Bernard did the same thing, he arrived at Consignon, received information that I was gone to Annecy, and immediately returned back to Geneva; thus my nearest relations seemed to have conspired with my adverse stars to consign me to misery and ruin. By a similar negligence, my brother was so entirely lost, that it was never known what was become of him.

I went on gayly with my pious guide and his hopeful companion, no sinister accident impeding our journey. I was in the happiest circumstances both of mind and body that I ever recollect having experienced; young, full of health and security, placing unbounded confidence in myself and others; in that short but charming moment of human life, whose expansive energy carries, if I may so express myself, our being to the utmost extent of our sensations, embellishing all nature with an inexpressible charm, flowing from the conscious and rising enjoyment of our existence.

My pleasing inquietudes became less wandering: I had now an object on which imagination could fix. I looked on myself as the work, the pupil, the friend, almost the lover of Madam de Warrens.

In the whole course of my life I cannot recollect an interval more perfectly exempt from care, than the seven or eight days I was passing from Annecy to Turin.

It was only in my happiest days that I traveled on foot, and ever with the most unbounded satisfaction; afterwards,

occupied with business and encumbered with baggage, I was forced to act the gentleman and employ a carriage, where care, embarrassment, and restraint, were sure to be my companions, and instead of being delighted with the journey, I only wished to arrive at the place of destination.

My regret at arriving so soon at Turin was compensated by the pleasure of viewing a large city, and the hope of figuring there in a conspicuous character, for my brain already began to be intoxicated with the fumes of ambition; my present situation appeared infinitely above that of an apprentice, and I was far from foreseeing how soon I should be much below it.

My money was all gone, even that I had secretly received from Madam de Warrens: I had been so indiscreet as to divulge this secret, and my conductors had taken care to profit by it.

I took care in the first place to deliver the letters I was charged with, and was presently conducted to the hospital of the catechumens, to be instructed in that religion, for which, in return, I was to receive subsistence. On entering, I passed an iron-barred gate, which was immediately double-locked on me; this beginning was by no means calculated to give me a favorable opinion of my situation. I was then conducted to a large apartment, whose furniture consisted of a wooden altar at the farther end, on which was a large crucifix, and round it several indifferent chairs, of the same materials. In this hall of audience were assembled four or five ill-looking banditti, my comrades in instruction, who would rather have been taken for trusty servants of the devil than candidates for the kingdom of heaven. Two of these fellows were Sclavonians, but gave out they were African Jews, and (as they assured me) had run through Spain and Italy, embracing the Christian faith, and being baptized wherever they thought it worth their labor.

Soon after they opened another iron gate, which divided a large balcony that overlooked a court yard, and by this avenue entered our sister catechumens, who, like me, were going to be regenerated, not by baptism but a solemn abjuration.

This hopeful community were assembled in honor of the newcomer; when our guides made us a short exhortation: I was conjured to be obedient to the grace that Heaven had be-

stowed on me; the rest were admonished to assist me with their prayers, and give me edification by their good example. Our virgins then retired to another apartment, and I was left to contemplate, at leisure, that wherein I found myself.

The next morning we were again assembled for instruction: I now began to reflect, for the first time, on the step I was about to take, and the circumstances which had led me to it.

It is understood, I believe, that a child, or even a man, is likely to be most sincere while persevering in that religion in whose belief he was born and educated; we frequently detract from, seldom make any additions to it: dogmatical faith is the effect of education. In addition to this general principle which attached me to the religion of my forefathers, I had that particular aversion our city entertains for Catholicism, which is represented there as the most monstrous idolatry, and whose clergy are painted in the blackest colors.

I shuddered at the engagement I had entered into, and its inevitable consequences. The future neophytes with which I was surrounded were not calculated to sustain my courage by their example, and I could not help considering the holy work I was about to perform as the action of a villain. Though young, I was sufficiently convinced, that whatever religion might be the true one, I was about to sell mine; and even should I chance to choose the best, I lied to the Holy Ghost, and merited the disdain of every good man. The more I considered, the more I despised myself, and tremble at the fate which had led me into such a predicament, as if my present situation had not been of my own seeking. There were moments when these compunctions were so strong that had I found the door open but for an instant, I should certainly have made my escape; but this was impossible, nor was the resolution of any long duration, being combated by too many secret motives to stand any chance of gaining the victory.

My fixed determination not to return to Geneva, the shame that would attend it, the difficulty of repassing the mountains, at a distance from my country, without friends, and without resources, everything concurred to make me consider my remorse of conscience, as a too late repentance. I affected to reproach myself for what I had done, to seek excuses for that I intended to do, and by aggravating the errors of the past,

looked on the future as an inevitable consequence. I did not say, nothing is yet done, and you may be innocent if you please; but I said, tremble at the crime thou hast committed, which hath reduced thee to the necessity of filling up the measure of thine iniquities.

It required more resolution than was natural to my age to revoke those expectations which I had given them reason to entertain, break those chains with which I was enthralled, and resolutely declare I would continue in the religion of my forefathers, whatever might be the consequence. The affair was already too far advanced, and spite of all my efforts they would have made a point of bringing it to a conclusion.

The sophism which ruined me has had a similar effect on the greater part of mankind, who lament the want of resolution when the opportunity for exercising it is over. The practice of virtue is only difficult from our own negligence; were we always discreet, we should seldom have occasion for any painful exertion of it; we are captivated by desires we might readily surmount, give into temptations that might easily be resisted, and insensibly get into embarrassing, perilous situations, from which we cannot extricate ourselves but with the utmost difficulty; intimidated by the effort, we fall into the abyss, saying to the Almighty, why hast thou made us such weak creatures? But, notwithstanding our vain pretexts, He replies, by our consciences, I formed ye too weak to get out of the gulf, because I gave ye sufficient strength not to have fallen into it.

I was not absolutely resolved to become a Catholic, but, as it was not necessary to declare my intentions immediately, I gradually accustomed myself to the idea; hoping, meantime, that some unforeseen event would extricate me from my embarrassment. In order to gain time, I resolved to make the best defense I possibly could in favor of my own opinion; but my vanity soon rendered this resolution unnecessary, for on finding I frequently embarrassed those who had the care of my instruction, I wished to heighten my triumph by giving them a complete overthrow, I zealously pursued my plan, not without the ridiculous hope of being able to convert my converters; for I was simple enough to believe, that could I convince them of their errors, they would become Protestants;

they did not find, therefore, that facility in the work which they had expected, as I differed both in regard to will and knowledge from the opinion they had entertained of me.

Meanwhile the hospital became every day more disagreeable to me, and seeing but one way to get out of it, I endeavored to hasten my abjuration with as much eagerness as I had hitherto sought to retard it.

At length, sufficiently instructed and disposed to the will of my masters, I was led in procession to the metropolitan church of St. John, to make a solemn abjuration, and undergo a ceremony made use of on these occasions, which, though not baptism, is very similar, and serves to persuade the people that Protestants are not Christians. I was clothed in a kind of gray robe, decorated with white Brandenburgs. Two men, one behind, the other before me, carried copper basins which they kept striking with a key, and in which those who were charitably disposed put their alms, according as they found themselves influenced by religion or good will for the new convert; in a word, nothing of Catholic pageantry was omitted that could render the solemnity edifying to the populace, or humiliating to me. The white dress might have been serviceable, but as I had not the honor to be either Moor or Jew, they did not think fit to compliment me with it.

The affair did not end here, I must now go to the Inquisition to be absolved from the dreadful sin of heresy, and return to the bosom of the church with the same ceremony to which Henry the Fourth was subjected by his ambassador.

All these ceremonies ended, the very moment I flattered myself I should be plentifully provided for, they exhorted me to continue a good Christian, and live in obedience to the grace I had received; then wishing me good fortune, with rather more than twenty francs of small money in my pocket, the produce of the above-mentioned collection, turned me out, shut the door on me, and I saw no more of them!

Thus, in a moment, all my flattering expectations were at an end; and nothing remained from my interested conversion but the remembrance of having been made both a dupe and an apostate. It is easy to imagine what a sudden revolution was produced in my ideas, when every brilliant expectation of making a fortune terminated by seeing myself plunged

in the completest misery. In the morning I was deliberating what palace I should inhabit, before night I was reduced to seek my lodging in the street. It may be supposed that I gave myself up to the most violent transports of despair, rendered more bitter by a consciousness that my own folly had reduced me to these extremities; but the truth is, I experienced none of these disagreeable sensations. I had passed two months in absolute confinement; this was new to me; I was now emancipated, and the sentiment I felt most forcibly, was joy at my recovered liberty.

It was time to seek a lodging: as I already knew enough of the Piedmontese language to make myself understood, this was a work of no great difficulty; and I had so much prudence that I wished to adapt it rather to the state of my purse than the bent of my inclinations. In the course of my inquiries, I was informed that a soldier's wife, in Po-street, furnished lodgings to servants out of place at only one sou a night and finding one of her poor beds disengaged, I took possession of it. She was young and newly married, though she already had five or six children. Mother, children and lodgers, all slept in the same chamber, and it continued thus while I remained there. She was good-natured, swore like a carman, and wore neither cap nor handkerchief; but she had a gentle heart, was officious; and to me both kind and serviceable.

For several days I gave myself up to the pleasures of independence and curiosity; I continued wandering about the city and its environs, examining every object that seemed curious or new; and, indeed, most things had that appearance to a young novice. I never omitted visiting the court, and assisted regularly every morning at the king's mass. I thought it a great honor to be in the same chapel with this prince and his retinue; but my passion for music, which now began to make its appearance, was a greater incentive than the splendor of the court, which, soon seen and always the same, presently lost its attraction.

Though I lived with the strictest economy, my purse insensibly grew lighter. This economy was, however, less the effect of prudence than that love of simplicity, which, even to this day, the use of the most expensive tables has not been

able to vitiate. Nothing in my idea, either at that time or since, could exceed a rustic repast; give me milk, vegetables, eggs, and brown bread, with tolerable wine and I shall always think myself sumptuously regaled. Notwithstanding my expenses were very moderate, it was possible to see the end of twenty livres; I was every day more convinced of this, and, spite of the giddiness of youth, my apprehensions for the future amounted almost to terror. All my castles in the air were vanished, and I became sensible of the necessity of seeking some occupation that would procure me a subsistence.

Even this was a work of difficulty; I thought of my engraving, but knew too little of it to be employed as a journeyman, nor do masters abound in Turin; I resolved, therefore, till something better presented itself, to go from shop to shop, offering to engrave ciphers, or coats of arms, on pieces of plate, etc., and hoped to get employment by working at a low price; or taking what they chose to give me. Even this expedient did not answer my expectations; almost all my applications were ineffectual, the little I procured being hardly sufficient to produce a few scanty meals.

Walking one morning pretty early in the *Contra nova,* I saw a young tradeswoman behind a counter, whose looks were so charmingly attractive, that, notwithstanding my timidity with the ladies, I entered the shop without hesitation, offered my services as usual, and had the happiness to have it accepted. She made me sit down and recite my little history, pitied my forlorn situation; bade me be cheerful, and endeavored to make me so by an assurance that every good Christian would give me assistance; then (while she had occasion for) she went up stairs and fetched me something for breakfast. This seemed a promising beginning, nor was what followed less flattering: she was satisfied with my work, and, when I had a little recovered myself, still more with my discourse. She was rather elegantly dressed and notwithstanding her gentle looks this appearance of gayety had disconcerted me; but her good-nature, the compassionate tone of her voice, with her gentle and caressing manner, soon set me at ease with myself; I saw my endeavors to please were crowned with success, and this assurance made me succeed

the more. Though an Italian, and too pretty to be entirely devoid of coquetry, she had so much modesty, and I so great a share of timidity, that our adventure was not likely to be brought to a very speedy conclusion, nor did they give us time to make any good of it. I cannot recall the few short moments I passed with this lovely woman without being sensible of an inexpressible charm, and can yet say, it was there I tasted in their utmost perfection the most delightful, as well as the purest pleasures of love.

I did not feel the same real and tender respect for her as I did for Madam de Warrens: I was embarrassed, agitated, feared to look, and hardly dared to breathe in her presence, yet to have left her would have been worse than death: How fondly did my eyes devour whatever they could gaze on without being perceived! the flowers on her gown, the point of her pretty foot, the interval of a round white arm that appeared between her glove and ruffle, the least part of her neck, each object increased the force of all the rest, and added to the infatuation. Gazing thus on what was to be seen, and even more than was to be seen, my sight became confused, my chest seemed contracted, respiration was every moment more painful. I had the utmost difficulty to hide my agitation, to prevent my sighs from being heard, and this difficulty was increased by the silence in which we were frequently plunged.

Being, one day, wearied with the clerk's discourse, she had retired to her chamber; I made haste to finish what I had to do in the back shop, and followed her; the door was half open, and I entered without being perceived. She was embroidering near a window on the opposite side of the room; she could not see me; and the carts in the streets made too much noise for me to be heard. She was always well dressed, but this day her attire bordered on coquetry. Her attitude was graceful, her head leaning gently forward, discovered a small circle of her neck; her hair, elegantly dressed, was ornamented with flowers; her figure was universally charming, and I had an uninterrupted opportunity to admire it. I was absolutely in a state of ecstasy, and, involuntarily, sinking on my knees, I passionately extended my arms towards her, certain she could not hear, and having no conception that she could see me; but there was a chimney glass at the end of the room

that betrayed all my proceedings. I am ignorant what effect this transport produced on her; she did not speak; she did not look on me; but, partly turning her head, with the movement of her finger only, she pointed to the mat that was at her feet—To start up, with an articulate cry of joy, and occupy the place she had indicated, was the work of a moment; but it will hardly be believed I dared attempt no more, not even to speak, raise my eyes to hers, or rest an instant on her knees, though in an attitude which seemed to render such a support necessary. I was dumb, immovable, but far enough from a state of tranquillity; agitation, joy, gratitude, ardent indefinite wishes, restrained by the fear of giving displeasure, which my unpracticed heart too much dreaded, were sufficiently discernible.

I am ignorant how this animated, though dumb scene would have ended, or how long I should have continued immovable in this ridiculous, though delicious, situation, had we not been interrupted—in the height of my agitation, I heard the kitchen door open, which joined Madam Basile's chamber; who, being alarmed, said, with a quick voice and action, "Get up! Here's Rosina!" Rising hastily I seized one of her hands, which she held out to me, and gave it two eager kisses; at the second I felt this charming hand press gently on my lips. Never in my life did I enjoy so sweet a moment; but the occasion I had lost returned no more, this being the conclusion of our amours.

Never were passions at the same time more lively and pure than mine; never was love more tender, more true, or more disinterested; freely would I have sacrificed my own happiness to that of the object of my affection; her reputation was dearer than my life, and I could promise myself no happiness for which I would have exposed her peace of mind for a moment. This disposition has ever made me employ so much care, use so many precautions, such secrecy in my adventures, that all of them have failed; in a word, my want of success with the women has ever proceeded from having loved them too well.

She often said, she would procure me some acquaintance that might be useful; she doubtless felt the necessity of parting with me, and had prudently resolved on it.

Madam Basile, who, as I have already observed, was very friendly, with great satisfaction informed me she had heard of a situation, and that a lady of rank desired to see me. I immediately thought myself in the road to great adventures; that being the point to which all my ideas tended: this, however, did not prove so brilliant as I had conceived it. I waited on the lady with the servant who had mentioned me: she asked a number of questions, and my answers not displeasing her, I immediately entered into her service; not, indeed, in the quality of favorite, but as a footman. I was clothed like the rest of her people, the only difference being, they wore a shoulder-knot, which I had not, and, as there was no lace on her livery, it appeared merely a tradesman's suit. This was the unforeseen conclusion of all my great expectancies!

The Countess of Vercellis, with whom I now lived, was a widow without children; her husband was a Piedmontese, but I always believed her to be a Savoyard, as I could have no conception that a native of Piedmont could speak such good French, and with so pure an accent. She was a middle-aged woman, of a noble appearance and cultivated understanding, being fond of French literature, in which she was well versed. Her letters had the expression, and almost the elegance of Madam de Savigne's; some of them might have been taken for hers. My principal employ, which was by no means displeasing to me, was to write from her dictating; a cancer in the breast, from which she suffered extremely, not permitting her to write herself.

I very well recollect that she showed some curiosity to know my story, frequently questioning me, and appearing pleased when I showed her the letters I wrote to Madam de Warrens, or explained my sentiments; but as she never discovered her own, she certainly did not take the right means to come at them. My heart, naturally communicative, loved to display its feelings, whenever I encountered a similar disposition; but dry, cold interrogatories, without any sign of blame or approbation on my answers, gave me no confidence.

Madam de Vercellis never addressed a word to me which seemed to express affection, pity, or benevolence. She interrogated me coldly, and my answers were uttered with so much

timidity, that she doubtless entertained but a mean opinion of my intellects, for latterly she never asked me any questions, nor said anything but what was absolutely necessary for her service. She drew her judgment less from what I really was, than from what she had made me, and by considering me only as a humble footman prevented my appearing otherwise.

At length we lost her—I saw her expire. She had lived like a woman of sense and virtue, her death was that of a philosopher. I can truly say, she rendered the Catholic religion amiable to me by the serenity with which she fulfilled its dictates, without any mixture of negligence or affectation. She was naturally serious, but towards the end of her illness she possessed a kind of gayety, too regular to be assumed, which served as a counterpoise to the melancholy of her situation. She only kept her bed two days, continuing to discourse cheerfully with those about her to the very last.

Would I had finished what I have to say of my living at Madam de Vercellis's. Though my situation apparently remained the same, I did not leave her house as I had entered it: I carried with me the long and painful remembrance of a crime; an insupportable weight of remorse which yet hangs on my conscience, and whose bitter recollection, far from weakening, during a period of forty years, seems to gather strength as I grow old. Who would believe, that a childish fault should be productive of such melancholy consequences? But it is for the more than probable effects that my heart cannot be consoled. I have, perhaps, caused an amiable, honest, estimable girl, who surely merited a better fate than myself, to perish with shame and misery.

Though it is very difficult to break up housekeeping without confusion, and the loss of some property; yet such was the fidelity of the domestics, and the vigilance of M. and Madam Lorenzy, that no article of the inventory was found wanting; in short, nothing was missing but a pink and silver ribbon, which had been worn, and belonged to Mademoiselle Pontal. Though several things of more value were in my reach, this ribbon alone tempted me, and accordingly I stole it. As I took no great pains to conceal the bauble, it was soon discovered; they immediately insisted on knowing from

whence I had taken it; this perplexed me—I hesitated, and at length said, with confusion, that Marion gave it me.

Marion was a young Mauriennese, and had been cook to Madam de Vercellis ever since she left off giving entertainments, for being sensible she had more need of good broths than fine ragouts, she had discharged her former one. Marion was not only pretty, but had that freshness of color only to be found among the mountains, and, above all, an air of modesty and sweetness, which made it impossible to see her without affection; she was besides a good girl, virtuous, and of such strict fidelity, that every one was surprised at hearing her named. They had not less confidence in me, and judged it necessary to certify which of us was the thief. Marion was sent for; a great number of people were present, among whom was the Count de la Roque: she arrives; they show her the ribbon; I accuse her boldly: she remains confused and speechless, casting a look on me that would have disarmed a demon, but which my barbarous heart resisted. At length, she denied it with firmness, but without anger, exhorting me to return to myself, and not injure an innocent girl who had never wronged me. With infernal impudence, I confirmed my accusation, and to her face maintained she had given me the ribbon: on which, the poor girl, bursting into tears, said these words—"Ah, Rousseau! I thought you a good disposition—you render me very unhappy, but I would not be in your situation." She continued to defend herself with as much innocence as firmness, but without uttering the least invective against me. Her moderation, compared to my positive tone, did her an injury; as it did not appear natural to suppose, on one side such diabolical assurance; on the other, such angelic mildness. The affair could not be absolutely decided, but the presumption was in my favor; and the Count de la Roque, in sending us both away, contented himself with saying, "The conscience of the guilty would revenge the innocent." His prediction was true, and is being daily verified.

I am ignorant what became of the victim of my calumny, but there is little probability of her having been able to place herself agreeably after this, as she labored under an imputation cruel to her character in every respect. The theft was a trifle, yet it was a theft, and, what was worse, employed to

seduce a boy; while the lie and obstinacy left nothing to hope from a person in whom so many vices were united. I do not even look on the misery and disgrace in which I plunged her as the greatest evil: who knows, at her age, whither contempt and disregarded innocence might have led her? The weight, therefore, has remained heavy on my conscience to this day; and I can truly own the desire of relieving myself, in some measure, from it, contributed greatly to the resolution of writing my Confessions.

I have proceeded truly in that I have just made, and it will certainly be thought I have not sought to palliate the turpitude of my offense; but I should not fulfill the purpose of this undertaking, did I not, at the same time, divulge my interior disposition, and excuse myself as far as is comformable with truth.

Never was wickedness further from my thoughts, than in that cruel moment; and when I accused the unhappy girl, it is strange, but strictly true, that my friendship for her was the immediate cause of it. She was present to my thoughts; I formed my excuse from the first object that presented itself: I accused her with doing what I meant to have done, and as I designed to have given her the ribbon, asserted she had given it to me. When she appeared, my heart was agonized, but the presence of so many people was more powerful than my compunction. I did not fear punishment, but I dreaded shame: I dreaded it more than death, more than the crime, more than all the world. I would have buried, hid myself in the center of the earth: invincible shame bore down every other sentiment; shame alone caused all my impudence, and in proportion as I became criminal, the fear of discovery rendered me intrepid. I felt no dread but that of being detected, of being publicly, and to my face, declared a thief, liar, and calumniator; an unconquerable fear of this overcame every other sensation. Had I been left to myself, I should infallibly have declared the truth. Or if M. de la Roque had taken me aside, and said—"Do not injure this poor girl; if you are guilty own it,"—I am convinced I should instantly have thrown myself at his feet; but they intimidated, instead of encouraging me. I was hardly out of my childhood, or rather, was yet in it. It is also just to make

some allowance for my age. In youth, dark, premeditated villainy is more criminal than in riper age, but weaknesses are much less so; my fault was truly nothing more; and I am less afflicted at the deed itself than for its consequences. It had one good effect, however, in preserving me through the rest of my life from any criminal action, from the terrible impression that has remained from the only one I ever committed; and I think my aversion for lying proceeds in a great measure from regret at having been guilty of so black a one. If it is a crime that can be expiated, as I dare believe, forty years of uprightness and honor on various difficult occasions, with the many misfortunes that have overwhelmed my latter years, may have completed it. Poor Marion has found so many avengers in this world, that however great my offense towards her, I do not fear to bear the guilt with me. Thus have I disclosed what I had to say on this painful subject; may I be permitted never to mention it again.

BOOK III

LEAVING the service of Madam de Vercellis nearly as I had entered it, I returned to my former hostess, and remained there five or six weeks; during which time health, youth, and laziness, frequently rendered my temperament importunate. I was restless, absent, and thoughtful: I wept and sighed for a happiness I had no idea of, though at the same time highly sensible of some deficiency. This situation is indescribable, few men can even form any conception of it, because, in general, they have prevented that plentitude of life, at once tormenting and delicious. My thoughts were incessantly occupied with girls and women, but in a manner peculiar to myself: these ideas kept my senses in a perpetual and disagreeable activity, though, fortunately, they did not point out the means of deliverance.

My stay at Madam de Vercellis's had procured me some acquaintance, which I thought might be serviceable to me, and therefore wished to retain. Among others, I sometimes visited a Savoyard abbé, M. Gaime, who was tutor to the Count of Melarede's children. He was young, and not much known, but possessed an excellent cultivated understanding, with great probity, and was, altogether, one of the best men

I ever knew. He was incapable of doing me the service I then stood most in need of, not having sufficient interest to procure me a situation, but from him I reaped advantages far more precious, which have been useful to me through life, lessons of pure morality, and maxims of sound judgment.

In the successive order of my inclinations and ideas, I had even been too high or too low. Achilles or Thersites; sometimes a hero, at others a villain. M. Gaime took pains to make me properly acquainted with myself, without sparing or giving me too much discouragement.

One day, when I least expected it, I was sent for by the Count de la Roque. Having frequently called at his house, without being able to speak with him, I grew weary, and supposing he had either forgot me or retained some unfavorable impression of me, returned no more: but I was mistaken in both these conjectures.

He received me graciously, saying that instead of amusing me with useless promises, he had sought to place me to advantage; that he had succeeded, and would put me in a way to better my situation, but the rest must depend on myself. That the family into which he should introduce me being both powerful and esteemed, I should need no other patrons; and though at first on the footing of a servant, I might be assured, that if my conduct and sentiments were found above that station, I should not long remain in it. The end of this discourse cruelly disappointed the brilliant hopes the beginning had inspired. "What! forever a footman?" said I to myself, with a bitterness which confidence presently effaced, for I felt myself too superior to that situation to fear long remaining there.

He took me to the Count de Gauvon, Master of the Horse to the Queen, and Chief of the illustrious House of Solar. The air of dignity conspicuous in this respectable old man, rendered the affability with which he received me yet more interesting. He questioned me with evident interest, and I replied with sincerity. He then told the Count de la Roque, that my features were agreeable, and promised intellect, which he believed I was not deficient in; but that was not enough, and time must show the rest; after which, turning to me, he said, "Child, almost all situations are attended with

difficulties in the beginning; yours, however, shall not have too great a portion of them; be prudent, and endeavor to please every one, that will be almost your only employment; for the rest fear nothing, you shall be taken care of.'' Immediately after he went to the Marchioness de Breil, his daughter-in-law, to whom he presented me, and then to the Abbé de Gauvon, his son. I was elated with this beginning, as I knew enough of the world already to conclude, that so much ceremony is not generally used at the reception of a footman. In fact, I was not treated like one. I perceived I had not the good fortune to please Madam de Breil; she not only never ordered, but even rejected, my services; and having twice found me in her antechamber, asked me, dryly, ''If I had nothing to do?''

The disdain of Madam de Breil was fully compensated by the kindness of her father-in-law, who at length began to think of me. The evening after the entertainment, I have already mentioned, he had a conversation with me that lasted half an hour, which appeared to satisfy him, and absolutely enchanted me. This good man had less sense than Madam de Vercellis, but possessed more feeling; I therefore succeeded much better with him. He bade me attach myself to his son, the Abbé Gauvon, who had an esteem for me, which, if I took care to cultivate, might be serviceable in furnishing me with what was necessary to complete their views for my future establishment. The next morning I flew to M. the Abbé, who did not receive me as a servant, but made me sit by his fireside, and questioned me with great affability. He soon found that my education, which had attempted many things, had completed none; but observing that I understood something of Latin, he undertook to teach me more, and appointed me to attend him every morning. Thus, by one of the whimsicalities which have marked the whole course of my life, at once above and below my natural situation, I was pupil and footman in the same house: and though in servitude, had a preceptor whose birth entitled him to supply that place only to the children of kings.

At this period of my life, without being romantic, I might reasonably have indulged the hope of preferment. The abbé, thoroughly pleased with me, expressed his satisfaction to

every one, while his father had such a singular affection for me, that I was assured by the Count de Favria, that he had spoken of me to the king; even Madam de Breil had laid aside her disdainful looks; in short I was a general favorite, which gave great jealousy to the other servants, who seeing me honored by the instructions of their master's son, were persuaded I should not remain their equal.

Everything succeeded to my wish: I had obtained, almost forced, the esteem of all; the trial was over, and I was universally considered as a young man with flattering prospects, who was not at present in his proper sphere, but was expected soon to reach it; but my place was not assigned me by man, and I was to reach it by very difficult paths. I now come to one of those characteristic traits, which are so natural to me, and which, indeed, the reader might have observed without this reflection.

There were at Turin several new converts of my own stamp, whom I neither liked nor wish to see; but I had met with some Genevese who were not of this description, and among others a M. Mussard, nicknamed Wryneck, a miniature painter, and a distant relation. This M. Mussard, having learned my situation at the Count de Gauvon's, came to see me, with another Genevese, named Bacle, who had been my comrade during my apprenticeship. This Bacle was a very sprightly, amusing young fellow, full of lively sallies, which at this time of life appeared extremely agreeable. At once, then, behold me delighted with M. Bacle; charmed to such a degree that I found it impossible to quit him. He was shortly to depart for Geneva; what a loss had I to sustain! I felt the whole force of it, and resolving to make the best use of this precious interval, I determined not to leave him, or, rather, he never quitted me, for my head was not yet sufficiently turned to think of quitting the house without leave, but it was soon perceived that he engrossed my whole time, and he was accordingly forbid the house. This so incensed me, that forgetting everything but my friend Bacle, I went neither to the abbé nor the count, and was no longer to be found at home. I paid no attention to repeated reprimands, and at length was threatened with dismissal. This threat was my ruin, as it suggested the idea that it was not

absolutely necessary that Bacle should depart alone. From that moment I could think of no other pleasure, no other situation or happiness than taking this journey. To render the felicity still more complete, at the end of it (though at an immense distance) I pictured to myself Madam de Warrens; for as to returning to Geneva, it never entered into my imagination. The hills, fields, brooks and villages, incessantly succeeded each other with new charms, and this delightful jaunt seemed worthy to absorb my whole existence. Memory recalled, with inexpressible pleasure, how charming the country had appeared in coming to Turin; what then must it be, when, to the pleasure of independence, should be added the company of a good-humored comrade of my own age and disposition, without any constraint or obligation, but free to go or stay as we pleased? Would it not be madness to sacrifice the prospect of so much felicity to projects of ambition, slow and difficult in their execution, and uncertain in their event? But even supposing them realized, and in their utmost splendor, they were not worth one quarter of an hour of the sweet pleasure and liberty of youth.

Full of these wise conclusions, I conducted myself so improperly, that (not indeed without some trouble) I got myself dismissed; for on my return one night the *maître de hôtel* gave me warning on the part of the count. This was exactly what I wanted; for feeling, spite of myself, the extravagance of my conduct, I wished to excuse it by the addition of injustice and ingratitude, by throwing the blame on others, and sheltering myself under the idea of necessity.

I was told the Count de Favria wished to speak with me the next morning before my departure; but, being sensible that my head was so far turned as to render it possible for me to disobey the injunction, the *maître de hôtel* declined paying the money designed me, and which certainly I had very ill earned, till after this visit; for my kind patrons being unwilling to place me in the situation of a footman, I had not any fixed wages.

The Count de Favria, though young and giddy, talked to me on this occasion in the most sensible and serious manner: I might add, if it would not be thought vain, with the utmost tenderness. He reminded me, in the most flattering terms, of

the cares of his uncle, and intentions of his grandfather; after having drawn in lively colors what I was sacrificing to ruin, he offered to make my peace, without stipulating any conditions, but that I should no more see the worthless fellow who had seduced me.

It was so apparent that he did not say all this of himself, that notwithstanding my blind stupidity, I powerfully felt the kindness of my good old master, but the dear journey was too firmly printed on my imagination for any consideration to balance the charm. Bereft of understanding, firm to my purpose, I hardened myself against conviction, and arrogantly answered, that as they had thought fit to give me warning, I had resolved to take it, and conceiving it was now too late to retract, since, whatever might happen to me, I was fully resolved not to be driven a second time from the same house. The count, justly irritated, bestowed on me some names which I deserved, and putting me out of his apartment by the shoulders, shut the door on me. I departed triumphant, as if I had gained the greatest victory, and fearful of sustaining a second combat even had the ingratitude to leave the house without thanking the abbé for his kindness.

At Chambéry I became pensive; not for the folly I had committed, for never did any one think less of the past, but on account of the reception I should meet with from Madam de Warrens; for I looked on her house as my paternal home. I had written her an account of my reception at the Count de Gauvon's; she knew my expectancies, and, in congratulating me on my good fortune, had added some wise lessons on the return I ought to make for the kindness with which they treated me. She looked on my fortune as already made, if not destroyed by my own negligence; what then would she say on my arrival? for it never entered my mind that she might shut the door against me, but I dreaded the uneasiness I might give her; I dreaded her reproaches to me more wounding than want; I resolved to bear all in silence, and, if possible, to appease her. I now saw nothing but Madam de Warrens in the whole universe, and to live in disgrace with her was impossible.

I was most concerned about my companion, whom I did not wish to offend, and feared I should not easily get rid of. I

prefaced this separation by an affected coldness during the last day's journey. The drôle understood me perfectly; in fact, he was rather giddy than deficient in point of sense—I expected he would have been hurt at my inconstancy, but I was quite mistaken; nothing affected my friend Bacle, for hardly had we set foot in town, on our arrival in Annecy, before he said, "You are now at home"—embraced—bade me adieu—turned on his heel, and disappeared; nor have I ever heard of him since.

How did my heart beat as I approached the habitation of Madam de Warrens! my legs trembled under me, my eyes were clouded with a mist, I neither saw, heard, nor recollected any one, and was obliged frequently to stop that I might draw breath, and recall my bewildered senses. Was it fear of not obtaining that succor I stood in need of, which agitated me to this degree? At the age I then was, does the fear of perishing with hunger give such alarms? No: I declare with as much truth as pride, that it was not in the power of interest or indigence, at any period of my life, to expand or contract my heart.

The first glance of Madame de Warrens banished all my fears—my heart leaped at the sound of her voice; I threw myself at her feet, and in transports of the most lively joy, pressed my lips upon her hand. I am ignorant whether she had received any recent information of me. I discovered but little surprise on her countenance, and no sorrow. "Poor child!" said she, in an affectionate tone, "art thou here again? I knew you were too young for this journey; I am very glad, however, that it did not turn out so bad as I apprehended." She then made me recount my history; it was not long, and I did it faithfully: suppressing only some trifling circumstances, but on the whole neither sparing nor excusing myself.

The question was, where I could lodge: she consulted her maid on this point—I hardly dared to breathe during the deliberation; but when I heard I was to sleep in the house, I could scarce contain my joy; and saw the little bundle I brought with me carried into my destined apartment with much the same sensations as St. Preux saw his chaise put up at Madam de Wolmar's. To complete all, I had the satisfaction to find that this favor was not to be transitory; for at

a moment when they thought me attentive to something else, I heard Madam de Warrens say, "They may talk as they please, but since Providence has sent him back, I am determined not to abandon him."

Madam de Warrens inhabited an old house, but large enough to have a handsome spare apartment, which she made her drawing-room. I now occupied this chamber, which was in the passage I have before mentioned as the place of our first meeting. Beyond the brook and gardens was a prospect of the country, which was by no means uninteresting to the young inhabitant, being the first time, since my residence at Bossey, that I had seen anything before my windows but walls, roofs, or the dirty street. How pleasing then was this novelty! it helped to increase the tenderness of my disposition, for I looked on this charming landscape as the gift of my dear patroness, who I could almost fancy had placed it there on purpose for me. Peaceably seated, my eyes pursued her amidst the flowers and the verdure; her charms seemed to me confounded with those of the spring; my heart, till now contracted, here found means to expand itself, and my sighs exhaled freely in this charming retreat.

From the first moment of our meeting, the softest familiarity was established between us, and in the same degree it continued during the rest of her life. Child was my name, Mamma was hers, and child and mamma we have ever continued, even after a number of years had almost effaced the apparent difference of age between us. I think those names convey an exact idea of our behavior, the simplicity of our manners, and above all, the similarity of our dispositions. To me she was the tenderest of mothers, ever preferring my welfare to her own pleasure; and if my own satisfaction found some interest in my attachment to her, it was not to change its nature, but only to render it more exquisite, and infatuate me with the charm of having a mother young and handsome, whom I was delighted to caress: I say literally, to caress, for never did it enter into her imagination to deny me the tenderest maternal kisses and endearments; or into my heart to abuse them. It will be said, at length our connection was of a different kind: I confess it; but have patience, that will come in its turn.

The sudden sight of her, on our first interview, was the only truly passionate moment she ever inspired me with; and even that was principally the work of surprise. With her I had neither transports nor desires, but remained in a ravishing calm, sensible of a happiness I could not define, and thus could I have passed my whole life, or even eternity, without feeling an instant of uneasiness.

I know not when I should have done, if I was to enter into a detail of all the follies that affection for my dear Madam de Warrens made me commit. When absent from her, how often have I kissed the bed on a supposition that she had slept there; the curtains and all the furniture of my chamber, on recollecting they were hers, and that her charming hands had touched them; nay, the floor itself, when I considered she had walked there. Sometimes even in her presence extravagancies escaped me, which only the most violent passions seemed capable of inspiring; in a word, there was but one essential difference to distinguish me from an absolute lover, and that particular renders my situation almost inconceivable.

I had returned from Italy, not absolutely as I went there, but as no one of my age, perhaps, ever did before, being equally unacquainted with women. My ardent constitution had found resources in those means by which youth of my disposition sometimes preserve their purity at the expense of health, vigor, and frequently of life itself. My local situation should likewise be considered—living with a pretty woman, cherishing her image in the bottom of my heart, seeing her during the whole day, at night surrounded with objects that recalled her incessantly to my remembrance, and sleeping in the bed where I knew she had slept. What a situation! Who can read this without supposing me on the brink of the grave? But quite the contrary; that which might have ruined me, acted as a preservative, at least for a time. Intoxicated with the charm of living with her, with the ardent desire of passing my life there, absent or present I saw in her a tender mother, an amiable sister, a respected friend, but nothing more; meantime, her image filled my heart, and left room for no other object. The extreme tenderness with which she inspired me excluded every other woman from my consideration, and preserved me from the whole sex: in a word, I was vir-

tuous, because I loved her. Let these particulars, which I recount but indifferently, be considered, and then let any one judge what kind of attachment I had for her: for my part, all I can say, is, that if it hitherto appears extraordinary, it will appear much more so in the sequel.

My time passed in the most agreeable manner, though occupied in a way which was by no means calculated to please me; such as having projects to digest, bills to write fair, receipts to transcribe, herbs to pick, drugs to pound, or distillations to attend; and in the midst of all this, came crowds of travelers, beggars, and visitors of all denominations.

All this, without being pleasing in itself, contributed to amuse, because it made up a part of a life which I thought delightful. Nothing that was performed around me, nothing that I was obliged to do, suited my taste, but everything suited my heart; and I believe, at length, I should have liked the study of medicine, had not my natural distaste to it perpetually engaged us in whimsical scenes, that prevented my thinking of it in a serious light. It was, perhaps, the first time that this art produced mirth. I pretended to distinguish a physical book by its smell, and what was more diverting, was seldom mistaken. Madam de Warrens made me taste the most nauseous drugs; in vain I ran, or endeavored to defend myself; spite of resistance or wry faces, spite of my struggles, or even of my teeth, when I saw her charming fingers approach my lips, I was obliged to give up the contest.

When shut up in an apartment with all her medical apparatus, any one who had heard us running and shouting amidst peals of laughter would rather have imagined we had been acting a farce than preparing opiates or elixirs.

This life was too delightful to be lasting; I felt this, and the uneasiness that thought gave me was the only thing that disturbed my enjoyment. Even in playfulness she studied my disposition, observed and interrogated me, forming projects for my future fortune, which I could readily have dispensed with. Happily it was not sufficient to know my disposition, inclinations and talents; it was likewise necessary to find a situation in which they would be useful, and this was not the work of a day. Even the prejudices this good woman had conceived in favor of my merit put off the time of calling it

into action, by rendering her more difficult in the choice of means: thus (thanks to the good opinion she entertained of me), everything answered to my wish.

Two things very opposite, unite in me, and in a manner which I cannot myself conceive. My disposition is extremely ardent, my passions lively and impetuous, yet my ideas are produced slowly, with great embarrassment, and after much afterthought. It might be said my heart and understanding do not belong to the same individual. A sentiment takes possession of my soul with the rapidity of lightning, but instead of illuminating, it dazzles and confounds me; I feel all, but see nothing; I am warm, but stupid; to think I must be cool. What is astonishing, my conception is clear and penetrating, if not hurried: I can make excellent impromptus at leisure, but on the instant, could never say or do anything worth notice. I could hold a tolerable conversation by the post, as they say the Spaniards play at chess, and when I read that anecdote of a duke of Savoy, who turned himself round, while on a journey, to cry out *à votre gorge, marchand de Paris!* I said, "Here is a trait of my character!"

This slowness of thought, joined to a vivacity of feeling, I am not only sensible of in conversation, but even alone.

Thence arises the extreme difficulty I find in writing; my manuscripts, blotted, scratched, and scarcely legible, attest the trouble they cost me; nor is there one of them but I have been obliged to transcribe four or five times before it went to press. Never could I do anything when placed at a table, pen in hand; it must be walking among the rocks, or in the woods; it is at night in my bed, during my wakeful hours, that I compose; it may be judged how slowly, particularly for a man who has not the advantage of verbal memory, and never in his life could retain by heart six verses. Some of my periods I have turned and returned in my head five or six nights before they were fit to be put to paper: thus it is that I succeed better in works that require laborious attention, than those that appear more trivial, such as letters, in which I could never succeed, and being obliged to write one is to me a serious punishment; nor can I express my thoughts on the most trivial subjects without it costing me hours of fatigue. If I write immediately what strikes me, my letter is a long,

confused, unconnected string of expressions, which, when read, can hardly be understood.

So little master of my understanding when alone, let any one judge what I must be in conversation, where to speak with any degree of ease you must think of a thousand things at the same time: the bare idea that I should forget something material would be sufficient to intimidate me. Nor can I comprehend how people can have the confidence to converse in large companies, where each word must pass in review before so many, and where it would be requisite to know their several characters and histories to avoid saying what might give offense. In this particular, those who frequent the world would have a great advantage, as they know better where to be silent, and can speak with greater confidence; yet even they sometimes let fall absurdities; in what predicament then must he be who drops as it were from the clouds? it is almost impossible he should speak ten minutes with impunity.

I think I have said enough to show that, though not a fool, I have frequently passed for one, even among people capable of judging; this was the more vexatious, as my physiognomy and eyes promised otherwise, and expectation being frustrated, my stupidity appeared the more shocking. This detail, which a particular occasion gave birth to, will not be useless in the sequel, being a key to many of my actions which might otherwise appear unaccountable; and have been attributed to a savage humor I do not possess. I love society as much as any man, was I not certain to exhibit myself in it, not only disadvantageously, but totally different from what I really am.

The estimate of my talents thus fixed, the situation I was capable of promised, the question only remained how to render her capable of fulfilling my destined vocation. The principal difficulty was, I did not know Latin enough for a priest. Madam de Warrens determined to have me taught for some time at the seminary, and accordingly spoke of it to the Superior, who was a Lazarist, called M. Gras, a good-natured little fellow, half blind, meager, gray-haired, insensible, and the least pedantic of any Lazarist I ever knew; which, in fact, is saying no great matter.

He frequently visited Madam de Warrens, who entertained,

caressed, and made much of him, letting him sometimes lace her stays, an office he was willing enough to perform. While thus employed, she would run about the room, this way or that, as occasion happened to call her. Drawn by the lace, Monsieur the Superior followed, grumbling, repeating at every moment, "Pray, madam, do stand still;" the whole forming a scene truly diverting.

M. Gras willingly assented to the project of Madam de Warrens, and, for a very moderate pension, charged himself with the care of instructing me. The consent of the bishop was all that remained necessary, who not only granted it, but offered to pay the pension, permitting me to retain the secular habit till they could judge by a trial what success they might have in my improvement.

What a change! but I was obliged to submit; though I went to the seminary with about the same spirits as if they had been taking me to execution. What a melancholy abode! especially for one who left the house of a pretty woman. I carried one book with me, that I had borrowed of Madam de Warrens, and found it a capital resource! it will not be easily conjectured what kind of book this was—it was a music book. Among the talents she had cultivated, music was not forgotten; she had a tolerable good voice, sang agreeably, and played on the harpsichord. She had taken the pains to give me some lessons in singing, though before I was very uninformed in that respect, hardly knowing the music of our psalms. Eight or ten interrupted lessons, far from putting me in a condition to improve myself, did not teach me half the notes; notwithstanding, I had such a passion for the art, that I determined to exercise myself alone. The book I took was not of the most easy kind; it was the cantatas of Clerambault. It may be conceived with what attention and perseverance I studied, when I inform my reader, that without knowing anything of transposition or quantity, I contrived to sing, with tolerable correctness, the first recitative and air in the cantata of Alpheus and Arethusa; it is true this air is so justly set, that it is only necessary to recite the verses in their just measure to catch the music.

There was at the seminary a curst Lazarist, who by undertaking to teach me Latin made me detest it. His hair was

coarse, black and greasy, his face like those formed in gingerbread, he had the voice of a buffalo, the countenance of an owl, and the bristles of a boar in lieu of a beard; his smile was sardonic, and his limbs played like those of a puppet moved by wires. I have forgotten his odious name, but the remembrance of his frightful precise countenance remains with me, though hardly can I recollect it without trembling; especially when I call to mind our meeting in the gallery, when he graciously advanced his filthy square cap as a sign for me to enter his apartment, which appeared more dismal in my apprehension than a dungeon. Let any one judge the contrast between my present master and the elegant Abbé de Gauvon.

It is very singular, that with a clear conception I could never learn much from masters except my father and M. Lambercier; the little I know besides I have learned alone, as will be seen hereafter. My spirit, impatient of every species of constraint, cannot submit to the law of the moment; even the fear of not learning prevents my being attentive, and a dread of wearying those who teach, makes me feign to understand them; thus they proceed faster than I can comprehend, and the conclusion is I learn nothing. My understanding must take its own time and cannot submit to that of another.

The bishop and superior, therefore, were disheartened, and I was sent back to Madam de Warrens, as a subject not even fit to make a priest of; but as they allowed, at the same time, that I was a tolerably good lad, and far from being vicious, this account counterbalanced the former, and determined her not to abandon me.

I carried back in triumph the dear music book, which had been so useful to me, the air of Alpheus and Arethusa being almost all I had learned at the seminary. My predilection for this art started the idea of making a musician of me. A convenient opportunity offered; once a week, at least, she had a concert at her house, and the music-master from the cathedral, who directed this little band, came frequently to see her. This was a Parisian, named M. le Maitre, a good composer, very lively, gay, young, well made, of little understanding, but, upon the whole, a good sort of man. Madam de Warrens made us acquainted; I attached myself to him, and he seemed

not displeased with me. A pension was talked of, and agreed on; in short, I went home with him, and passed the winter the more agreeably at his chambers, as they were not above twenty paces distant from Madam de Warrens', where we frequently supped together. It may easily be supposed that this situation, ever gay, and singing with the musicians and children of the choir, were more pleasing to me than the seminary and fathers of St. Lazarus. This life, though free, was regular; here I learned to prize independence, but never to abuse it.

I lived at Annecy during a year without the least reproach, giving universal satisfaction. Since my departure from Turin I had been guilty of no folly, committed none while under the eye of Madam de Warrens. She was my conductor, and ever led me right; my attachment for her became my only passion, and what proves it was not a giddy one, my heart and understanding were in unison. It is true that a single sentiment, absorbing all my faculties, put me out of a capacity of learning even music: but this was not my fault, since to the strongest inclination, I added the utmost assiduity.

M. le Maitre, like most of his profession, loved good wine; at table he was moderate, but when busy in his closet he must drink. His maid was so well acquainted with this humor that no sooner had he prepared his paper to compose, and taken his violoncello, than the bottle and glass arrived, and was replenished from time to time: thus, without being ever absolutely intoxicated, he was usually in a state of elevation. This was really unfortunate, for he had a good heart, and was so playful that Madam de Warrens used to call him *the kitten.* Unhappily, he loved his profession, labored much and drank proportionately, which injured his health, and at length soured his temper. Sometimes he was gloomy and easily offended, though incapable of rudeness, or giving offense to any one, for never did he utter a harsh word, even to the boys of the choir: on the other hand, he would not suffer another to offend him, which was but just; the misfortune was, having little understanding, he did not properly discriminate, and was often angry without cause.

The Chapter of Geneva, where so many princes and bishops formerly thought it an honor to be seated, though in exile it

lost its ancient splendor, retained (without any diminution) its pride. To be admitted, you must either be a gentleman or Doctor of Sorbonne. If there is a pardonable pride, after that derived from personal merit, it is doubtless that arising from birth, though, in general, priests having laymen in their service treat them with sufficient haughtiness, and thus the canons behaved to poor Le Maitre. The chanter, in particular, who was called the Abbé de Vidonne, in other respects a well-behaved man, but too full of his nobility, did not always show him the attention his talents merited. M. le Maitre could not bear these indignities patiently; and this year, during passion week, they had a more serious dispute than ordinary. At an institution dinner that the bishop gave the canons, and to which Le Maitre was always invited, the abbé failed in some formality, adding, at the same time, some harsh words, which the other could not digest; he instantly formed the resolution to quit them the following night; nor could any consideration make him give up his design, though Madam de Warrens (whom he went to take leave of) spared no pains to appease him. He could not relinquish the pleasure of leaving his tyrants embarrassed for the Easter feast, at which time he knew they stood in greatest need of him. He was most concerned about his music, which he wished to take with him; but this could not easily be accomplished, as it filled a large case, and was very heavy, and could not be carried under the arm.

Madam de Warrens did what I should have done in her situation; and indeed, what I should yet do: after many useless efforts to retain him, seeing he was resolved to depart, whatever might be the event, she formed the resolution to give him every possible assistance. I must confess Le Maitre deserved it of her, for he was (if I may use the expression) dedicated to her service, in whatever appertained to either his art or knowledge, and the readiness with which he obliged gave a double value to his complaisance: thus she only paid back, on an essential occasion, the many favors he had been long conferring on her; though I should observe, she possessed a soul that, to fulfill such duties, had no occasion to be reminded of previous obligations. Accordingly she ordered me to follow Le Maitre to Lyons, and to continue with him as long as he

might have occasion for my services. She consulted Claude Anet about the conveyance of the above-mentioned case. He advised, that instead of hiring a beast at Annecy, which would infallibly discover us, it would be better, at night, to take it to some neighboring village, and there hire an ass to carry it to Seyssel, which being in the French dominions, we should have nothing to fear. This plan was adopted; we departed the same night at seven, and Madam de Warrens, under pretense of paying my expenses, increased the purse of poor Le Maitre by an addition that was very acceptable. Claude Anet, the gardener, and myself, carried the case to the first village, then hired an ass, and the same night reached Seyssel.

I think I have already remarked that there are times in which I am so unlike myself that I might be taken for a man of a direct opposite disposition; I shall now give an example of this. M. Reydelet, curate of Seyssel, was canon of St. Peter's, consequently known to M. le Maitre, and one of the people from whom he should have taken most pains to conceal himself; my advice, on the contrary, was to present ourselves to him, and under some pretext, entreat entertainment as if we visited him by consent of the chapter. Le Maitre adopted the idea, which seemed to give his revenge the appearance of satire and waggery; in short, we went boldly to Reydelet, who received us very kindly. Le Maitre told him he was going to Bellay by desire of the bishop, that he might superintend the music during the Easter holidays, and that he proposed returning that way in a few days. To support this tale, I told a hundred others, so naturally that M. Reydelet thought me a very agreeable youth, and treated me with great friendship and civility. We were well regaled and well lodged: M. Reydelet scarcely knew how to make enough of us; and we parted the best friends in the world, with a promise to stop longer on our return. We found it difficult to refrain from laughter, or wait till we were alone to give free vent to our mirth: indeed, even now, the bare recollection of it forces a smile, for never was waggery better or more fortunately maintained. This would have made us merry during the remainder of our journey, if M. le Maitre (who did not cease drinking) had not been two or three times attacked with a complaint that he afterwards became very subject to, and which resembled an

epilepsy. These fits threw me into the most fearful embarrassments, from which I resolved to extricate myself with the first opportunity.

Two days after our arrival at Lyons, as we passed a little street not far from our inn, Le Maitre was attacked by one of his fits; but it was now so violent as to give me the utmost alarm. I screamed with terror, called for help, and naming our inn, entreated some one to bear him to it, then (while the people were assembled, and busy round a man that had fallen senseless in the street) he was abandoned by the only friend on whom he could have any reasonable dependence; I seized the instant when no one heeded me, turned the corner of the street and disappeared. Thanks to Heaven, I have made my third painful confession; if many such remained, I should certainly abandon the work I have undertaken.

Of all the incidents I then yet related, a few traces are remaining in the places where I have lived; but what I have to relate in the following book is almost entirely unknown; these are the greatest extravagancies of my life, and it is happy they had not worse conclusions.

My resolution was soon taken after quitting Le Maitre; I set out immediately for Annecy. The cause and mystery of our departure had interested me for the security of our retreat: this interest, which entirely employed my thoughts for some days, had banished every other idea; but no sooner was I secure and in tranquillity, than my predominant sentiment regained its place. Nothing flattered, nothing tempted me, I had no wish but to return to Madam de Warrens; the tenderness and truth of my attachment to her had rooted from my heart every imaginable project, and all the follies of ambition, I conceived no happiness but living near her, nor could I take a step without feeling that the distance between us was increased. I returned, therefore, as soon as possible, with such speed, and with my spirits in such a state of agitation, that though I recall with pleasure all my other travels, I have not the least recollection of this, only remembering my leaving Lyons and reaching Annecy. Let any one judge whether this last event can have slipped my memory, when informed that on my arrival I found Madam de Warrens was not there, having set out for Paris.

BOOK IV

LET any one judge my surprise and grief at not finding her on my arrival. I now felt regret at having abandoned M. le Maitre, and my uneasiness increased when I learned the misfortunes that had befallen him. His box of music, containing all his fortune, that precious box, preserved with so much care and fatigue, had been seized on at Lyons by means of Count Dortan, who had received information from the Chapter of our having absconded with it. In vain did Le Maitre reclaim his property, his means of existence, the labor of his life; his right to the music in question was at least subject to litigation, but even that liberty was not allowed him, the affair being instantly decided on the principle of superior strength. Thus poor Le Maitre lost the fruit of his talents, the labor of his youth, and principal dependence for the support of old age.

The only means I had to obtain news of Madam de Warrens was to remain at Annecy. Where should I seek her in Paris? or how bear the expense of such a journey? Sooner or later there was no place where I could be so certain to hear of her as that I was now at; this consideration determined me to remain there, though my conduct was very indifferent. I did not go to the bishop, who had already befriended me, and might continue to do so; my patroness was not present, and I feared his reprimands on the subject of our flight; neither did I go to the seminary, M. Gras was no longer there; in short, I went to none of my acquaintances.

Madam de Warrens had taken no one with her but Anet: Merceret, the chambermaid, whom I have before mentioned, still remained in the house. Merceret was something older than myself, not pretty, but tolerably agreeable; good-natured, free from malice, having no fault to my knowledge but being a little refractory with her mistress. I often went to see her; she was an old acquaintance, who recalled to my remembrance one more beloved, and this made her dear to me. She had several friends, and among others one Mademoiselle Giraud, a Genevese, who, for the punishment of my sins, took it in her head to have an inclination for me, always pressing Merceret, when she returned her visits, to bring me

with her. As I liked Merceret, I felt no disinclination to accompany her; besides I met there with some young people whose company pleased me. For Mademoiselle Giraud, who offered every kind of enticement, nothing could increase the aversion I had for her. When she drew near me, with her dried black snout, smeared with Spanish snuff, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could refrain from expressing my distaste; but, being pleased with her visitors, I took patience. Among these were two girls who (either to pay their court to Mademoiselle Giraud or myself) paid me every possible attention. I conceived this to be only friendship; but have since thought it depended only on myself to have discovered something more, though I did not even think of it at the time.

There was another reason for my stupidity. Seamstresses, chambermaids, or milliners, never tempted me; I sighed for ladies! Every one has his peculiar taste, this has ever been mine; being in this particular of a different opinion from Horace. Yet it is not vanity of riches or rank that attracts me; it is a well-preserved complexion, fine hands, elegance of ornaments, an air of delicacy and neatness throughout the whole person; more in taste, in the manner of expressing themselves, a finer or better made gown, a well-turned ankle, small foot, ribbons, lace, and well-dressed hair; I even prefer those who have less natural beauty, provided they are elegantly decorated. I freely confess this preference is very ridiculous; yet my heart gives in to it spite of my understanding. Well, even this advantage presented itself, and it only depended on my own resolution to have seized the opportunity.

How do I love, from time to time, to return to those moments of my youth, which were so charmingly delightful; so short, so scarce, and enjoyed at so cheap a rate!—how fondly do I wish to dwell on them! Even yet the remembrance of these scenes warms my heart with a chaste rapture, which appears necessary to reanimate my drooping courage, and enable me to sustain the weariness of my latter days.

As Merceret had not heard from her mistress for some time, she thought of returning to Fribourg, and the persuasions of Giraud determined her; nay more, she intimated it was proper some one should conduct her to her father's and proposed me. As I happened to be agreeable to little Merceret, she approved

the idea, and the same day they mentioned it to me as a fixed point. Finding nothing displeasing in the manner they had disposed of me, I consented, thinking it could not be above a week's journey at most; but Giraud, who had arranged the whole affair, thought otherwise. It was necessary to avow the state of my finances, and the conclusion was, that Merceret should defray my expenses; but to retrench on one hand what was expended on the other, I advised that her little baggage should be sent on before, and that we should proceed by easy journeys on foot.

I am sorry to have so many girls in love with me, but as there is nothing to be very vain of in the success of these amours, I think I may tell the truth without scruple. Merceret, younger and less artful than Giraud, never made me so many advances, but she imitated my manners, my actions, repeated my words, and showed me all those little attentions I ought to have had for her. Being very timorous, she took great care that we should both sleep in the same chamber; a circumstance that usually produces some consequences between a lad of twenty and a girl of twenty-five.

For once, however, it went no further; my simplicity being such, that though Merceret was by no means a disagreeable girl, an idea of gallantry never entered my head, and even if it had, I was too great a novice to have profited by it. I could not imagine how two young persons could bring themselves to sleep together, thinking that such familiarity must require an age of preparation. If poor Merceret paid my expenses in hopes of any return, she was terribly cheated, for we arrived at Fribourg exactly as we had quitted Annecy.

I passed through Geneva without visiting any one. While going over the bridges, I found myself so affected that I could scarcely proceed. Never could I see the walls of that city, never could I enter it, without feeling my heart sink from excess of tenderness, at the same time that the image of liberty elevated my soul. The ideas of equality, union, and gentleness of manners, touched me even to tears, and inspired me with a lively regret at having forfeited all these advantages. What an error was I in! but yet how natural! I imagined I saw all this in my native country, because I bore it in my heart.

It was necessary to pass through Nion: could I do this without seeing my good father? Had I resolved on doing so, I must afterwards have died with regret. I left Merceret at the inn, and ventured to his house. How wrong was I to fear him! On seeing me, his soul gave way to the parental tenderness with which it was filled. What tears were mingled with our embraces! He thought I was returned to him: I related my history, and informed him of my resolution. He opposed it feebly, mentioning the dangers to which I exposed myself, and telling me the shortest follies were best, but did not attempt to keep me by force, in which particular I think he acted right; but it is certain he did not do everything in his power to detain me, even by fair means.

We arrived without any accident at Fribourg. Towards the conclusion of the journey, the politeness of Mademoiselle Merceret rather diminished, and, after our arrival, she treated me even with coldness. Her father, who was not in the best circumstances, did not show me much attention, and I was obliged to lodge at an ale-house. I went to see them the next morning, and received an invitation to dine there, which I accepted. We separated without tears at night; I returned to my paltry lodging, and departed the second day after my arrival, almost without knowing whither to go to.

It was necessary I should arrive at some place, and the nearest was best; for having lost my way on the road, I found myself in the evening at Moudon, where I spent all that remained of my little stock except ten creuzers, which served to purchase my next day's dinner. Arriving in the evening at Lausanne, I went into an ale-house, without a penny in my pocket to pay for my lodging, or knowing what would become of me. I found myself extremely hungry—setting, therefore, a good face on the matter, I ordered supper, made my meal, went to bed without thought and slept with great composure. In the morning, having breakfasted and reckoned with my host, I offered to leave my waistcoat in pledge for seven batz, which was the amount of my expenses. The honest man refused this, saying, thank Heaven, he had never stripped any one, and would not now begin for seven batz, adding I should keep my waistcoat and pay him when I could.

As I approached Lausanne, I thought of my distress, and

the means of extricating myself. I determined to teach music, which I did not understand, and say I came from Paris, where I had never been.

In consequence of this noble project (as there was no company where I could introduce myself without expense, and not choosing to venture among professional people), I inquired for some little inn, where I could lodge cheap, and was directed to one named Perrotet, who took in boarders. This Perrotet, who was one of the best men in the world, received me very kindly, and after having heard my feigned story and profession, promised to speak of me, and endeavored to procure me scholars, saying he should not expect any money till I had earned it. His price for board, though moderate in itself, was a great deal to me; he advised me, therefore, to begin with half board, which consisted of good soup only for dinner, but a plentiful supper at night. I closed with this proposition, and the poor Perrotet trusted me with great cheerfulness, sparing, meantime, no trouble to be useful to me.

Having written to my father from Lausanne, he sent my packet and some excellent advice, of which I should have profited better. I have already observed that I have moments of inconceivable delirium, in which I am entirely out of myself. The adventure I am about to relate is an instance of this: Behold me, then, a singing master, without knowing how to note a common song; for if the five or six months passed with Le Maitre had improved me, they could not be supposed sufficient to qualify me for such an undertaking; besides, being taught by a master was enough (as I have before observed) to make me learn ill. Without knowing anything of the art, I boasted of my skill to every one. This was not all: being presented to Monsieur de Freytorens, professor of law, who loved music, and who gave concerts at his house, nothing would do but I must give him a proof of my talents, and accordingly I set about composing a piece for his concerts, as boldly as if I had really understood the science. I had the constancy to labor a fortnight at this curious business, to copy it fair, write out the different parts, and distribute them with as much assurance as if they had been masterpieces of harmony; in short (what will hardly be believed, though strictly true), I tacked a very pretty minuet to the end of it,

that was commonly played about the streets, and which many may remember from these words, so well known at that time:

Quel caprice!
Quel injustice!
Quio, tu Clarice
Trahiriot tes feux? &c.

I led a melancholy life here; the consequences of such an essay had not rendered Lausanne a very agreeable residence. Scholars did not present themselves in crowds, not a single female, and not a person of the city. I had only two or three great dunces, as stupid as I was ignorant, who fatigued me to death, and in my hands were not likely to edify much.

Though in so long a time I had received no news from Madam de Warrens, I never imagined I had entirely lost her, or that she could have forgotten me. I said to myself, she will know sooner or later that I am wandering about, and will find some means to inform me of her situation: I am certain I shall find her.

As my scholars did not take up much of my time, and the town where she was born was not above four leagues from Lausanne, I made it a walk of three or four days; during which time a most pleasant emotion never left me. A view of the lake of Geneva and its admirable banks, had ever, in my idea, a particular attraction which I cannot describe; not arising merely from the beauty of the prospect, but something else, I know not why, more interesting, which affects and softens me. Every time I have approached the Vaudois country I have experienced an impression composed of the remembrance of Madam de Warrens, who was born there; of my father, who lived there; of Miss Vulson, who had been my first love, and of several pleasant journeys I had made there in my childhood, mingled with some nameless charm, more powerfully attractive than all the rest.

Walking along these beautiful banks, on my way to Vevay, I gave myself up to the soft melancholy; my heart rushed with ardor into a thousand innocent felicities; melting to tenderness, I sighed and wept like a child. How often, stopping to weep more at my ease, and seated on a large stone, did I amuse myself with seeing my tears drop into the water.

Giving myself out for a Catholic, I followed without mystery or scruple the religion I had embraced. On a Sunday, if the weather was fine, I went to hear mass at Assans, a place two leagues distant from Lausanne, and generally in company with other Catholics, particularly a Parisian embroiderer, whose name I have forgotten.

I formed no ideas, while at Lausanne, that were worth recollecting, nor can I say exactly how long I remained there; I only know that not finding sufficient to subsist on, I went from thence to Neutchatel, where I passed the winter. Here I succeeded better, I got some scholars, and saved enough to pay my good friend Perrotet, who had faithfully sent my baggage, though at that time I was considerably in his debt.

By continuing to teach music, I insensibly gained some knowledge of it. The life I led was sufficiently agreeable, and any reasonable man might have been satisfied, but my unsettled heart demanded something more. On Sundays, or whenever I had leisure, I wandered, sighing and thoughtful, about the adjoining woods, and when once out of the city, never returned before night. One day, being at Boudry, I went to dine at a public-house, where I saw a man with a long beard, dressed in a violet-colored Grecian habit, with a fur cap, and whose air and manner were rather noble. This person found some difficulty in making himself understood, speaking only an unintelligible jargon, which bore more resemblance to Italian than any other language. I understood almost all he said, and I was the only person present who could do so, for he was obliged to make his request known to the landlord and others about him by signs. On my speaking a few words in Italian, which he perfectly understood, he got up and embraced me with rapture; a connection was soon formed, and from that moment, I became his interpreter. His dinner was excellent, mine rather worse than indifferent, he gave me an invitation to dine with him, which I accepted without much ceremony. Drinking and chatting soon rendered us familiar, and by the end of the repast we had all the disposition in the world to become inseparable companions. He informed me he was a Greek prelate, and *Archimandrite* of Jerusalem; that he had undertaken to make a gathering in Europe for the reëstablishment of the Holy Sepulcher, and

showed me some very fine patents from the czarina, the emperor, and several other sovereigns. He was tolerably content with what he had collected hitherto, though he had experienced inconceivable difficulties in Germany; for not understanding a word of German, Latin, or French, he had been obliged to have resource to his Greek, Turkish Lingua Franca, which did not procure him much in the country he was traveling through; his proposal, therefore, to me was, that I should accompany him in the quality of secretary and interpreter. In spite of my violet-colored coat, which accorded well enough with the proposed employment, he guessed from my meager appearance, that I should easily be gained; and he was not mistaken. The bargain was soon made, I demanded nothing, and he promised liberally; thus, without any security or knowledge of the person I was about to serve, I gave myself up entirely to his conduct, and the next day behold me on an expedition to Jerusalem.

We began our expedition unsuccessfully by the canton of Fribourg. Episcopal dignity would not suffer him to play the beggar, or solicit help from private individuals; but we presented his commission to the Senate, who gave him a trifling sum.

At Berne, I was not useless to him, nor was my performance so bad as I had feared: I certainly spoke better and with more confidence than I could have done for myself. Matters were not conducted here with the same simplicity as at Fribourg; long and frequent conferences were necessary with the Premiers of the State, and the examination of his titles was not the work of a day; at length, everything being adjusted, he was admitted to an audience by the Senate; I entered with him as interpreter, and was ordered to speak. I expected nothing less, for it never entered my mind, that after such long and frequent conferences with the members, it was necessary to address the assembly collectively, as if nothing had been said. Judge my embarrassment!—a man so bashful to speak, not only in public, but before the whole of the Senate of Berne! to speak impromptu, without a single moment for recollection; it was enough to annihilate me—I was not even intimidated. I described distinctly and clearly the commission of the Archimandrite; extolled the piety of those princes

who had contributed, and to heighten that of their excellencies by emulation, added that less could not be expected from their well-known munificence; then, endeavoring to prove that this good work was equally interesting to all Christians, without distinction of sect; and concluded by promising the benediction of Heaven to all those who took part in it. I will not say that my discourse was the cause of our success, but it was certainly well received; and on our quitting the Archimandrite was gratified by a very genteel present, to which some very handsome compliments were added on the understanding of his secretary; these I had the agreeable office of interpreting; but could not take courage to render them literally.

This was the only time in my life that I spoke in public, and before a sovereign; and the only time, perhaps, that I spoke boldly and well.

On leaving Berne, we went to Soleurre: the Archimandrite designing to reënter Germany, and return through Hungary or Poland to his own country. This would have been a prodigious tour; but as the contents of his purse rather increased than diminished during his journey, he was in no haste to return. For me, who was almost as much pleased on horseback as on foot, I would have desired no better than to have traveled thus during my whole life; but it was pre-ordained that my journey should soon end.

The first thing we did after our arrival at Soleurre, was to pay our respects to the French ambassador there. Unfortunately for my bishop, this chanced to be the Marquis de Bonac, who had been ambassador at the Porte, and was acquainted with every particular relative to the Holy Sepulcher. The Archimandrite had an audience that lasted about a quarter of an hour, to which I was not admitted, as the ambassador spoke French and Italian at least as well as myself. On my Grecian's retiring, I was prepared to follow him, but was detained: it was now my turn. Having called myself a Parisian, as such, I was under the jurisdiction of his excellency: he therefore asked me who I was? exhorting me to tell the truth; this I promised to do, but entreated a private audience, which was immediately granted. Marquis de Bonac was so well pleased with my little history, and the ingenuousness with which I had related it, that he led me to the ambassa-

dress, and presented me, with an abridgment of my recital. Madam de Bonac received me kindly, saying, I must not be suffered to follow that Greek monk. It was accordingly resolved that I should remain at their hotel till something better could be done for me.

The experience I began to acquire tended to moderate my romantic projects; for example, I did not fall in love with Madam de Bonac, but also felt I did not stand much chance of succeeding in the service of her husband. This was the reason that when consulted on the situation I should like to be placed in, I expressed a great desire to go to Paris. The ambassador readily gave in to the idea, which at least tended to disembarrass him of me. M. de Mervilleux interpreting secretary to the embassy, said, that his friend, M. Godard, a Swiss colonel, in the service of France, wanted a person to be with his nephew, who had entered very young into the service, and made no doubt that I should suit him. On this idea, so lightly formed, my departure was determined; and I, who saw a long journey to perform with Paris at the end of it, was enraptured with the project. They gave me several letters, a hundred livres to defray the expenses of my journey, accompanied with some good advice, and thus equipped I departed.

I was a fortnight making the journey, which I may reckon among the happiest days of my life. I was young, in perfect health, with plenty of money, and the most brilliant hopes.

How much did Paris disappoint the idea I had formed of it! The exterior decorations I had seen at Turin, the beauty of the streets, the symmetry and regularity of the houses, contributed to this disappointment, since I concluded that Paris must be infinitely superior. I had figured to myself a splendid city, beautiful as large, of the most commanding aspect, whose streets were ranges of magnificent palaces, composed of marble and gold. On entering the fauborg St. Marceau, I saw nothing but dirty stinking streets, filthy black houses, an air of slovenliness and poverty, beggars, carters, butchers, cries of diet-drink and old hats. This struck me so forcibly, that all I have since seen of real magnificence in Paris could never erase this first impression, which has ever given me a particular disgust to residing in that capital; and I may say, the whole time I remained there afterwards, was employed

in seeking resources which might enable me to live at a distance from it. This is the consequence of too lively imagination, which exaggerates even beyond the voice of fame, and ever expects more than is told. I have heard Paris so flatteringly described, that I pictured it like the ancient Babylon, which, perhaps, had I seen, I might have found equally faulty, and unlike that idea the account had conveyed. The same thing happened at the Opera-house, to which I hastened the day after my arrival! I was sensible of the same deficiency at Versailles! and some time after on viewing the sea. I am convinced this would ever be the consequence of a too flattering description of any object; for it is impossible for man, and difficult even for nature herself, to surpass the riches of my imagination.

By the reception I met with from all those to whom my letters were addressed, I thought my fortune was certainly made.

Thus I was greatly flattered, but received little service. Colonel Godard for whose nephew I was recommended, proved to be an avaricious old wretch, who, on seeing my distress (though he was immensely rich), wished to have my services for nothing, meaning to place me with his nephew, rather as a valet without wages than a tutor. I was disheartened, displeased, and thus all my brilliant expectations came once more to nothing. I had not all this time forgotten my dear Madam de Warrens, but how was I to find her? Where should I seek her?—Madam de Merveilleux, who knew my story, assisted me in the search, but for a long time unavailingly; at length, she informed me that Madam de Warrens had set out from Paris about two months before, but it was not known whether for Savoy or Turin, and that some conjectured she was gone to Switzerland. Nothing further was necessary to fix my determination to follow her, certain that wherever she might be, I stood more chance of finding her at those places than I could possibly do at Paris.

What I most regret, is not having kept a journal of my travels, being conscious that a number of interesting details have slipped my memory; for never did I exist so completely, never live so thoroughly, never was so much myself, if I dare use the expression, as in those journeys made on foot. Walk-

ing animates and enlivens my spirits; I can hardly think when in a state of inactivity; my body must be exercised to make my judgment active. The view of a fine country, a succession of agreeable prospects, a free air, a good appetite, and the health I gained by walking; the freedom of inns, and the distance from everything that can make me recollect the dependence of my situation, conspire to free my soul, and give boldness to my thoughts, throwing me, in a manner, into the immensity of beings, where I combine, choose and appropriate them to my fancy, without constraint or fear. I dispose of all nature as I please; my heart wandering from object to object, approximates and unites with those that please it, is surrounded by charming images, and becomes intoxicated with delicious sensations.

Never did I experience this so feelingly as in the perambulation I am now describing. On coming to Paris, I had confined myself to ideas which related to the situation I expected to occupy there. I had rushed into the career I was about to run, and should have completed it with tolerable éclat, but it was not that my heart adhered to. Some real beings obscured my imagined ones—Colonel Godard and his nephew could not keep pace with a hero of my disposition. Thank Heaven, I was soon delivered from all these obstacles, and could enter at pleasure into the wilderness of chimeras, for that alone remained before me, and I wandered in it so completely that I several times lost my way; but this was no misfortune, I would not have shortened it, for, feeling with regret, as I approached Lyons, that I must again return to the material world, I should have been glad never to have arrived there.

I had some view in going to Lyons: on my arrival, I went to the Chasattes, to see Mademoiselle du Chatelet, a friend of Madam de Warrens, for whom I had brought a letter when I came there with M. le Maitre, so that it was an acquaintance already formed. Mademoiselle du Chatelet informed me her friend had passed through Lyons, but could not tell whether she had gone on to Piedmont, being uncertain at her departure whether it would not be necessary to stop in Savoy; but if I choose, she would immediately write for information, and thought my best plan would be to remain at

Lyons till she received it. I accepted this offer; but did not tell Mademoiselle du Chatelet how much I was pressed for an answer, and that my exhausted purse would not permit me to wait long. It was not an appearance of coolness that withheld me, on the contrary, I was very kindly received, treated on the footing of equality, and this took from me the resolution of explaining my circumstances, for I could not bear to descend from a companion to a miserable beggar.

Being reduced to pass my nights in the streets, may certainly be called suffering, and this was several times the case at Lyons, having preferred buying bread with the few pence I had remaining, to bestowing them on a lodging; as I was convinced there was less danger of dying for want of sleep than of hunger. What is astonishing, while in this unhappy situation, I took no care for the future, was neither uneasy nor melancholy, but patiently waited an answer to Mademoiselle du Chatelet's letter, and lying in the open air, stretched on the earth, or on a bench, slept as soundly as if reposing on a bed of roses.

A few days after I received news from Madam de Warrens, who was at Chambéry, with money to defray the expenses of my journey to her, which I performed with rapture. Since then my finances have frequently been very low, but never at such an ebb as to reduce me to fasting, and I mark this period with a heart fully alive to the bounty of Providence, as the last of my life in which I sustained poverty and hunger.

I remained at Lyons seven or eight days to wait for some little commissions with which Madam de Warrens had charged Mademoiselle du Chatelet, who during this interval I visited more assiduously than before, having the pleasure of talking with her of her friend, and being no longer disturbed by the cruel remembrance of my situation, or painful endeavors to conceal it.

Thus did I pass my time at the grate of Mademoiselle du Chatelet, with as much profit as pleasure. It is certain that the interesting and sensible conversation of a deserving woman is more proper to form the understanding of a young man than all the pedantic philosophy of books. I got acquainted at the Chasattes with some other boarders and their friends, and among the rest, with a young person of fourteen,

called Mademoiselle Serre, whom I did not much notice at that time, though I was in love with her eight or nine years afterwards, and with great reason, for she was a most charming girl.

I was fully occupied with the idea of seeing Madam de Warrens, and this gave some respite to my chimeras, for finding happiness in real objects I was the less inclined to seek it in nonentities. I had not only found her, but also by her means, and near her, an agreeable situation, having sent me word that she had procured one that would suit me, and by which I should not be obliged to quit her. I exhausted all my conjectures in guessing what this occupation could be, but I must have possessed the art of divination to have hit it on the right. I had money sufficient to make my journey agreeable: Mademoiselle du Chatelet persuaded me to hire a horse, but this I could not consent to, and I was certainly right, for by so doing I should have lost the pleasure of the last pedestrian expedition I ever made; for I cannot give that name to those excursions I have frequently taken about my own neighborhood, while I lived at Motiers.

It is very singular that my imagination never rises so high as when my situation is least agreeable or cheerful. When everything smiles around me, I am least amused; my heart cannot confine itself to realities, cannot embellish, but must create. Real objects strike me as they really are, my imagination can only decorate ideal ones. If I would paint the spring, it must be in winter; if describe a beautiful landscape, it must be while surrounded with walls; and I have said a hundred times, that were I confined in the Bastile, I could draw the most enchanting picture of liberty. On my departure from Lyons, I saw nothing but an agreeable future, the content I now with reason enjoyed was as great as my discontent had been at leaving Paris, notwithstanding, I had not during this journey any of those delightful reveries I then enjoyed. My mind was serene, and that was all; I drew near the excellent friend I was going to see, my heart overflowing with tenderness, enjoying in advance, but without intoxication, the pleasure of living near her; I had always expected this, and it was as if nothing new had happened. Meantime, I was anxious about the employment Madam de Warrens had

procured me, as if that alone had been material. My ideas were calm and peaceable, not ravishing and celestial; every object struck my sight in its natural form; I observed the surrounding landscape, remarked the trees, the houses, the springs, deliberated on the cross-roads, was fearful of losing myself, yet did not do so; in a word, I was no longer in the empyrean, but precisely where I found myself, or sometimes perhaps at the end of my journey, never farther.

I am in recounting my travels, as I was in making them, loath to arrive at the conclusion. My heart beat with joy as I approached my dear Madam de Warrens, but I went no faster on that account. I love to walk at my ease, and stop at leisure; a strolling life is necessary to me; traveling on foot, in a fine country, with fine weather, and having an agreeable object to terminate my journey, is the manner of living of all others most suited to my taste.

At length I arrived at Madam de Warrens'; she was not alone, the intendant-general was with her. Without speaking a word to me, she caught my hand, and presenting me to him with that natural grace which charmed all hearts, said: "This, sir, is the poor young man I mentioned; deign to protect him as long as he deserves it, and I shall feel no concern for the remainder of his life." Then added, addressing herself to me, "Child, you now belong to the king, thank Monsieur the Intendant, who furnishes you with the means of existence." I stared without answering, without knowing what to think of all this; rising ambition almost turned my head; I was already prepared to act the intendant myself. My fortune, however, was not so brilliant as I had imagined, but it was sufficient to maintain me, which, as I was situated, was a capital acquisition. I shall now explain the nature of my employment.

King Victor Amadeus, judging by the event of preceding wars, and the situation of the ancient patrimony of his fathers, that he should not long be able to maintain it, wished to drain it beforehand. Resolving, therefore, to tax the nobility, he ordered a general survey of the whole country, in order that it might be rendered more equal and productive. This scheme, which was begun under the father, was completed by the son: two or three hundred men, part

surveyors, who were called geometricians, and part writers, who were called secretaries, were employed in this work: among those of the latter description Madam de Warrens had got me appointed. This post, without being very lucrative, furnished the means of living eligibly in that country; the misfortune was, this employment could not be of any great duration, but it put me in train to procure something better, as by this means she hoped to insure the particular protection of the intendant, who might find me some more settled occupation before this was concluded.

I entered on my new employment a few days after my arrival, and as there was no great difficulty in the business, soon understood it; thus, after four or five years of unsettled life, folly, and suffering, since my departure from Geneva, I began, for the first time, to gain my bread with credit.

BOOK V

It was, I believe, in 1732, that I arrived at Chambéry, as already related, and began my employment of registering land for the king. I was almost twenty-one, my mind well enough formed for my age, with respect to sense, but very deficient in point of judgment, and needing every instruction from those into whose hands I fell, to make me conduct myself with propriety; for a few years' experience had not been able to cure me radically of my romantic ideas; and notwithstanding the ills I had sustained, I knew as little of the world, or mankind, as if I had never purchased instruction. I slept at home, that is, at the house of Madam de Warrens; but it was not as at Annecy: here were no gardens, no brook, no landscape; the house was dark and dismal, and my apartment the most gloomy of the whole. The prospect a dead wall, an alley instead of a street, confined air, bad light, small rooms, iron bars, rats, and a rotten floor; an assemblage of circumstances that do not constitute a very agreeable habitation; but I was in the same house with my best friend, incessantly near her, at my desk, or in chamber, so that I could not perceive the gloominess of my own, or have time to think of it.

Her household was much on the old footing; her faithful Claude Anet still remained with her. He was, as I have before mentioned, a peasant of Moutru, who in his childhood

had gathered herbs in Jura for the purpose of making Swiss tea; she had taken him into her service for his knowledge of drugs, finding it convenient to have a herbalist among her domestics. Passionately fond of the study of plants, he became a real botanist, and had he not died young, might have acquired as much fame in that science as he deserved for being an honest man. Serious even to gravity, and older than myself, he was to me a kind of tutor, commanding respect, and preserving me from a number of follies, for I dared not forget myself before him. He commanded it likewise from his mistress, who knew his understanding, uprightness, and inviolable attachment to herself, and returned it. Claude Anet was of an uncommon temper. I never encountered a similar disposition: he was slow, deliberate, and circumspect in his conduct; cold in his manner; laconic and sententious in his discourse; yet of an impetuosity in his passions, which (though careful to conceal) preyed upon him inwardly, and urged him to the only folly he ever committed; that folly, indeed was terrible, it was poisoning himself. This tragic scene passed soon after my arrival, and opened my eyes to the intimacy that subsisted between Claude Anet and his mistress, for had not the information come from her, I should never have suspected it; yet, surely, if attachment, fidelity, and zeal, could merit such a recompense, it was due to him, and what further proves him worthy such a distinction, he never once abused her confidence. They seldom disputed, and their disagreements ever ended amicably; one, indeed, was not so fortunate, his mistress, in a passion, said something affronting, which not being able to digest, he consulted only with despair, and finding a bottle of laudanum at hand, drank it off; then went peaceably to bed, expecting to awake no more. Madam de Warrens herself was uneasy, agitated, wandering about the house, and happily, finding the phial empty, guessed the rest. Her screams, while flying to his assistance, alarmed me; she confessed all, implored my help, and was fortunate enough, after repeated efforts, to make him throw up the laudanum. Witness of this scene, I could not but wonder at my stupidity in never having suspected the connection; but Claude Anet was so discreet, that a more penetrating observer might have been deceived. Their reconciliation af-

fected me, and added respect to the esteem I before felt for him. From this time I became, in some measure, his pupil, nor did I find myself the worse for his instruction.

I could not learn, without pain, that she lived in greater intimacy with another than with myself: it was a situation I had not even thought of, but (which was very natural) it hurt me to see another in possession of it. Nevertheless, instead of feeling any aversion to the person who had this advantage over me, I found the attachment I felt for her actually extend to him. I desired her happiness above all things, and since he was concerned in her plan of felicity, I was content he should be happy likewise. Meantime he perfectly entered into the views of his mistress; conceived a sincere friendship for me, and without affecting the authority his situation might have entitled him to, he naturally possessed that which his superior judgment gave him over mine. I dared do nothing he disproved of, but he was sure to disapprove only what merited disapprobation: thus we lived in an union which rendered us mutually happy, and which death alone could dissolve.

One proof of the excellence of this amiable woman's character, is, that all those who loved her, loved each other; even jealousy and rivalship submitting to the more powerful sentiment with which she inspired them, and I never saw any of those who surrounded her entertain the least ill will among themselves. Let the reader pause a moment on this encomium, and if he can recollect any other woman who deserves it, let him attach himself firmly to her, if he would obtain complete happiness.

From my arrival at Chambéry to my departure for Paris 1741, included an interval of eight or nine years, during which time I have few adventures to relate; my life being as simple as it was agreeable. This uniformity was precisely what was most wanting to complete the formation of my character, which continual troubles had prevented from acquiring any degree of stability. It was during this pleasing interval, that my unconnected, unfinished education, gained consistence, and made me what I have unalterably remained amid the storms with which I have since been surrounded.

It may easily be conjectured that I had plenty of employ-

ment to fill up my leisure hours; one amusement, however, found room, that was well worth all the rest.

We lived in such a confined dungeon, that it was necessary sometimes to breathe the open air; Anet, therefore, engaged Madam de Warrens to hire a garden in the suburbs, both for this purpose and the convenience of rearing plants, etc.; to this garden was added a summer-house, which was furnished in the customary manner, we sometimes dined, and I frequently slept, there. Insensibly I became attached to this little retreat, decorated it with books and prints, spending part of my time in ornamenting it during the absence of Madam de Warrens, that I might surprise her the more agreeably on her return.

Thus, my time being divided between business, pleasure, and instruction, my life passed in the most absolute serenity. Europe was not equally tranquil: France and the emperor had mutually declared war, the King of Sardinia had entered into the quarrel, and a French army had filed off into Piedmont to awe the Milanese. Till now I had never troubled myself about politics, for the first time I began reading the gazettes, but with so much partiality on the side of France, that my heart beat with rapture on its most trifling advantages, and I was as much afflicted on a reverse of fortune, as if I had been particularly concerned.

Had this folly been transient, I should not, perhaps, have mentioned it, but it took such root in my heart (without any reasonable cause) that when I afterwards acted the anti-despot and proud republican at Paris, in spite of myself, I felt a secret predilection for the nation I declared servile, and for that government I affected to oppose. The pleasantest of all was that, ashamed of an inclination so contrary to my professed maxims, I dared not own it to any one, but rallied the French on their defeats, while my heart was more wounded than their own. I am certainly the first man, that, living with a people who treated him well, and whom he almost adored, put on, even in their own country, a borrowed air of despising them; yet my original inclination is so powerful, constant, disinterested, and invincible, that even since my quitting that kingdom, since its governments, magistrates, and authors, have outvied each other in rancor against me, since it has be-

come fashionable to load me with injustice and abuse, I have not been able to get rid of this folly, but notwithstanding their ill-treatment, love them in spite of myself.

I was, therefore, an ardent Frenchman; this rendered me a politician, and I attended in the public square, amid a throng of news-mongers, the arrival of the post, and, sillier than the ass in the fable, was very uneasy to know whose packsaddle I should next have the honor to carry, for it was then supposed we should belong to France, and that Savoy would be exchanged for Milan. I must confess, however, that I experienced some uneasiness, for had this war terminated unfortunately for the allies, the pension of Madam de Warrens would have been in a dangerous situation; nevertheless, I had great confidence in my good friends, the French, and for once (in spite of the surprise of M. de Broglio) my confidence was not ill-founded—thanks to the King of Sardinia, whom I had never thought of.

While we were fighting in Italy, they were singing in France: the operas of *Rameau* began to make a noise there, and once more raise the credit of his theoretic works, which, from their obscurity, were within the compass of very few understandings. By chance I heard of his Treatise on Harmony, and had no rest till I purchased it. By another chance I fell sick; my illness was inflammatory, short and violent, but my convalescence was tedious, for I was unable to go abroad for a whole month. During this time I eagerly ran over my Treatise on Harmony, but it was so long, so diffuse, and so badly disposed, that I found it would require a considerable amount of time to unravel it. Under these circumstances I accordingly suspended my inclination, and recreated my sight with music.

To complete me, there arrived a young organist from *Valdoste,* called the Abbé Palais, a good musician and an agreeable companion, who performed very well on the harpsichord; I got acquainted with him, and we soon became inseparable. He had been brought up by an Italian monk, who was a capital organist. He explained to me his principles of music, which I compared with *Rameau;* my head was filled with accompaniments, concords and harmony, but as it was necessary to accustom the ear to all this, I proposed to Madam de War-

rens having a little concert once a month, to which she consented.

Behold me then so full of this concert, that night or day I could think of nothing else, and it actually employed a great part of my time to select the music, assemble the musicians, look to the instruments, and write out the several parts.

Accustomed to this manner of life for some time, I became so entirely attached to music that I could think of nothing else. I went to my business with disgust, the necessary confinement and assiduity appeared an insupportable punishment, which I at length wished to relinquish, that I might give myself up without reserve to my favorite amusement. It will be readily believed that this folly met with some opposition; to give up a creditable employment and fixed salary to run after uncertain scholars was too giddy a plan to be approved of by Madam de Warrens, and even supposing my future success should prove as great as I flattered myself, it was fixing very humble limits to my ambition to think of reducing myself for life to the condition of a music-master. She, who formed for me the brightest projects, and no longer trusted implicitly to the judgment of M. d'Aubonne, seeing with concern that I was so seriously occupied with a talent which she thought frivolous, frequently repeated to me that provincial proverb, which does not hold quite so good in Paris, *Qui bien chante et bien dance, fait un metier qui peu avance.*[1] On the other hand, she saw me hurried away by this irresistible passion, my taste for music having become a furor, and it was much to be feared that my employment, suffering by my distraction, might draw on me a discharge, which would be worse than a voluntary resignation. I represented to her; that this employment could not last long, that it was necessary I should have some permanent means of subsistence, and that it would be much better to complete by practice the acquisition of that art to which my inclination led me than to make fresh essays, which possibly might not succeed, since by this means, having passed the age most proper for improvement, I might be left without a single resource for gaining a livelihood: in short, I extorted her consent more by impor-

[1] He who can sweetly sing and neatly dance,
His interests right little shall advance.

tunity and caresses than by any satisfactory reasons. Proud of my success, I immediately ran to thank M. Coeeelli, Dirce-tor-General of the Survey, as though I had performed the most heroie aetion, and quitted my employment without cause, reason, or pretext, with as much pleasure as I had aeeepted it two years before.

This step, ridieulous as it may appear, proeured me a kind of eonsideration, whieh I found extremely useful. Some sup-posed I had resources whieh I did not possess; others, seeing me totally given up to music, judged of my abilities by the saerifiee I had made, and eoncluded that with such a passion for the art, I must possess it in a superior degree. In a nation of blind men, those with one eye are kings. I passed here for an excellent master, beeause all the rest were very bad ones. Possessing taste in singing, and being favored by my age and figure, I soon proeured more seholars than were suffi-cient to eompensate for the losses of my seeretary's pay.

This is, perhaps, the only time that, listening to inclina-tion, I was not deceived in my expeetations. It is remarkable, that being obliged by my profession to see a number of young girls, I do not recolleet one at Chambéry but what was charm-ing: it will be said I was disposed to find them so, and perhaps there may be some truth in the surmise. I eannot remember my young seholars without pleasure.

I had some seholars among the tradespeople, and, among others, one who was the indireet eause of a ehange of relation-ship, which (as I have promised to deelare all) I must relate in its plaee. She was the daughter of a groeer, and was ealled Mademoiselle de Larnage, a perfeet model for a Grecian statue, and whom I should quote for the handsomest girl I have ever seen, if true beauty eould exist without life or soul. Her indolenee, reserve, and insensibility were ineon-eeivable; it was equally impossible to please or make her angry, and I am eonvineed that had any one formed a design upon her virtue, he might have sueceeded, not through her inclination, but from her stupidity. Her mother, who would run no risk of this, did not leave her a single moment. In having her taught to sing and providing a young master, she had hoped to enliven her, but it all proved ineffeetual. While the master was admiring the daughter, the mother was ad-

miring the master, but this was equally lost labor. Madam de Larnage added to her natural vivacity that portion of sprightliness which should have belonged to the daughter. She was a little, ugly, lively trollop, with small twinkling ferret eyes, and marked with smallpox. On my arrival in the morning, I always found my coffee and cream ready, and the mother never failed to welcome me with a kiss on the lips, which I would willingly have returned the daughter, to see how she would have received it. All this was done with such an air of carelessness and simplicity, that even when M. de Larnage was present, her kisses and caresses were not omitted. He was a good quiet fellow, the true original of his daughter; nor did his wife endeavor to deceive him, because there was absolutely no occasion for it.

However this might be, Madam de Warrens conceived it necessary to guard me from the perils of youth by treating me as a man: this she immediately set about, but in the most extraordinary manner that any woman, in similar circumstances, ever devised. I all at once observed that her manner was graver, and her discourse more moral than usual. To the playful gayety with which she used to intermingle her instructions suddenly succeeded an uniformity of manner, neither familiar nor severe, but which seemed to prepare me for some explanation. After having vainly racked my brain for the reason of this change, I mentioned it to her; this she had expected and immediately proposed a walk to our garden the next day. Accordingly we went there the next morning; she had contrived that we should remain alone the whole day, which she employed in preparing me for those favors she meant to bestow; not as another woman would have done, by toying and folly, but by discourses full of sentiment and reason, rather tending to instruct than seduce, and which spoke more to my heart than to my senses. Meantime, however, excellent and to the purpose these discourses might be, and though far enough from coldness or melancholy, I did not listen to them with all the attention they merited, nor fix them in my memory as I should have done at any other time. That air of preparation which she had adopted gave me a degree of inquietude; while she spoke (in spite of myself) I was thoughtful and absent, attending less to what she said

than curious to know what she aimed at; and no sooner had I comprehended her design (which I could not easily do) than the novelty of the idea, which, during all the years I had passed with her, had never once entered my imagination, took such entire possession of me that I was no longer capable of minding what she said! I only thought of her; I heard her no longer.

Thinking to render young minds attentive to reason by proposing some highly interesting object as the result of it, is an error instructors frequently run into, and one which I have not avoided in my Emilius. The young pupil, struck with the object presented to him, is occupied only with that, and leaping lightly over your preliminary discourses, lights at once on the point, to which, in his idea, you lead him too tediously. To render him attentive, he must be prevented from seeing the whole of your design; and, in this particular, Madam de Warrens did not act with sufficient precaution.

By a singularity which adhered to her systematic disposition, she took the vain precaution of proposing conditions; but the moment I knew the purchase, I no longer even heard them, but immediately consented to everything; and I doubt whether there is a man on the whole earth who would have been sincere or courageous enough to dispute terms, or one single woman who would have pardoned such a dispute. By a continuation of the same whimsicality, she attached a number of the gravest formalities to the acquisition of her favors, and gave me eight days to think of them, which I assured her I had no need of, though that assurance was far from a truth: for to complete this assemblage of singularities, I was very glad to have this intermission; so much had the novelty of these ideas struck me, and such disorder did I feel in mine, that it required time to arrange them.

It will be supposed, that these eight days appeared to me as many ages; on the contrary, I should have been very glad had the time been lengthened. I find it difficult to describe the state I found myself in; it was a strange chaos of fear and impatience, dreading what I desired, and studying some civil pretext to evade my happiness.

Let the warmth of my constitution be remembered, my age, and my heart intoxicated with love; let my tender attachment

to her be supposed, which, far from having diminished, had daily gained additional strength; let it be considered that I was only happy when with her, that my heart was full, not only of her bounty, of her amiable disposition, but of her shape, of her person, of herself; in a word, conceive me united to her by every affinity that could possibly render her dear; nor let it be supposed, that, being ten or twelve years older than myself, she began to grow an old woman, or was so in my opinion. From the time the first sight of her had made such an impression on me, she had really altered very little, and, in my mind, not at all. To me she was ever charming, and was still thought so by every one. She had got something jollier, but had the same fine eyes, the same clear complexion, the same features, the same beautiful light hair, the same gayety, and even the same voice, whose youthful and silvery sound made so lively an impression on my heart, that, even to this day, I cannot hear a young woman's voice, that is at all harmonious, without emotion. It will be seen, that in a more advanced age, the bare idea of some trifling favors I had to expect from the person I loved, inflamed me so far, that I could not support, with any degree of patience, the time necessary to traverse the short space that separated us; how then, by what miracle, when in the flower of my youth, had I so little impatience for a happiness I had never tasted but in idea? How could I see the moment advancing with more pain than pleasure? Why, instead of transports that should have intoxicated me with their deliciousness, did I experience only fears and repugnance? I have no doubt that if I could have avoided this happiness with any degree of decency, I should have relinquished it with all my heart. I have promised a number of extravagancies in the history of my attachment to her; this certainly is one that no idea could be formed of.

The reader (already disgusted) supposes, that being in the situation I have before described with Claude Anet, she was already degraded in my opinion by this participation of her favors, and that a sentiment of disesteem weakened those she had before inspired me with; but he is mistaken. 'Tis true that this participation gave me a cruel uneasiness, as well from a very natural sentiment of delicacy, as because it

appeared unworthy both of her and myself; but as to my sentiments for her, they were still the same, and I can solemnly aver, that I never loved her more tenderly than when I felt so little propensity to avail myself of her condescension. I was too well acquainted with the chastity of her heart and the iciness of her constitution, to suppose for a moment that the gratification of the senses had any influence over her; I was well convinced that her only motive was to guard me from dangers, which appeared otherwise inevitable, by this extraordinary favor, which she did not consider in the same light that women usually do.

This day, more dreaded than hoped for, at length arrived. I have before observed, that I promised everything that was required of me, and I kept my word; my heart confirmed my engagements without desiring the fruits, though at length I obtained them. Was I happy? No: I felt I know not what invincible sadness which empoisoned my happiness, it seemed that I had committed an incest, and two or three times, pressing her eagerly in my arms, I deluged her bosom with my tears. On her part, as she had never sought pleasure, she had not the stings of remorse.

I repeat it, all her failings were the effect of her errors, never of her passions. She was well born, her heart was pure, her manners noble, her desires regular and virtuous, her taste delicate; she seemed formed for that elegant purity of manners which she ever loved, but never practiced, because instead of listening to the dictates of her heart, she followed those of her reason, which led her astray: for when once corrupted by false principles it will ever run counter to its natural sentiments. Unhappily, she piqued herself on philosophy, and the morals she drew from thence clouded the genuine purity of her heart.

I am well aware that ascribing sensibility of heart with coldness of temperament to the same person, I shall generally, and with great appearance of reason, be accused of a contradiction. Perhaps Nature sported or blundered, and this combination ought not to have existed; I only know it did exist. All those who know Madam de Warrens (a great number of whom are yet living) have had opportunities of knowing this was a fact; I dare even aver she had but one

pleasure in the world, which was serving those she loved. Let every one argue on the point as he pleases, and gravely prove that this cannot be; my business is to declare the truth, and not to enforce a belief of it.

I am ignorant whether Anet perceived the full extent of our union; but I am inclined to think he was no stranger to it. He was a young man of great penetration, and still greater discretion; who never belied his sentiments, but did not always speak them: without giving me the least hint that he was acquainted with our intimacy, he appeared by his conduct to be so; nor did this moderation proceed from baseness of soul, but, having entered entirely into the principles of his mistress, he could not reasonably disapprove of the natural consequences of them. Though as young as herself, he was so grave and thoughtful, that he looked on us as two children who required indulgence, and we regarded him as a respectable man, whose esteem we had to preserve. It was not until after she was unfaithful to Anet, that I learned the strength of her attachment to him. She was fully sensible that I only thought, felt, or lived for her; she let me see, therefore, how much she loved Anet, that I might love him likewise, and dwell less on her friendship, than on her esteem, for him, because this was the sentiment that I could most fully partake of. How often has she affected our hearts and made us embrace with tears, by assuring us that we were both necessary to her happiness! Let not women read this with an ill-natured smile; with the temperament she possessed, this necessity was not equivocal, it was only that of the heart.

Thus there was established, among us three, a union without example, perhaps, on the face of the earth. All our wishes, our cares, our very hearts, were for each other, and absolutely confined to this little circle.

At Chambéry they did not give us the trouble of studying expedients to avoid weariness, when by ourselves, for a troop of important visitors gave us too much by their company, to feel any when alone. The annoyance they formerly gave me had not diminished; all the difference was, that I now found less opportunity to abandon myself to my dissatisfaction. Poor Madam de Warrens had not lost her old predilec-

tion for schemes and systems; on the contrary, the more she felt the pressure of her domestic necessities, the more she endeavored to extricate herself from them by visionary projects; and, in proportion to the decrease of her present resources, she contrived to enlarge, in idea, those of the future. Increase of years only strengthened this folly: as she lost her relish for the pleasures of the world and youth, she replaced it by an additional fondness for secrets and projects; her house was never clear of quacks, contrivers of new manufactures, alchemists, projects of all kinds and of all descriptions, whose discourses began by a distribution of millions and concluded by giving you to understand that they were in want of a crown-piece. No one went from her empty-handed; and what astonished me most was, how she could so long support such profusion, without exhausting the source or wearying her creditors.

I now began to pay more attention to this circumstance, taking care of my purse, and becoming mean from a laudable motive; for I only sought to insure Madam de Warrens some resources against that catastrophe which I dreaded the approach of. I feared her creditors would seize her pension or that it might be discontinued and she reduced to want, when I foolishly imagined that the trifle I could save might be of essential service to her; but to accomplish this, it was necessary I should conceal what I meant to make a reserve of; for it would have been an awkward circumstance, while she was perpetually driven to expedients, to have her know that I hoarded money. Accordingly, I sought out some hiding-place, where I laid up a few *louis,* resolving to augment this stock from time to time, till a convenient opportunity to lay it at her feet; but I was so incautious in the choice of my repositories, that she always discovered them, and, to convince me that she did so, changed the *louis* I had concealed for a larger sum in different pieces of coin. Ashamed of these discoveries, I brought back to the common purse my little treasure, which she never failed to lay out in clothes, or other things for my use, such as a silver hilted sword, watch, etc. Being convinced that I should never succeed in accumulating money, and that what I could save would furnish but a very slender resource against the misfortune I dreaded,

made me wish to place myself in such a situation that I might be enabled to provide for her, whenever she might chance to be reduced to want. Unhappily, seeking these resources on the side of my inclinations, I foolishly determined to consider music as my principal dependence; and ideas of harmony rising in my brain, I imagined, that if placed in a proper situation to profit by them, I should acquire celebrity, and presently become a modern Orpheus, whose mystic sounds would attract all the riches of Peru.

About this time, peace being concluded, the French army repassed the Alps. Several officers came to visit Madam de Warrens, and among others the Count de Lautrec, Colonel of the regiment of Orleans, since Plenipotentiary of Geneva, and afterwards Marshal of France, to whom she presented me. On her recommendation, he appeared to interest himself greatly in my behalf, promising a great deal, which he never remembered till the last year of his life, when I no longer stood in need of his assistance.

The correspondence between Voltaire and the Prince Royal of Prussia, then made a noise in the world, and these celebrated men were frequently the subject of our conversation, one of whom recently seated on a throne, already indicated what he would prove himself hereafter, while the other, as much disgraced as he is now admired, made us sincerely lament the misfortunes that seemed to pursue him, and which are so frequently the appendage of superior talents. The Prince of Prussia had not been happy in his youth, and it appeared that Voltaire was formed never to be so. The interest we took in both parties extended to all that concerned them, and nothing that Voltaire wrote escaped us. The inclination I felt for these performances inspired me with a desire to write elegantly, and caused me to endeavor to imitate the colorings of that author, with whom I was so much enchanted. Some time after, his philosophical letters (though certainly not his best work) greatly augmented my fondness for study; it was a rising inclination, which, from that time, has never been extinguished.

But the moment was not yet arrived when I should give into it entirely; my rambling disposition (rather contracted than eradicated) being kept alive by our manner of living

at Madam de Warrens, which was too unsettled for one of my solitary temper. The crowd of strangers who daily swarmed about her from all parts, and the certainty I was in that these people sought only to dupe her, each in his particular mode, rendered home disagreeable.

Sensible of the sincerity of my zeal, she was frequently affected, and would then make the finest promises in the world: but only let an artful schemer arrive, and in an instant all her good resolutions were forgotten. After a thousand proofs of the inefficacy of my remonstrances, what remained but to turn away my eyes from the ruin I could not prevent; and fly myself from the door I could not guard! I made therefore little journeys to Geneva and Lyons, which diverted my mind in some measure from this secret uneasiness, though it increased the cause by these additional expenses. I can truly aver that I should have acquiesced with pleasure in every retrenchment, had Madam de Warrens really profited by it, but being persuaded that what I might refuse myself would be distributed among a set of interested villains, I took advantage of her easiness to partake with them, and, like the dog returning from the shambles, carried off a portion of that morsel which I could not protect.

I passed three or four years in this manner, between music, magistery, projects, and journeys, floating incessantly from one object to another, and wishing to fix though I knew not on what, but insensibly inclining towards study. I was acquainted with men of letters, I had heard them speak of literature, and sometimes mingled in the conversation, yet rather adopted the jargon of books, than the knowledge they contained.

Improving the distaste I found she began to imbibe for the town, I proposed to abandon it entirely, and settle ourselves in an agreeable solitude, in some small house, distant enough from the city to avoid the perpetual intrusion of her hangers-on. She followed my advice, and this plan, which her good angel and mine suggested, might fully have secured our happiness and tranquillity till death had divided us—but this was not the state we were appointed to; Madame de Warrens was destined to endure all the sorrows of indigence and poverty, after having passed the former part of her life in

abundance, that she might learn to quit it with the less regret; and myself, by an assemblage of misfortunes of all kinds, was to become a striking example to those who, inspired with a love of justice and the public good, and trusting too implicitly to their own innocence, shall openly dare to assert truth to mankind, unsupported by cabals, or without having previously formed parties to protect them.

An unhappy fear furnished some objections to our plan: she did not dare to quit her ill-contrived house, for fear of displeasing the proprietor. "Your proposed retirement is charming," said she, "and much to my taste, but we are necessitated to remain here, for, on quitting this dungeon, I hazard losing the very means of life, and when these fail us in the woods, we must again return to seek them in the city. That we may have the least possible cause for being reduced to this necessity, let us not leave this house entirely, but pay a small pension to the Count of Saint-Laurent, that he may continue mine. Let us seek some little habitation, far enough from the town to be at peace, yet near enough to return when it may appear convenient."

This mode was finally adopted; and after some small search, we fixed at Charmettes, on an estate belongings to M. de Conzie, at a very small distance from Chambéry; but as retired and solitary as if it had been a hundred leagues off. The spot we had concluded on was a valley between two tolerably high hills, which ran north and south; at the bottom, among the trees and pebbles, ran a rivulet, and above the declivity, on either side, were scattered a number of houses, forming altogether a beautiful retreat for those who love a peaceful romantic asylum. After having examined two or three of these houses, we chose that which we thought the most pleasing, which was the property of a gentleman of the army, called M. Noiret. This house was in good condition, before it a garden, forming a terrace; below that on the declivity an orchard, and on the ascent, behind the house, a vineyard: a little wood of chestnut trees opposite; a fountain just by, and higher up the hill, meadows for the cattle; in short, all that could be thought necessary for the country retirement we proposed to establish. To the best of my remembrance, we took possession of it toward the latter end of the summer of 1736.

I was delighted on going to sleep there—"Oh!" said I, to this dear friend, embracing her with tears of tenderness and delight, "this is the abode of happiness and innocence; if we do not find them here together it will be in vain to seek them elsewhere."

BOOK VI

I ROSE with the sun, and was happy; I walked, and was happy; I saw Madam de Warrens, and was happy; I quitted her, and still was happy!—Whether I rambled through the woods, over the hills, or strolled along the valley; read, was idle, worked in the garden, or gathered fruits, happiness continually accompanied me; it was fixed on no particular object, it was within me, nor could I depart from it a single moment.

Meantime, the air of the country did not restore my health; I was languishing and became more so; I could not endure milk, and was obliged to discontinue the use of it. Water was at this time the fashionable remedy for every complaint; accordingly I entered on a course of it, and so indiscreetly, that it almost released me, not only from my illness but also from my life. The water I drank was rather hard and difficult to pass, as water from mountains generally is; in short, I managed so well, that in the course of two months I totally ruined my stomach, which until that time had been very good, and no longer digesting anything properly, had no reason to expect a cure. At this time an accident happened, as singular in itself as in its subsequent consequences, which can only terminate with my existence.

One morning, being no worse than usual, while putting up the leaf of a small table, I felt a sudden and almost inconceivable revolution throughout my whole frame. I know not how to describe it better than as a kind of tempest, which suddenly rose in my blood, and spread in a moment over every part of my body. My arteries began beating so violently that I not only felt their motion, but even heard it, particularly that of the carotids, attended by a loud noise in my ears, which was of three, or rather four, distinct kinds. For instance, first a grave hollow buzzing; then a more distinct murmur, like the running of water; then an extremely sharp hissing, attended by the beating I before mentioned, and whose throbs

I could easily count, without feeling my pulse, or putting a hand to any part of my body. This internal tumult was so violent that it has injured my auricular organs, and rendered me, from that time, not entirely deaf, but hard of hearing.

Though weak, I resumed my country occupations, as far as my strength would permit, and conceived a real grief at not being able to manage our garden without help; for I could not take five or six strokes with the spade without being out of breath and overcome with perspiration; when I stooped the beating redoubled, and the blood flew with such violence to my head, that I was instantly obliged to stand upright. Being therefore confined to less fatiguing employments, I busied myself about the dove-house, and was so pleased with it that I sometimes passed several hours there without feeling a moment's weariness.

I have already mentioned that I purchased some books: I did not forget to read them, but in a manner more proper to fatigue than instruct me. I imagined that to read a book profitably, it was necessary to be acquainted with every branch of knowledge it even mentioned; far from thinking that the author did not do this himself, but drew assistance from other books, as he might see occasion. Full of this silly idea, I was stopped every moment, obliged to run from one book to another, and sometimes, before I could reach the tenth page of what I was studying, found it necessary to turn over a whole library. I was so attached to this ridiculous method, that I lost a prodigious deal of time, and had bewildered my head to such a degree, that I was hardly capable of doing, seeing or comprehending anything. I fortunately perceived, at length, that I was in the wrong road, which would entangle me in an inextricable labyrinth, and quitted it before I was irrevocably lost.

When a person has any real taste for the sciences, the first thing he perceives in the pursuit of them is that connection by which they mutually attract, assist, and enlighten each other, and that it is impossible to attain one without the assistance of the rest. Though the human understanding cannot grasp all, and one must ever be regarded as the principal object, yet if the rest are totally neglected, the favorite study is generally obscure; I was convinced that my resolution to

improve was good and useful in itself, but that it was necessary I should change my method; I, therefore, had recourse to the encyclopædia. I began by a distribution of the general mass of human knowledge into its various branches, but soon discovered that I must pursue a contrary course, that I must take each separately, and trace it to that point where it united with the rest: thus I returned to the general synthetical method, but returned thither with a conviction that I was going right. Meditation supplied the want of knowledge, and a very natural reflection gave strength to my resolutions, which was, that whether I lived or died, I had no time to lose; for having learned but little before the age of five-and-twenty, and then resolving to learn everything, was engaging to employ the future time profitably. I was ignorant at what point accident or death might put a period to my endeavors, and resolved at all events to acquire with the utmost expedition some idea of every species of knowledge, as well to try my natural disposition, as to judge for myself what most deserved cultivation.

I rose every morning before the sun, and passed through a neighboring orchard into a pleasant path, which, running by a vineyard, led towards Chambéry. While walking, I offered up my prayers, not by a vain motion of the lips, but a sincere elevation of my heart, to the Great Author of delightful nature, whose beauties were so charmingly spread out before me! I never love to pray in a chamber; it seems to me that the walls and all the little workmanship of man interposed between God and myself: I love to contemplate Him in His works, which elevate my soul, and raise my thoughts to Him. My prayers were pure, I can affirm it, and therefore worthy to be heard:—I asked for myself and her from whom my thoughts were never divided, only an innocent and quiet life, exempt from vice, sorrow and want; I prayed that we might die the death of the just, and partake of their lot hereafter: for the rest, it was rather admiration and contemplation than request, being satisfied that the best means to obtain what is necessary from the Giver of every perfect good, is rather to deserve than to solicit.

Such was the life I led at Charmettes when I had no rural employments, for they ever had the preference, and in those

that did not exceed my strength, I worked like a peasant; but my extreme weakness left me little except the will; besides, as I have before observed, I wished to do two things at once, and therefore did neither well. I obstinately persisted in forcing my memory to retain a great deal by heart, and for that purpose, I always carried some book with me, which, while at work, I studied with inconceivable labor. I was continually repeating something, and am really amazed that the fatigue of these vain and continual efforts did not render me entirely stupid. I must have learned and relearned the Eclogues of Virgil twenty times over, though at this time I cannot recollect a single line of them. I have lost or spoiled a great number of books by a custom I had of carrying them with me into the dove-house, the garden, orchard or vineyard, when, being busy about something else, I laid my book at the foot of a tree, on the hedge, or the first place that came to hand, and frequently left them there, finding them a fortnight after, perhaps, rotted to pieces, or eaten by the ants or snails; and this ardor for learning became so far a madness that it rendered me almost stupid, and I was perpetually muttering some passage or other to myself.

The writings of Port-Royal, and those of the Oratory, being what I most read, had made me half a Jansenist, and, notwithstanding all my confidence, their harsh theology sometimes alarmed me. A dread of hell, which till then I had never much apprehended, by little and little disturbed my security, and had not Madam de Warrens tranquilized my soul, would at length have been too much for me. My confessor, who was hers likewise, contributed all in his power to keep up my hopes. This was a Jesuit, named Father Hemet; a good and wise old man, whose memory I shall ever hold in veneration. Though a Jesuit, he had the simplicity of a child, and his manners, less relaxed than gentle, were precisely what was necessary to balance the melancholy impressions made on me by Jansenism.

I should like to know whether there ever passed such childish notions in the hearts of other men as sometimes do in mine. In the midst of my studies, and of a life as innocent as man could lead, notwithstanding every persuasion to the contrary, the dread of hell frequently tormented me. I asked my-

self, "What state am I in? Should I die at this instant, must I be damned?" According to my Jansenists the matter was indubitable, but according to my conscience it appeared quite the contrary: terrified and floating in this cruel uncertainty, I had recourse to the most laughable expedient to resolve my doubts, for which I would willingly shut up any man as a lunatic should I see him practice the same folly. One day, meditating on this melancholy subject, I exercised myself in throwing stones at the trunks of trees, with my usual dexterity, that is to say, without hitting any of them. In the height of this charming exercise, it entered my mind to make a kind of prognostic, that might calm my inquietude; I said, "I will throw this stone at the tree facing me; if I hit my mark, I will consider it as a sign of salvation; if I miss, as a token of damnation." While I said this, I threw the stone with a trembling hand and beating breast but so happily that it struck the body of the tree, which truly was not a difficult matter, for I had taken care to choose one that was very large and very near me. From that moment I never doubted my salvation: I know not on recollecting this trait, whether I ought to laugh or shudder at myself. Ye great geniuses, who surely laugh at my folly, congratulate yourselves on your superior wisdom, but insult not my unhappiness, for I swear to you that I feel it most sensibly.

The winter following, Barillot returning from Italy, brought me some books; and among others, the *Bontempi* and *la Cartella per Musica,* of Father Banchieri; these gave me a taste for the history of music and for the theoretical researches of that pleasing art. Barillot remained some time with us, and as I had been of age some months, I determined to go to Geneva the following spring, and demand my mother's inheritance, or at least that part which belonged to me, till it could be ascertained what had become of my brother. This plan was executed as it had been resolved: I went to Geneva; my father met me there, for he had occasionally visited Geneva a long time since, without its being particularly noticed, though the decree that had been pronounced against him had never been reversed; but being esteemed for his courage, and respected for his probity, the situation of his affairs was pretended to be forgotten; or perhaps, the magistrates, em-

ployed with the great project that broke out some little time after, were not willing to alarm the citizens by recalling to their memory, at an improper time, this instance of their former partiality.

I apprehended that I should meet with difficulties, on account of having changed my religion, but none occurred; the laws of Geneva being less harsh in that particular than those of Berne, where, whoever changes his religion, not only loses his freedom, but his property. My rights, however, were not disputed, but I found my patrimony, I know not how, reduced to very little, and though it was known almost to a certainty that my brother was dead, yet, as there was no legal proof, I could not lay claim to his share, which I left without regret to my father, who enjoyed it as long as he lived. No sooner were the necessary formalities adjusted, and I had received my money, some of which I expended in books, than I flew with the remainder to Madam de Warrens; my heart beat with joy during the journey, and the moment in which I gave the money into her hands, was to me a thousand times more delightful than that which gave it into mine. She received this with a simplicity common to great souls, who, doing similar actions without effort, see them without admiration; indeed it was almost all expended for my use, for it would have been employed in the same manner had it come from any other quarter.

My health was not yet reëstablished; I decayed visibly, was pale as death, and reduced to an absolute skeleton; the beating of my arteries was extreme, my palpitations were frequent: I was sensible of a continual oppression, and my weakness became at length so great, that I could scarcely move or step without danger of suffocation, stoop without vertigoes, or lift even the smallest weight, which reduced me to the most tormenting inaction for a man so naturally stirring as myself. It is certain my disorder was in a great measure hypochondriacal. The vapors is a malady common to people in fortunate situations: the tears I frequently shed, without reason; the lively alarms I felt on the falling of a leaf, or the fluttering of a bird; inequality of humor in the calm of a most pleasing life; lassitude which made me weary even of happiness, and carried sensibility to extravagance, were an in-

stance of this. We are so little formed for felicity, that when the soul and body do not suffer together, they must necessarily endure separate inconveniences, the good state of the one being almost always injurious to the happiness of the other. Had all the pleasure of life courted me, my weakened frame would not have permitted the enjoyment of them, without my being able to particularize the real seat of my complaint; yet in the decline of life, after having encountered very serious and real evils, my body seemed to regain its strength, as if on purpose to encounter additional misfortunes; and, at the moment I write this, though infirm, near sixty, and overwhelmed with every kind of sorrow, I feel more ability to suffer than I ever possessed for enjoyment when in the very flower of my age, and in the bosom of real happiness.

To complete me, I had mingled a little physiology among my other readings: I set about studying anatomy, and considering the multitude, movement, and wonderful construction of the various parts that composed the human machine; my apprehensions were instantly increased, I expected to feel mine deranged twenty times a day, and far from being surprised to find myself dying, was astonished that I yet existed! I could not read the description of any malady without thinking it mine, and, had I not been already indisposed, I am certain I should have become so from this study. Finding in every disease symptoms similar to mine, I fancied I had them all, and, at length, gained one more troublesome than any I yet suffered, which I had thought myself delivered from; this was, a violent inclination to seek a cure; which it is very difficult to suppress, when once a person begins reading physical books. By searching, reflecting, and comparing, I became persuaded that the foundation of my complaint was a polypus at the heart, and Doctor Salomon appeared to coincide with the idea. Reasonably this opinion should have confirmed my former resolution of considering myself past cure; this, however, was not the case; on the contrary, I exerted every power of my understanding in search of a remedy for a polypus, resolving to undertake this marvelous cure.

In a journey which Anet had made to Montpellier, to see the physical garden there, and visit Monsieur Sauvages, the demonstrator, he had been informed that Monsieur Fizes

had cured a polypus similar to that I fancied myself afflicted with: Madam de Warrens, recollecting this circumstance, mentioned it to me, and nothing more was necessary to inspire me with a desire to consult Monsieur Fizes. The hope of recovery gave me courage and strength to undertake the journey; the money from Geneva furnished the means; Madam de Warrens, far from dissuading, entreated me to go: behold me, therefore, without further ceremony, set out for Montpellier!—but it was not necessary to go so far to find the cure I was in search of.

Finding the motion of the horse too fatiguing, I had hired a chaise at Grenoble, and on entering Moirans, five or six other chaises arrived in a rank after mine. The greater part of these were in the train of a new married lady called Madam du Colombier; with her was a Madam de Larnage, not so young or handsome as the former, yet not less amiable. The bride was to stop at Romans, but the other lady was to pursue her route as far as Saint-Andiol, near the bridge *du St. Esprit*. With my natural timidity it will not be conjectured that I was very ready at forming an acquaintance with these fine ladies, and the company that attended them; but traveling the same road, lodging at the same inns, and being obliged to eat at the same table, the acquaintance seemed unavoidable, as any backwardness on my part would have got me the character of a very unsociable being: it was formed then, and even sooner than I desired, for all this bustle was by no means convenient to a person in ill health, particularly to one of my humor. Curiosity renders these vixens extremely insinuating; they accomplish their design of becoming acquainted with a man by endeavoring to turn his brain, and this was precisely what happened to me. Madam du Colombier was too much surrounded by her young gallants to have any opportunity of paying much attention to me; besides, it was not worth while, as we were to separate in so short a time; but Madam de Larnage (less attended to than her young friend) had to provide herself for the remainder of the journey; behold me, then, attacked by Madam de Larnage, and adieu to poor Jean Jacques, or rather farewell to fever, vapors, and polypus; all completely vanished when in her presence.

Was I to live a hundred years, I should never forget this charming woman. I say charming, for though neither young nor beautiful, she was neither old nor ugly, having nothing in her appearance that could prevent her wit and accomplishments from producing all their effects. It was possible to see her without falling in love, but those she favored could not fail to adore her; which proves, in my opinion, that she was not generally so prodigal of her favors. It is true, her inclination for me was so sudden and lively, that it scarce appears excusable; though from the short, but charming interval I passed with her, I have reason to think her heart was more influenced than her passions.

If the sentiment I felt for her was not precisely love, it was at least a very tender return of what she testified for me; our meetings were so delightful, that they possessed all the sweets of love; without that kind of delirium which affects the brain, and even tends to diminish our happiness. I never experienced true love but once in my life, and that was not with Madam de Larnage, neither did I feel that affection for her which I had been sensible of, and yet continued to possess, for Madam de Warrens; but for this very reason, our *tête-à-têtes* were a hundred times more delightful. When with Madam de Warrens, my felicity was always disturbed by a secret sadness, a compunction of heart, which I found it impossible to surmount. Instead of being delighted at the acquisition of so much happiness, I could not help reproaching myself for contributing to render her I loved unworthy: on the contrary, with Madam de Larnage, I was proud of my happiness, and gave in to it without repugnance, while my triumph redoubled every other charm.

The amours of a journey cannot be very durable: it was necessary we should part, and I must confess it was almost time; not that I was weary of my happiness, but I might as well have been. We endeavored to comfort each other for the pain of parting, by forming plans for our reunion; and it was concluded, that after staying five or six weeks at Montpellier (which would give Madam de Larnage time to prepare for my reception in such a manner as to prevent scandal) I should return to Saint-Andiol, and spend the winter under her direction. She gave me ample instruction on what it was

necessary I should know, on what it would be proper to say; and how I should conduct myself. She spoke much and earnestly on the care of my health, conjured me to consult skillful physicians, and be attentive and exact in following their prescriptions whatever they might happen to be. I believe her concern was sincere, for she loved me, and gave proofs of her affection less equivocal than the prodigality of her favors; for judging by my mode of traveling, that I was not in very affluent circumstances (though not rich herself), on our parting, she would have had me share the contents of her purse, which she had brought pretty well furnished from Grenoble, and it was with great difficulty I could make her put up with a denial. In a word, we parted; my heart full of her idea, and leaving in hers (if I am not mistaken) a firm attachment to me.

While pursuing the remainder of my journey, remembrance ran over everything that had passed from the commencement of it, and I was well satisfied at finding myself alone in a comfortable chaise, where I could ruminate at ease on the pleasures I had enjoyed, and those which awaited my return. I only thought of Saint-Andiol; of the life I was to lead there; I saw nothing but Madam de Larnage, or what related to her; the whole universe besides was nothing to me—even Madam de Warrens was forgotten!—I set about combining all the details by which Madam de Larnage had endeavored to give me in advance an idea of her house, of the neighborhood, of her connections, and manner of life, finding everything charming.

She had a daughter, whom she had often described in the warmest terms of maternal affection: this daughter was fifteen, lively, charming, and of an amiable disposition. Madam de Larnage promised me her friendship; I had not forgotten that promise, and was curious to know how Mademoiselle de Larnage would treat her mother's *bon ami.*

During this journey, I really forgot my complaints, but recollected them again on my arrival at Montpellier. My vapors were absolutely gone, but every other complaint remained, and though custom had rendered them less troublesome, they were still sufficient to make any one who had been suddenly seized with them, suppose himself attacked by some mortal disease. In effect they were rather alarming than

painful, and made the mind suffer more than the body, though it apparently threatened the latter with destruction. While my attention was called off by the vivacity of my passions, I paid no attention to my health; but as my complaints were not altogether imaginary, I thought of them seriously when the tumult had subsided. Recollecting the salutary advice of Madam de Larnage, and the cause of my journey, I consulted the most famous practitioners, particularly Monsieur Fizes; and through superabundance of precaution boarded at a doctor's who was an Irishman, and named Fitz-Morris.

I was convinced that the physicians (who understood nothing of my disorder) looked on my complaint as imaginary, and treated me accordingly, with their waters and whey. In this respect physicians and philosophers differ widely from theologians; admitting the truth only of what they can explain, and making their knowledge the measure of possibilities. These gentlemen understood nothing of my illness, therefore concluded I could not be ill; and who would presume to doubt the profound skill of a physician? I plainly saw they only meant to amuse, and make me swallow my money; and judging their substitute at Saint-Andiol would do me quite as much service, and be infinitely more agreeable, I resolved to give her the preference; full, therefore, of this wise resolution, I quitted Montpellier.

I set off towards the end of November, after a stay of six weeks or two months in that city, where I left a dozen louis, without either my health or understanding being the better for it, except from a short course of anatomy begun under M. Fitz-Morris, which I was soon obliged to abandon, from the horrid stench of the bodies he dissected, which I found it impossible to endure.

Not thoroughly satisfied in my own mind on the rectitude of this expedition, as I advanced towards the Bridge of St. Esprit (which was equally the road to Saint-Andiol and to Chambéry) I began to reflect on Madam de Warrens, the remembrance of whose letters, though less frequent than those from Madam de Larnage, awakened in my heart a remorse that passion had stifled in the first part of my journey, but which became so lively on my return, that, setting just estimate on the love of pleasure, I found myself in such a situa-

tion of mind that I could listen wholly to the voice of reason. The family of Madam de Larnage might not be pleased with me, and would, perhaps, treat me unpolitely; her daughter too made me uneasy, for, spite of myself, I thought more of her than was necessary. I trembled lest I should fall in love with this girl, and that very fear had already half done the business. Was I going, in return for the mother's kindness, to seek the ruin of the daughter? To sow dissension, dishonor, scandal, and hell itself, in her family? The very idea struck me with horror, and I took the firmest resolution to combat and vanquish this unhappy attachment, should I be so unfortunate as to experience it. But why expose myself to this danger? How miserable must the situation be to live with the mother, whom I should be weary of, and sigh for the daughter, without daring to make known my affection! What necessity was there to seek this situation, and expose myself to misfortunes, affronts and remorse, for the sake of pleasures whose greatest charm was already exhausted? For I was sensible this attachment had lost its first vivacity. With these thoughts were mingled reflections relative to my situation and duty to that good and generous friend, who already loaded with debts, would become more so from the foolish expenses I was running into, and whom I was deceiving so unworthily. This reproach at length became so keen that it triumphed over every temptation, and on approaching the bridge of St. Esprit I formed the resolution to burn my whole magazine of letters from Saint-Andiol, and continue my journey right forward to Chambéry.

I executed this resolution courageously, with some sighs I confess, but with the heart-felt satisfaction, which I enjoyed for the first time in my life, of saying, "I merit my own esteem, and know how to prefer duty to pleasure." This was the first real obligation I owed my books, since these had taught me to reflect and compare. After the virtuous principles I had so lately adopted, after all the rules of wisdom and honor I had proposed to myself, and felt so proud to follow, the shame of possessing so little stability, and contradicting so egregiously my own maxims, triumphed over the allurements of pleasure. Perhaps, after all, pride had as much share in my resolution as virtue; but if this pride

is not virtue itself, its effects are so similar that we are pardonable in deceiving ourselves.

My impatience to arrive at Chambéry had made me use more diligence than I meant to do. I had sent a letter from Valence, mentioning the day and hour I should arrive, but I had gained half a day on this calculation, which time I passed at Chaparillan, that I might arrive exactly at the time I mentioned. I wished to enjoy to its full extent the pleasure of seeing her, and preferred deferring this happiness a little, that expectancy might increase the value of it. This precaution had always succeeded; hitherto my arrival had caused a little holiday; I expected no less this time, and these preparations, so dear to me, would have been well worth the trouble of contriving them.

I arrived then exactly at the hour, and while at a considerable distance, looked forward with an expectancy of seeing her on the road to meet me. The beating of my heart increased as I drew near the house; at length I arrived, quite out of breath; for I had left my chaise in the town. I see no one in the garden, at the door, or at the windows; I am seized with terror, fearful that some accident has happened. I enter; all is quiet; the laborers are eating their luncheon in the kitchen, and far from observing any preparation, the servants seem surprised to see me, not knowing I was expected. I go up-stairs, at length see her!—that dear friend! so tenderly, truly, and entirely beloved. I instantly ran towards her, and threw myself at her feet. "Ah! child!" said she, "art thou returned then!" embracing me at the same time. "Have you had a good journey? How do you do?" This reception amused me for some moments. I then asked, whether she had received my letter? she answered, "Yes." "I should have thought not," replied I; and the information concluded there. A young man was with her at this time. I recollected having seen him in the house before my departure, but at present he seemed established there; in short, he was so; I found my place already supplied!

He was a tall, fair, silly youth; well enough made, with an unmeaning face, and a mind of the same description, speaking always like the beau in a comedy, and mingling the manners and customs of his former situation with a long history

of his gallantry and success; naming, according to his account, not above half the marchionesses who had favored him, and pretending never to have dressed the head of a pretty woman, without having likewise decorated her husband's; vain, foolish, ignorant and insolent; such was the worthy substitute taken in my absence, and the companion offered me on my return!

O! if souls disengaged from their terrestrial bonds, yet view from the bosom of eternal light what passes here below, pardon, dear and respectable shade, that I show no more favor to your failings than my own, but equally unveil both. I ought and will be just to you as to myself; but how much less will you lose by this resolution than I shall! How much do your amiable and gentle disposition, your inexhaustible goodness of heart, your frankness and other amiable virtues, compensate for your foibles, if a subversion of reason alone can be called such. You had errors, but not vices; your conduct was reprehensible, but your heart was ever pure.

The new-comer had shown himself zealous and exact in all her little commissions, which were ever numerous, and he diligently overlooked the laborers. As noisy and insolent as I was quiet and forbearing, he was seen or rather heard at the plow, in the hay-loft, wood-house, stable, farm-yard, at the same instant. He neglected the gardening, this labor being too peaceful and moderate; his chief pleasure was to load or drive the cart, to saw or cleave wood; he was never seen without a hatchet or pick-ax in his hand, running, knocking and hallooing with all his might. I know not how many men's labor he performed, but he certainly made noise enough for ten or a dozen at least. All this bustle imposed on poor Madam de Warrens; she thought this young man a treasure, and, willing to attach him to herself, employed the means she imagined necessary for that purpose, not forgetting what she most depended on, the surrender of her own person.

Those who have thus far read this work should be able to form some judgment of my heart; its sentiments were the most constant and sincere, particularly those which had brought me back to Chambéry; what a sudden and complete overthrow was this to my whole being!

I was so dull of apprehension, and my confidence in her was so great, that, notwithstanding the familiar tone of the new-comer, which I looked on as an effect of the easy disposition of Madam de Warrens, which rendered her free with every one, I never should have suspected his real situation had not she herself informed me of it; but she hastened to make this avowal with a freedom calculated to inflame me with resentment, could my heart have turned to that point. Speaking of this connection as quite immaterial with respect to herself, she reproached me with negligence in the care of the family, and mentioned my frequent absence, as though she had been in haste to supply my place. "Ah!" said I, my heart bursting with the most poignant grief, "what do you dare to inform me of? Is this the reward of an attachment like mine? Have you so many times preserved my life, for the sole purpose of taking from me all that could render it desirable? Your infidelity will bring me to the grave, but you will regret my loss!" She answered with a tranquillity sufficient to distract me, that I talked like a child; that people did not die from such slight causes; that our friendship need be no less sincere, nor we any less intimate, for that her tender attachment to me could neither diminish nor end but with herself; in a word she gave me to understand that my happiness need not suffer any decrease from the good fortune of this new favorite.

Never did the purity, truth and force of my attachment to her appear more evident; never did I feel the sincerity and honesty of my soul more forcibly, than at that moment. I threw myself at her feet, embracing her knees with torrents of tears. "No, madam," replied I, with the most violent agitation, "I love you too much to disgrace you thus far, and too truly to share you; the regret that accompanied the first acquisition of your favors has continued to increase with my affection. I cannot preserve them by so violent an augmentation of it. You shall ever have my adoration: be worthy of it; to me that is more necessary than all you can bestow. It is to you, O my dearest friend! that I resign my rights; it is to the union of our hearts that I sacrifice my pleasure; rather would I perish a thousand times than thus degrade her I love."

I preserved this resolution with a constancy worthy, I may say, of the sentiment that gave it birth.

The privation I had imposed on myself, and which she affected to approve, is one of those affronts which women scarcely ever forgive. Take the most sensible, the most philosophic female, one the least attached to pleasure, and slighting her favors, if within your reach, will be found the most unpardonable crime, even though she may care nothing for the man. This rule is certainly without exception; since a sympathy so natural and ardent was impaired in her, by an abstinence founded only on virtue, attachment and esteem, I no longer found with her that union of hearts which constituted all the happiness of mine; she seldom sought me but when we had occasion to complain of this new-comer, for when they were agreed, I enjoyed but little of her confidence, and, at length, was scarcely ever consulted in her affairs. She seemed pleased, indeed, with my company, but had I passed whole days without seeing her she would hardly have missed me.

Insensibly, I found myself desolate and alone in that house where I had formerly been the very soul; where, if I may so express myself, I had enjoyed a double life, and by degrees, I accustomed myself to disregard everything that passed, and even those who dwelt there. To avoid continual mortifications, I shut myself up with my books, or else wept and sighed unnoticed in the woods. This life soon became insupportable; I felt that the presence of a woman so dear to me, while estranged from her heart, increased my unhappiness, and was persuaded, that, ceasing to see her, I should feel myself less cruelly separated.

I resolved, therefore, to quit the house, mentioned it to her, and she, far from opposing my resolution, approved it. She had an acquaintance at Grenoble, called Madam de Deybens, whose husband was on terms of friendship with Monsieur Malby, chief Provost of Lyons. M. Deybens proposed my educating M. Malby's children; I accepted this offer, and departed for Lyons without causing, and almost without feeling, the least regret at a separation, the bare idea of which, a few months before, would have given us both the most excruciating torments.

I had almost as much knowledge as was necessary for a tutor, and flattered myself that my method would be unexceptionable; but the year I passed at M. Malby's was sufficient to undeceive me in that particular. The natural gentleness of my disposition seemed calculated for the employment, if hastiness had not been mingled with it. While things went favorably, and I saw the pains (which I did not spare) succeed, I was an angel; but a devil when they went contrary. If my pupils did not understand me, I was hasty, and when they showed any symptoms of an untoward disposition, I was so provoked that I could have killed them; which behavior was not likely to render them either good or wise. I had two under my care, and they were of very different tempers. Ste. Marie, who was between eight and nine years old, had a good person and quick apprehension, was giddy, lively, playful and mischievous; but his mischief was ever good-humored. The younger one, named *Condillac,* appeared stupid and fretful, was headstrong as a mule, and seemed incapable of instruction. It may be supposed that between both I did not want employment, yet with patience and temper I might have succeeded; but wanting both, I did nothing worth mentioning, and my pupils profited very little. I could only make use of three means, which are very weak, and often pernicious with children; namely, sentiment, reasoning, passion. I sometimes exerted myself so much with *Ste.-Marie,* that I could not refrain from tears, and wished to excite similar sensations in him; as if it was reasonable to suppose a child could be susceptible to such emotions. Sometimes I exhausted myself in reasoning, as if persuaded he could comprehend me; and as he frequently formed very subtle arguments, concluded he must be reasonable, because he bid fair to be so good a logician.

The little *Condillac* was still more embarrassing; for he neither understood, answered, nor was concerned at anything; he was of an obstinacy beyond belief, and was never happier than when he had succeeded in putting me in a rage; then, indeed, he was the philosopher, and I the child. I was conscious of all my faults, studied the tempers of my pupils, and became acquainted with them; but where was the use of seeing the evil, without being able to apply a

remedy? My penetration was unavailing, since it never prevented any mischief; and everything I undertook failed, because all I did to effect my designs was precisely what I ought not to have done.

Monsieur Malby saw this as clearly as myself, though I am inclined to think he would never have dismissed me had I not spared him the trouble, which was an excess of condescension in this particular, that I most certainly cannot justify.

What rendered my situation yet more insupportable was the comparison I was continually drawing between the life I now led and that which I had quitted; the remembrance of my dear Charmettes, my garden, trees, fountain and orchard, but, above all, the company of her who was born to give life and soul to every other enjoyment. On calling to mind our pleasures and innocent life, I was seized with such oppressions and heaviness of heart, as deprived me of the power of performing anything as it should be. A hundred times was I tempted instantly to set off on foot to my dear Madam de Warrens, being persuaded that could I once more see her, I should be content to die that moment: in fine, I could no longer resist the tender emotions which recalled me back to her, whatever it might cost me. I accused myself of not having been sufficiently patient, complaisant and kind; concluding I might yet live happily with her on the terms of tender friendship, and by showing more for her than I had hitherto done. I formed the finest projects in the world, burned to execute them, left all, renounced everything, departed, fled, and arriving in all the transports of my early youth, found myself once more at her feet. Alas! I should have died there with joy, had I found in her reception, in her embrace, or in her heart, one-quarter of what I had formerly found there, and which I yet found the undiminished warmth of.

Fearful illusions of transitory things, how often dost thou torment us in vain! She received me with that excellence of heart which could only die with her; but I sought the influence there which could never be recalled, and had hardly been half an hour with her before I was once more convinced that my former happiness had vanished forever, and

that I was in the same melancholy situation which I had been obliged to fly from.

Consumed with vain regrets, given up to the most gloomy melancholy, I resumed the custom of remaining alone, except at meals; shut up with my books, I sought to give some useful diversion to my ideas, and feeling the imminent danger of want, which I had so long dreaded, I sought means to prepare for and receive it, when Madam de Warrens should have no other resource. I had placed her household on a footing not to become worse; but since my departure everything had been altered. He who now managed her affairs was a spendthrift, and wished to make a great appearance; such as keeping a good horse with elegant trappings; loved to appear gay in the eyes of the neighbors, and was perpetually undertaking something he did not understand. Her pension was taken up in advance, her rent was in arrears, debts of every kind continued to accumulate; I could plainly foresee that her pension would be seized, and perhaps suppressed; in short, I expected nothing but ruin and misfortune, and the moment appeared to approach so rapidly that I already felt all its horrors.

My closet was my only amusement, and after a tedious search for remedies for the sufferings of my mind, I determined to seek some against the evil of distressing circumstances, which I daily expected would fall upon us, and returning to my old chimeras, behold me once more building castles in the air to relieve this dear friend from the cruel extremities into which I saw her ready to fall. I did not believe myself wise enough to shine in the republic of letters, or to stand any chance of making a fortune by that means; a new idea, therefore, inspired me with that confidence, which the mediocrity of my talents could not impart.

In ceasing to teach music I had not abandoned the thoughts of it; on the contrary, I had studied the theory sufficiently to consider myself well informed on the subject. When reflecting on the trouble it had cost me to read music, and the great difficulty I yet experienced in singing at sight, I began to think the fault might as well arise from the manner of noting as from my own dullness, being sensible it was an art which most people find difficult to understand. By ex-

amining the formation of the signs, I was convinced they were frequently very ill devised. I had before thought of marking the gamut by figures, to prevent the trouble of having lines to draw, on noting the plainest air; but had been stopped by the difficulty of the octaves, and by the distinction of measure and quantity: this idea returned again to my mind, and on a careful revision of it, I found the difficulties by no means insurmountable. I pursued it successfully, and was at length able to note any music whatever by figures, with the greatest exactitude and simplicity. From this moment I supposed my fortune made, and in the ardor of sharing it with her to whom I owed everything, thought only of going to Paris, not doubting that on presenting my project to the Academy, it would be adopted with rapture. I had brought some money from Lyons; I augmented this stock by the sale of my books, and in the course of a fortnight my resolution was both formed and executed: in short, full of the magnificent ideas it had inspired, and which were common to me on every occasion, I departed from Savoy with my new system of music.

Such have been the errors and faults of my youth; I have related the history of them with a fidelity which my heart approves; if my riper years were dignified with some virtues, I should have related them with the same frankness; it was my intention to have done this, but I must forego this pleasing task and stop here. Time, which renders justice to the characters of most men, may withdraw the veil; and should my memory reach posterity, they may one day discover what I had to say—they will then understand why I am now silent.

BOOK VII

After two years' silence and patience, and notwithstanding my resolutions, I again take up my pen. Reader, suspend your judgment as to the reasons which force me to such a step: of these you can be no judge until you shall have read my book.

My peaceful youth has been seen to pass away calmly and agreeably without any great disappointments or remarkable prosperity. This mediocrity was mostly owing to my ar-

dent yet feeble nature, less prompt in undertaking than easy to discourage; quitting repose for violent agitations, but returning to it from lassitude and inclinations, and which, placing me in an idle and tranquil state for which alone I felt I was born, at a distance from the paths of great virtues and still further from those of great vices, never permitted me to arrive at anything great, either good or bad. What a different account will I soon have to give of myself! Fate, which for thirty years forced my inclinations, for thirty others has seemed to oppose them; and this continued opposition, between my situation and inclinations, will appear to have been the source of enormous faults, unheard-of misfortunes, and every virtue except that fortitude which alone can do honor to adversity.

At present my head and memory are become so weak as to render me almost incapable of every kind of application: my present undertaking is the result of constraint, and a heart full of sorrow. I have nothing to treat of but misfortunes, treacheries, perfidies, and circumstances equally afflicting. I would give the world, could I bury in the obscurity of time, everything I have to say, and which, in spite of myself, I am obliged to relate. I am, at the same time, under the necessity of being mysterious and subtle, of endeavoring to impose and of descending to things the most foreign to my nature. The ceiling under which I write has eyes; the walls of my chamber have ears. Surrounded by spies and by vigilant and malevolent inspectors, disturbed, and my attention diverted, I hastily commit to paper a few broken sentences, which I have scarcely time to read, and still less to correct.

I made some stay at Lyons to visit my acquaintance, procure letters of recommendation to Paris, and to sell my books of geometry which I had brought with me. I was well received by all whom I knew. M. and Madam de Malby seemed pleased to see me again, and several times invited me to dinner. At their house I became acquainted with the Abbé de Malby, as I had already done with the Abbé de Condillac, both of whom were on a visit to their brother. The Abbé de Malby gave me letters to Paris; among others, one to M. de Fontenelle, and another to the Comte de Caylus. These were very agreeable acquaintances, especially the first, to whose

friendship for me his death only put a period, and from whom, in our private conversations, I received advice which I ought to have more exactly followed.

I arrived at Paris in the autumn of 1741, with fifteen louis in my purse, and with my comedy of Narcissus and my musical project in my pocket. These composed my whole stock; consequently I had not much time to lose before I attempted to turn the latter to some advantage. I therefore immediately thought of making use of my recommendations.

A young man who arrives at Paris, with a tolerable figure, and announces himself by his talents, is sure to be well received. This was my good fortune, which procured me some pleasure without leading to anything solid. Of all the persons to whom I was recommended, three only were useful to me. M. Damesin, a gentleman of Savoy, at that time equerry, and I believe favorite, of the Princess of Carignan; M. de Boze, Secretary of the Academy of Inscriptions, and keeper of the medals of the king's cabinet; and Father Castel, a Jesuit, author of the *Clavecin oculaire.*

All these recommendations, except that to M. Damesin, were given me by the Abbé de Malby.

M. Damesin provided me with that which was most needful, by means of two persons with whom he brought me acquainted. One was M. Gase, *president a mortier* of the parliament of Bordeaux, and who played very well upon the violin; the other, the Abbé de Leon, who then lodged in the Sorbonne, a young nobleman; extremely amiable, who died in the flower of his age, after having, for a few moments, made a figure in the world under the name of the Chevalier de Rohan. Both these gentlemen had an inclination to learn composition. In this I gave them lessons for a few months, by which means my decreasing purse received some little aid. The Abbé Leon conceived a friendship for me, and wished me to become his secretary; but he was far from being rich, and all the salary he could offer me was eight hundred livres, which, with infinite regret, I refused; since it was insufficient to defray the expenses of my lodging, food, and clothing.

I was well received by M. de Boze. He had a thirst for knowledge, of which he possessed not a little, but was somewhat pedantic. Madam de Boze much resembled him; she

was lively and affected. I sometimes dined with them, and it is impossible to be more awkward than I was in her presence. Her easy manner intimidated me, and rendered mine more remarkable. When she presented me a plate, I modestly put forward my fork to take one of the least bits of what she offered me, which made her give the plate to her servant, turning her head aside that I might not see her laugh. She had not the least suspicion that in the head of the rustic with whom she was so diverted there was some small portion of wit. M. de Boze presented me to M. de Reaumur, his friend, who came to dine with him every Friday, the day on which the Academy of Sciences met. He mentioned to him my project, and the desire I had of having it examined by the academy. M. de Reaumur consented to make the proposal, and his offer was accepted. On the day appointed I was introduced and presented by M. de Reaumur, and on the same day, August 22d, 1742, I had the honor to read to the academy the memoir I had prepared for that purpose. Although this illustrious assembly might certainly well be expected to inspire me with awe, I was less intimidated on this occasion than I had been in the presence of Madam de Boze, and I got tolerably well through my reading and the answers I was obliged to give. The memoir was well received and acquired me some compliments by which I was equally surprised and flattered, imagining that before such an assembly, whoever was not a member of it could not have common-sense. The persons appointed to examine my system were M. Mairan, M. Hellot, and M. de Fouchy, all three men of merit, but not one of them understood music, at least not enough of composition to enable them to judge of my project.

During my conference with these gentlemen, I was convinced with no less certainty than surprise, that if men of learning have sometimes fewer prejudices than others, they more tenaciously retain those they have. However weak or false most of their objections were, and although I answered them with great timidity, and I confess, in bad terms, yet with decisive reasons, I never once made myself understood, or gave them any explanation in the least satisfactory. I was constantly surprised at the facility with which, by the aid of a few sonorous phrases, they refuted, without having com-

prehended me. On their report the academy granted me a certificate full of fine compliments, amidst which it appeared that in reality it judged my system to be neither new nor useful. I did not think proper to ornament with such a paper the work entitled *Dissertation sur la musique moderne,* by which I appealed to the public.

My frequent visits to the literati appointed to examine my system and the other academicians gave me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the most distinguished men of letters in Paris, and by this means the acquaintance that would have been the consequence of my sudden admission amongst them, which afterwards came to pass, was already established. With respect to the present moment, absorbed in my new system of music, I obstinately adhered to my intention of effecting a revolution in the art, and by that means of acquiring a celebrity which, in the fine arts, is in Paris mostly accompanied by fortune. I shut myself in my chamber and labored three or four months with inexpressible ardor, in forming into a work for the public eye, the memoir I had read before the academy. The difficulty was to find a bookseller to take my manuscript; and this on account of the necessary expenses for new characters, and because booksellers give not their money by handfuls to young authors; although to me it seemed but just my work should render me the bread I had eaten while employed in its composition.

Bonnefond introduced me to Quillau the father, with whom I agreed to divide the profits, without reckoning the privilege, of which I paid the whole expense. Such were the future proceedings of this Quillau that I lost the expenses of my privilege, never having received a farthing from that edition; which, probably, had but very middling success, although the Abbé des Fontaines promised to give it celebrity, and, notwithstanding the other journalists, had spoken of it very favorably.

The greatest obstacle to making the experiment of my system was the fear, in case of its not being received, of losing the time necessary to learn it. To this I answered, that my notes rendered the ideas so clear, that to learn music by means of the ordinary characters, time would be gained by beginning with mine. To prove this by experience, I taught music gratis

to a young American lady, Mademoiselle des Roulins, with whom M. Roguin had brought me acquainted. In three months she read every kind of music, by means of my notation, and sung at sight better than I did myself, any piece that was not too difficult. This success was convincing, but not known; any other person would have filled the journals with the detail, but with some talents for discovering useful things, I never have possessed that of setting them off to advantage.

Thus was my airy castle again overthrown; but this time I was thirty years of age, and in Paris, where it is impossible to live for a trifle. The resolution I took upon this occasion will astonish none but those by whom the first part of these memoirs has not been read with attention. I had just made great and fruitless efforts, and was in need of relaxation. Instead of sinking with despair I gave myself up quietly to my indolence and to the care of Providence; and the better to wait for its assistance with patience, I lay down a frugal plan for the slow expenditure of a few louis, which still remained in my possession, regulating the expense of my supine pleasures without retrenching it; going to the coffee-house but every other day, and to the theater but twice a week. With respect to the expenses of girls of easy virtue, I had no retrenchment to make; never having in the whole course of my life applied so much as a farthing to that use except once, of which I shall soon have occasion to speak. The security, voluptuousness, and confidence with which I gave myself up to this indolent and solitary life, which I had not the means of continuing for three months, is one of the singularities of my life, and the oddities of my disposition. The extreme desire I had the public should think of me was precisely what discouraged me from showing myself; and the necessity of paying visits rendered them to such a degree insupportable, that I ceased visiting the academicians and other men of letters, with whom I had cultivated an acquaintance. Marivaux, the Abbé Malby, and Fontenelle, were almost the only persons whom I sometimes went to see. To the first I showed my comedy of Narcissus. He was pleased with it, and had the goodness to make in it some improvements. Diderot, younger than these, was much about my own age. He was fond of music, and knew it theoretically; we conversed together, and

he communicated to me some of his literary projects. This soon formed betwixt us a more intimate connection, which lasted fifteen years, and which probably would still exist were not I, unfortunately, and by his own fault, of the same profession with himself.

Dismayed at the great and rapid efforts which would have been necessary to call forth my endeavors, I strove to flatter my idleness, and by arguments suitable to the purpose, veiled from my own eyes the shame of such a state.

I thus calmly waited for the moment when I was to be without money; and had not Father Castel, whom I sometimes went to see in my way to the coffee-house, roused me from my lethargy, I believe I should have seen myself reduced to my last farthing without the least emotion. Father Castel was a madman, but a good man upon the whole; he was sorry to see me thus impoverish myself to no purpose. "Since musicians and the learned," said he, "do not sing by your scale, change the string, and apply to the women. You will perhaps succeed better with them. I have spoken of you to Madam de Beuzenval; go to her from me; she is a good woman who will be glad to see the countryman of her son and husband. You will find at her house Madam de Broglie, her daughter, who is a woman of wit. Madam Dupin is another to whom I also have mentioned you; carry her your work; she is desirous of seeing you, and will receive you well. Nothing is done in Paris without the women. They are the curves, of which the wise are the asymptotes; they incessantly approach each other, but never touch."

After having from day to day delayed these very disagreeable steps, I at length took courage, and called upon Madam de Beuzenval. She received me with kindness; and Madam de Broglie entering the chamber, she said to her: "Daughter, this is M. Rousseau, of whom Father Castel has spoken to us." Madam de Broglie complimented me upon my work, and going to her harpsichord proved to me she had already given it some attention. Perceiving it to be about one o'clock, I prepared to take my leave. Madam de Beuzenval said to me: "You are at a great distance from the quarter of the town in which you reside; stay and dine here." I did not want asking a second time. A quarter of an hour afterwards,

I understood, by a word, that the dinner to which she had invited me was that of her servants' hall. Madam de Beuzenval was a very good kind of woman, but of a confined understanding, and too full of her illustrious Polish nobility: she had no idea of the respect due to talents. On this occasion, likewise, she judged me by my manner rather than by my dress, which, although very plain, was very neat, and by no means announced a man to dine with servants. I had too long forgotten the way to the place where they eat to be inclined to take it again. Without suffering my anger to appear, I told Madam de Beuzenval that I had an affair of a trifling nature which I had just recollected obliged me to return home, and I immediately prepared to depart. Madam de Broglie approached her mother, and whispered in her ear a few words which had their effect. Madam de Beuzenval rose to prevent me from going, and said, "I expect that you will do us the honor to dine *with us.*" In this case I thought to show pride would be a mark of folly, and I determined to stay. The goodness of Madam de Broglie had besides made an impression upon me, and rendered her interesting in my eyes. I was very glad to dine with her, and hoped, that when she knew me better, she would not regret having procured me that honor.

From this time I thought I might depend on the services of Madam the Baroness, of Beuzenval, and the Marchioness of Broglie, and that they would not long leave me without resource. In this I was not deceived. But I must now speak of my first visit to Madam Dupin, which produced more lasting consequences.

When I saw her for the first time, she was still one of the finest women in Paris. She received me at her toilette, her arms were uncovered, her hair disheveled, and her combing-cloth ill-arranged. This scene was new to me; it was too powerful for my poor head, I became confused, my senses wandered; in short, I was violently smitten by Madam Dupin.

My confusion was not prejudicial to me; she did not perceive it. She kindly received the book and the author; spoke with information of my plan, sung, accompanied herself on the harpsichord, kept me to dinner, and placed me at table by her side. Less than this would have turned my brain; I be-

came mad. She permitted me to visit her, and I abused the permission. I went to see her almost every day, and dined with her twice or thrice a week. I burned with inclination to speak, but never dared attempt it. Several circumstances increased my natural timidity. Permission to visit in an opulent family was a door open to fortune, and in my situation I was unwilling to run the risk of shutting it against myself. Madam Dupin, amiable as she was, was serious and unanimated; I found nothing in her manners sufficiently alluring to embolden me. Her house, at that time, as brilliant as any other in Paris, was frequented by societies the less numerous, as the persons by whom they were composed were chosen on account of some distinguished merit. She was fond of seeing every one who had claims to a marked superiority; the great men of letters, and fine women. No person was seen in her circle but dukes, ambassadors, and blue ribbons. The Princess of Rohan, the Countess of Forcalquier, Madam de Mirepoix, Madam de Brignole, and Lady Hervey, passed for her intimate friends. The Abbés de Fontenelle, de Saint Pierre, and Sallier, M. de Fourmont, M. de Bernis, M. de Buffon, and M. de Voltaire, were of her circle and her dinners. If her reserved manner did not attract many young people, her society inspired the greater awe, as it was composed of graver persons, and the poor Jean Jacques had no reason to flatter himself he should be able to take a distinguished part in the midst of such superior talents. I therefore had not courage to speak; but no longer able to contain myself, I took a resolution to write. For the first two days she said not a word to me upon the subject. On the third day, she returned me my letter, accompanying it with a few exhortations which froze my blood. I attempted to speak, but my words expired upon my lips; my sudden passion was extinguished with my hopes, and after a declaration in form I continued to live with her upon the same terms as before, without so much as speaking to her even by the language of the eyes.

I thought my folly was forgotten, but I was deceived. M. de Francueil, son to M. Dupin, and son-in-law to Madam Dupin, was much the same with herself and me. He had wit, a good person, and might have pretensions. This was said to be the case, and probably proceeded from his mother-

in-law's having given him an ugly wife of a mild disposition, with whom, as well as with her husband, she lived upon the best of terms. M. de Francueil was fond of talents in others, and cultivated those he possessed. Music, which he understood very well, was a means of producing a connection between us. I frequently saw him, and he soon gained my friendship. He, however, suddenly gave me to understand that Madam Dupin thought my visits too frequent, and begged me to discontinue them. Such a compliment would have been proper when she returned my letter; but eight or ten days afterwards, and without any new cause, it appeared to me ill-timed. This rendered my situation the more singular, as M. and Madam de Francueil still continued to give me the same good reception as before.

I however made the intervals between my visits longer, and I should entirely have ceased calling on them, had not Madam Dupin, by another unexpected caprice, sent to desire I would for a few days take care of her son, who changing his preceptor, remained alone during that interval. I passed eight days in such torments as nothing but the pleasure of obeying Madam Dupin could render supportable: I would not have undertaken to pass eight other days like them had Madam Dupin given me herself for the recompense.

M. de Francueil conceived a friendship for me, and I studied with him. We began together a course of chemistry at Rouelles. That I might be nearer at hand, I left my hotel at Quentin, and went to lodge at the Tennis Court, Rue Verdelet, which leads into the Rue Platiere, where M. Dupin lived. There, in consequence of a cold neglected, I contracted an inflammation of the lungs that had liked to have carried me off. In my younger days I frequently suffered from inflammatory disorders, pleurisies, and especially quinsies, to which I was very subject, and which frequently brought me near enough to death to familiarize me to its image.

During my convalescence I had leisure to reflect upon my situation, and to lament my timidity, weakness and indolence; these, notwithstanding the fire with which I found myself inflamed, left me to languish in an inactivity of mind, continually on the verge of misery. The evening preceding the day

on which I was taken ill, I went to an opera by Royer; the name I have forgotten. Notwithstanding my prejudice in favor of the talents of others, which has ever made me distrustful of my own, I still thought the music feeble, and devoid of animation and invention. I sometimes had the vanity to flatter myself: I think I could do better than that. But the terrible idea I had formed of the composition of an opera, and the importance I heard men of the profession affix to such an undertaking, instantly discouraged me, and made me blush at having so much as thought of it. Besides, where was I to find a person to write the words, and one who would give himself the trouble of turning the poetry to my liking? These ideas of music and the opera had possession of my mind during my illness, and in the delirium of my fever I composed songs, duets, and choruses. I am certain I composed two or three little pieces, *di prima intenzione,* perhaps worthy of the admiration of masters, could they have heard them executed. Oh, could an account be taken of the dreams of a man in a fever, what great and sublime things would sometimes proceed from his delirium!

These subjects of music and opera still engaged my attention during my convalescence, but my ideas were less energetic. Long and frequent meditations, and which were often involuntary, and made such an impression upon my mind that I resolved to attempt both words and music.

Before I began the work I took time to consider of my plan. In a heroic ballet I proposed three different subjects, in three acts, detached from each other, set to music of a different character, taking for each subject the amours of a poet. I entitled this opera *Les Muses Galantes.* My first act, in music strongly characterized, was Tasso; the second in tender harmony, Ovid; and the third, entitled Anacreon, was to partake of the gayety of the dithyrambus. I tried my skill on the first act, and applied to it with an ardor which, for the first time, made me feel the delightful sensation produced by the creative power of composition.

I this time did not proceed far with my undertaking, being interrupted by other affairs. Whilst I attached myself to the family of Dupin, Madam de Beuzenval and Madam de Broglie, whom I continued to visit, had not forgotten me,

The Count de Montaigu, captain in the guards, had just been appointed ambassador to Venice. He was an ambassador made by Barjac, to whom he assiduously paid his court. His brother, the Chevalier de Montaigu, *gentilhomme de la manche* to the dauphin, was acquainted with these ladies, and with the Abbé Alary of the French academy, whom I sometimes visited. Madam de Broglie having heard the ambassador was seeking a secretary, proposed me to him. A conference was opened between us. I asked a salary of fifty guineas, a trifle for an employment which required me to make some appearance. The ambassador was unwilling to give more than a thousand livres, leaving me to make the journey at my own expense. The proposal was ridiculous. We could not agree, and M. de Francueil, who used all his efforts to prevent my departure, prevailed.

I stayed and M. de Montaigu set out on his journey, taking with him another secretary, one M. Follau, who had been recommended to him by the office of foreign affairs. They no sooner arrived at Venice than they quarreled. Follan perceiving he had to do with a madman, left him there, and M. de Montaigu having nobody with him, except a young abbé of the name of Binis, who wrote under the secretary, and was unfit to succeed him, had recourse to me. The chevalier, his brother, a man of wit, by giving me to understand there were advantages annexed to the place of secretary, prevailed upon me to accept the thousand livres. I was paid twenty louis in advance for my journey, and immediately departed.

I saw Milan, Verona, Brescie, and Padua, and at length arrived at Venice, where I was impatiently expected by the ambassador.

I found there piles of dispatches, from the court and from other ambassadors, the ciphered part of which he had not been able to read, although he had all the ciphers necessary for that purpose, never having been employed in any office, nor even seen the cipher of a minister. I was at first apprehensive of meeting with some embarrassment; but I found nothing could be more easy, and in less than a week I had deciphered the whole, which certainly was not worth the trouble; for not to mention the little activity required in the embassy of

Venice, it was not to such a man as M. de Montaigu that government would confide a negotiation of even the most trifling importance.

It was time I should once be what Heaven, which had endowed me with a happy disposition, what the education that had been given me by the best of women, and that I had given myself, had prepared me for, and I became so. Left to my own reflections, without a friend or advice, without experience, and in a foreign country, in the service of a foreign nation, surrounded by a crowd of knaves, who, for their own interest, and to avoid the scandal of good example, endeavored to prevail upon me to imitate them; far from yielding to their solicitations, I served France well, to which I owed nothing, and the ambassador still better, as it was right and just I should do to the utmost of my power.

The talents I thought I felt in myself for my employment made me discharge the functions of it with satisfaction, and except the society of my friend de Carrio, that of the virtuous Altuna, of whom I shall soon have an occasion to speak, the innocent recreations of the place Saint Mark, of the theater, and of a few visits which we, for the most part, made together, my only pleasure was in the duties of my station. Although these were not considerable, especially with the aid of the Abbé de Binis, yet as the correspondence was very extensive and there was a war, I was a good deal employed. I applied to business the greatest part of every morning, and on the days previous to the departure of the courier, in the evenings, and sometimes till midnight. The rest of my time I gave to the study of the political professions I had entered upon, and in which I hoped, from my successful beginning, to be advantageously employed. In fact I was in favor with every one; the ambassador himself spoke highly of my services, and never complained of anything I did for him; his dissatisfaction proceeded from my having insisted on quitting him, in consequence of the useless complaints I had frequently made on several occasions. The ambassadors and ministers of the king with whom we were in correspondence complimented him on the merit of his secretary, in a manner by which he ought to have been flattered, but which in his poor head produced quite a contrary effect.

He received one in particular relative to an affair of importance, for which he never pardoned me.

He was so incapable of bearing the least constraint, that on the Saturday, the day of the dispatches for most of the courts, he could not contain himself, and wait till the business was done before he went out, and incessantly pressing me to hasten the dispatches to the king and ministers, he signed them with precipitation, and immediately went I knew not where, leaving most of the other letters without signing; this obliged me, when these contained nothing but news, to convert them into journals; but when affairs which related to the king were in question it was necessary somebody should sign, and I did it. This once happened relative to some important advice we had just received from M. Vincent, chargé des affaires from the king, at Vienna. The Prince Lobkowitz was then marching to Naples, and Count Gages had just made the most memorable retreat, the finest military maneuver of the whole century, of which Europe has not sufficiently spoken. The dispatch informed us that a man, whose person M. Vincent described, had set out from Vienna, and was to pass by Venice, in his way into Abruzzi, where he was secretly to stir up the people at the approach of the Austrians.

In the absence of M. le Comte de Montaigu, who did not give himself the least concern about anything, I forwarded this advice to the Marquis de l' Hopital, so apropos, that it is perhaps to the poor Jean Jacques, so abused and laughed at, that the house of Bourbon owes the preservation of the kingdom of Naples.

The Marquis de l' Hopital, when he thanked his colleague, as it was proper he should do, spoke to him of his secretary, and mentioned the service he had just rendered to the common cause. The Comte de Montaigu, who in that affair had to reproach himself with negligence, thought he perceived in the compliment paid him by M. de l' Hopital, something like a reproach, and spoke of it to me with signs of ill-humor. I found it necessary to act in the same manner with the Count de Castellane, ambassador at Constantinople, as I had done with the Marquis de l' Hopital, although in things of less importance. As there was no other conveyance to Constantinople than by couriers, sent from time to time by the senate

to its Bailli, advice of their departure was given to the ambassador of France, that he might write by them to his colleague, if he thought proper so to do. This advice was commonly sent a day or two beforehand; but M. de Montaigu was held in so little respect, that merely for the sake of form he was sent to, a couple of hours before the couriers set off. This frequently obliged me to write the dispatch in his absence. M. de Castellane, in his answer made honorable mention of me; M. de Jonville, at Genoa, did the same, and these instances of their regard and esteem became new grievances.

I acknowledge I did not neglect any opportunity of making myself known; but I never sought one improperly, and in serving well I thought I had a right to aspire to the natural return for essential services; the esteem of those capable of judging of, and rewarding them. I will not say whether or not my exactness in discharging the duties of my employment was a just subject of complaint from the ambassador; but I cannot refrain from declaring that it was the sole grievance he ever mentioned previous to our separation.

I patiently endured his disdain, his brutality, and ill-treatment, as long as, perceiving them accompanied by ill-humor, I thought they had in them no portion of hatred; but the moment I saw the design formed of depriving me of the honor I merited by my faithful services, I resolved to resign my employment.

I cannot take leave of Venice without saying something of the celebrated amusements of that city, or at least of the little part of them of which I partook during my residence there. It has been seen how little in my youth I ran after the pleasures of that age, or those that are so called. My inclinations did not change at Venice, but my occupations, which moreover would have prevented this, rendered more agreeable to me the simple recreations I permitted myself. The first and most pleasing of all was the society of men of merit. M. le Blond, de St. Cyr, Carrio Altuna, and a Forlinian gentleman, whose name I am very sorry to have forgotten, and whom I never call to my recollection without emotion: he was the man of all I ever knew whose heart most resembled my own. We were connected with two or three Englishmen of great wit and information, and, like ourselves, passionately

fond of music. All these gentlemen had their wives, female friends, or mistresses: the latter were most of them women of talents, at whose apartments there were balls and concerts. There was but little play; a lively turn, talents, and the theaters rendered this amusement insipid. Play is the resource of none but men whose time hangs heavy on their hands. I had brought with me from Paris the prejudice of that city against Italian music; but I had also received from nature a sensibility and niceness of distinction which prejudice cannot withstand. I soon contracted that passion for Italian music with which it inspires all those who are capable of feeling its excellence. In listening to *barcaroles,* I found I had not yet known what singing was, and I soon became so fond of the opera that, tired of babbling, eating, and playing in the boxes when I wished to listen, I frequently withdrew from the company to another part of the theater. There, quite alone, shut up in my box, I abandoned myself, notwithstanding the length of the representation, to the pleasure of enjoying it at ease unto the conclusion.

Music in Italy is accompanied with so trifling an expense, that it is not worth while for such as have a taste for it to deny themselves the pleasure it affords. I hired a harpsichord, and, for half a crown, I had at my apartment four or five symphonists, with whom I practiced once a week in executing such airs, etc., as had given me most pleasure at the opera. I also had some symphonies performed from my *Muses Galantes.* Whether these pleased the performers, or the ballet-master of St. John Chrysostom wished to flatter me, he desired to have two of them; and I had afterwards the pleasure of hearing these executed by that admirable orchestra. They were danced to by a little *Bettina,* pretty and amiable, and kept by a Spaniard, M. Fagoaga, a friend of ours with whom we often went to spend the evening. But apropos of girls of easy virtue: it is not in Venice that a man abstains from them. Have you nothing to confess, somebody will ask me, upon this subject? Yes: I have something to say upon it, and I will proceed to the confession with the same ingenuousness with which I have made my former ones. I always had a disinclination to girls of pleasure, but at Venice those were all I had within my reach; most of the

houses being shut against me on account of my place. The daughters of M. le Blond were very amiable, but difficult of access; and I had too much respect for the father and mother ever once to have the lease desire for them.

I should have had a much stronger inclination to a young lady named Mademoiselle de Cataneo, daughter to the agent from the King of Prussia, but Carrio was in love with her: there was even between them some question of marriage. He was in easy circumstances, and I had no fortune: his salary was a hundred louis (guineas) a year, and mine amounted to no more than a thousand livres (about forty pounds sterling): and, besides my being unwilling to oppose a friend, I knew that in all places, and especially at Venice, with a purse so ill furnished as mine was, gallantry was out of the question.

Carrio was a gallant. Tired of visiting girls engaged to others, he took a fancy to have one to himself, and, as we were inseparable, he proposed to me an arrangement common enough at Venice, which was to keep one girl for us both. To this I consented. The question was, to find one who was safe. He was so industrious in his researches that he found out a little girl from eleven to twelve years of age, whom her infamous mother was endeavoring to sell, and I went with Carrio to see her. The sight of the child moved me to the most lively compassion. She was fair and as gentle as a lamb. Nobody would have taken her for an Italian. Living is very cheap in Venice; we gave a little money to the mother, and provided for the subsistence of her daughter. She had a voice, and to procure her some resource we gave her a spinnet, and a singing-master. All these expenses did not cost each of us more than two sequins a month, and we contrived to save a much greater sum in other matters; but as we were obliged to wait until she became of a riper age, this was sowing a long time before we could possibly reap. However, satisfied with passing our evenings, chatting and innocently playing with the child, we perhaps enjoyed greater pleasure than if we had received the last favors. So true is it that men are more attached to women by a certain pleasure they have in living with them, than by any kind of libertinism. My heart became insensibly attached to the little Anzoletta, but my attachment was paternal, in which the senses

had so little share, that in proportion as the former increased, to have connected it with the latter would have been less possible; and I felt I should have experienced, at approaching this little creature when become nubile, the same horror with which the abominable crime of incest would have inspired me. I perceived the sentiments of Carrio take, unobserved by himself, exactly the same turn. We thus prepared for ourselves, without intending it, pleasure not less delicious, but very different from that of which we first had an idea; and I am fully persuaded that however beautiful the poor child might have become, far from being the corrupters of her innocence we should have been the protectors of it. The circumstance which shortly afterwards befell me deprived me of the happiness of taking a part in this good work, and my only merit in the affair was the inclination of my heart.

I will now return to my journey.

My first intentions after leaving M. de Montaigu, was to retire to Geneva, until time and more favorable circumstances should have removed the obstacles which prevented my union with my poor mamma; but the quarrel between me and M. de Montaigu being become public, and he having had the folly to write about it to the court, I resolved to go there to give an account of my conduct and complain of that of a madman. I communicated my intention, from Venice, to M. du Theil, charged *per interim* with foreign affairs after the death of M. Amelot. I set off as soon as my letter, and took my route through Bergamo, Como, and Domo D'Oscela, and crossing Saint Plomb. At Sion, M. de Chaignon, *chargé des affaires* from France, showed me great civility; at Geneva M. de la Closure treated me with the same polite attention. I there renewed my acquaintance with M. de Gauffecourt, from whom I had some money to receive. I had passed through Nion without going to see my father: not that this was a matter of indifference to me, but because I was unwilling to appear before my stepmother, after the disaster which had befallen me, certain of being condemned by her without being heard. The bookseller, Du Villard, an old friend of my father's, reproached me severely with this neglect. I gave him my reasons for it, and to repair my fault, without exposing myself to meet my stepmother, I took a chaise and

we went together to Nion and stopped at a public house. Du Villard went to fetch my father, who came running to embrace me. We supped together, and, after passing an evening very agreeable to the wishes of my heart, I returned the next morning to Geneva with Du Villard, for whom I have ever since retained a sentiment of gratitude in return for the service he did me on this occasion.

The news of my quarrel had reached Paris before me and on my arrival I found the people in all the offices, and the public in general, scandalized at the follies of the ambassador. Notwithstanding this, the public talk at Venice, and the unanswerable proof I exhibited, I could not obtain even the shadow of justice. Far from obtaining satisfaction or reparation, I was left at the discretion of the ambassador for my salary, and this for no other reason than because, not being a Frenchman, I had no right to national protection, and that it was a private affair between him and myself. Everybody agreed I was insulted, injured, and unfortunate; that the ambassador was mad, cruel, and iniquitous, and that the whole of the affair dishonored him forever. But what of this! He was the ambassador, and I was nothing more than the secretary.

Order, or that which is so called, was in opposition to my obtaining justice, and of this the least shadow was not granted me. I supposed that, by loudly complaining, and by publicly treating this madman in the manner he deserved, I should at length be told to hold my tongue; this was what I wished for, and I was fully determined not to obey until I had obtained redress. But at that time there was no minister for foreign affairs. I was suffered to exclaim, nay, even encouraged to do it, and joined with; but the affair still remained in the same state, until, tired of being in the right without obtaining justice, my courage at length failed me, and let the whole drop.

The only person by whom I was ill received, and from whom I should have least expected such an injustice, was Madam de Beuzenval. Full of the prerogatives of rank and nobility, she could not conceive it was possible an ambassador could ever be in the wrong with respect to his secretary. The reception she gave me was conformable to this prejudice. I

was so piqued at it that, immediately after leaving her, I wrote her perhaps one of the strongest and most violent letters that ever came from my pen, and since that time I never once returned to her house. I was better received by Father Castel; but, in the midst of his jesuitical wheedling I perceived him faithfully to follow one of the great maxims of his society, which is to sacrifice the weak to the powerful. The strong conviction I felt of the justice of my cause, and my natural greatness of mind did not suffer me patiently to endure this partiality.

The justice and inutility of my complaints, left in my mind seeds of indignation against our foolish civil institutions, by which the welfare of the public and real justice are always sacrificed to I know not what appearance of order, and which does nothing more than add the sanction of public authority to the oppression of the weak, and the iniquity of the powerful.

Some men would be tempted to say, that nothing succeeds except the dark conspiracies of the wicked, and that the innocent intentions of the good are seldom or never accomplished. I had felt the inconvenience of dependence, and took a resolution never again to expose myself to it; having seen the projects of ambition, which circumstances had induced me to form, overturned in their birth. Discouraged in the career I had so well begun, from which, however, I had just been expelled, I resolved never more to attach myself to any person, but to remain in an independent state, turning my talents to the best advantage: of these I at length began to feel the extent, and that I had hitherto had too modest an opinion of them. I again took up my opera, which I had laid aside to go to Venice. I returned to my old hotel St. Quentin; which, in a solitary part of the town, and not far from the Luxembourg, was more proper for my purpose than noisy Rue St. Honoré.

There the only consolation which Heaven suffered me to taste in my misery, and the only one which rendered it supportable, awaited me. This was not a transcient acquaintance; I must enter into some detail relative to the manner in which it was made.

We had a new landlady from Orleans; she took for a

needlewoman a girl from her own country, of between twenty-two and twenty-three years of age, and who, as well as the hostess, ate at our table. This girl, named Théresa le Vasseur, was of a good family; her father was an officer in the mint of Orleans, and her mother a shopkeeper; they had many children. The function of the mint of Orleans being suppressed, the father found himself without employment; and the mother having suffered losses, was reduced to narrow circumstances. She quitted her business and came to Paris with her husband and daughter, who, by her industry, maintained all the three.

The first time I saw this girl at table, I was struck with her modesty; and still more so with her lively yet charming look, which, with respect to the impression it made upon me, was never equaled. Beside M. de Bonnefond, the company was composed of several Irish priests, Gascons and others of much the same description. Our hostess herself had not made the best possible use of her time, and I was the only person at the table who spoke and behaved with decency. Allurements were thrown out to the young girl. I took her part, and the joke was then turned against me. Had I had no natural inclination to the poor girl, compassion and contradiction would have produced it in me: I was always a great friend to decency in manners and conversation, especially in the fair sex. I openly declared myself her champion, and perceived she was not insensible of my attention; her looks, animated by the gratitude she dared not express by words, were for this reason still more penetrating.

She was very timid, and I was as much so as herself. The connection which this disposition common to both seemed to remove to a distance, was however rapidly formed. Our landlady perceiving its progress, became furious, and her brutality forwarded my affair with the young girl, who, having no person in the house except myself to give her the least support, was sorry to see me go from home, and sighed for the return of her protector. The affinity our hearts bore to each other, and the similarity of our dispositions, had soon their ordinary effect. She thought she saw in me an honest man, and in this she was not deceived. I thought I perceived in her a woman of great sensibility, simple in her manners,

and devoid of all coquetry:—I was no more deceived in her than she in me. I began by declaring to her that I would never either abandon or marry her. Love, esteem, artless sincerity were the ministers of my triumph, and it was because her heart was tender and virtuous, that I was happy without being presuming.

The apprehensions she was under of my not finding in her that for which I sought, retarded my happiness more than every other circumstance. I perceived her disconcerted and confused before she yielded her consent, wishing to be understood and not daring to explain herself. Far from suspecting the real cause of her embarrassment, I falsely imagined it to proceed from another motive, a supposition highly insulting to her morals, and thinking she gave me to understand my health might be exposed to danger, I fell into so perplexed a state that, although it was no restraint upon me, it poisoned my happiness during several days. As we did not understand each other, our conversations upon this subject were so many enigmas more than ridiculous. She was upon the point of believing I was absolutely mad; and I on my part was as near not knowing what else to think of her. At last we came to an explanation; she confessed to me with tears the only fault of the kind of her whole life, immediately after she became nubile; the fruit of her ignorance and the address of her seducer. The moment I comprehended what she meant, I gave a shout of joy. "A Hymen!" exclaimed I; "sought for at Paris, and at twenty years of age! Ah my Théresa! I am happy in possessing thee, virtuous and healthy as thou art, and in not finding that for which I never sought."

At first amusement was my only object; I perceived I had gone further and had given myself a companion. A little intimate connection with this excellent girl, and a few reflections upon my situation, made me discover that, while thinking of nothing more than my pleasures, I had done a great deal towards my happiness. In the place of extinguished ambition, a life by sentiment, which had entire possession of my heart, was necessary to me. In a word, I wanted a successor to mamma: since I was never again to live with her, it was necessary some person should live with her pupil, and a per-

son, too, in whom I might find that simplicity and docility of mind and heart which she had found in me. It was, moreover, necessary that the happiness of domestic life should indemnify me for the splendid career I had just renounced. When I was quite alone there was a void in my heart, which wanted nothing more than another heart to fill it up. Fate had deprived me of this, or at least in part alienated me from that for which by nature I was formed. From that moment I was alone, for there never was for me the least thing intermediate between everything and nothing. I found in Théresa the supplement of which I stood in need; by means of her I lived as happily as I possibly could do, according to the course of events.

I at first attempted to improve her mind. In this my pains were useless. Her mind is as nature formed it: it was not susceptible of cultivation. I do not blush in acknowledging she never knew how to read well, although she writes tolerably. When I went to lodge in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, opposite to my windows at the Hotel de Ponchartrain, there was a sun-dial, on which for a whole month I used all my efforts to teach her to know the hours; yet, she scarcely knows them at present. She never could enumerate the twelve months of the year in order, and cannot distinguish one numeral from another, notwithstanding all the trouble I took endeavoring to teach them to her. She neither knows how to count money, nor to reckon the price of anything. The word which when she speaks, presents itself to her mind, is frequently opposite to that of which she means to make use. I formerly made a dictionary of her phrases, to amuse M. de Luxembourg, and her *qui pro quos* often became celebrated among those with whom I was most intimate. But this person, so confined in her intellects, and, if the world pleases, so stupid, can give excellent advice in cases of difficulty. In Switzerland, in England and in France, she frequently saw what I had not myself perceived; she has often given me the best advice I could possibly follow; she has rescued me from dangers into which I had blindly precipitated myself, and in the presence of princes and the great, her sentiments, good sense, answers, and conduct have acquired her universal esteem, and myself the most sincere congratulations on her

merit. With persons whom we love, sentiment fortifies the mind as well as the heart; and they who are thus attached, have little need of searching for ideas elsewhere.

I lived with my Théresa as agreeably as with the finest genius in the world. Her mother, proud of having been brought up under the Marchioness of Monpipeau, attempted to be witty, wished to direct the judgment of her daughter, and by her knavish cunning destroyed the simplicity of our intercourse.

This attachment rendered all other dissipation superfluous and insipid to me. I never went but for the purpose of going to the apartment of Théresa, her place of residence almost became my own. My retirement was so favorable to the work I had undertaken, that, in less than three months, my opera was entirely finished, both words and music, except a few accompaniments, and fillings up which still remained to be added.

My opera completed, the next thing was to make something of it: this was by much the more difficult task of the two. A man living in solitude in Paris will never succeed in anything. I was on the point of making my way by means of M. de la Popliniere, to whom Gauffecourt, at my return to Geneva had introduced me. M. de la Popliniere was the Mecænas of Rameau; Madam de la Popliniere his very humble scholar. Rameau was said to govern in that house. Judging that he would with pleasure protect the work of one of his disciples, I wished to show him what I had done. He refused to examine it; saying he could not read score, it was too fatiguing to him. M. de la Popliniere, to obviate this difficulty, said he might hear it; and offered me to send for musicians to execute certain detached pieces. I wished for nothing better. Rameau consented with an ill grace, incessantly repeating that the composition of a man not regularly bred to the science, and who had learned music without a master, must certainly be very fine! I hastened to copy into parts five or six select passages. Ten symphonies were procured, and Albert, Bérard, and Mademoiselle Bourbonois undertook the vocal part. Rameau, the moment he heard the overture, was purposely extravagant in his eulogium, by which he intended it should be understood it could not be

my composition. He showed signs of impatience at every passage: but after a counter tenor song, the air of which was noble and harmonious, with a brilliant accompaniment, he could no longer contain himself; he apostrophised me with a brutality at which everybody was shocked, maintaining that a part of what he had heard was by a man experienced in the art, and the rest by some ignorant person who did not so much as understand music. It is true my composition, unequal and without rule, was sometimes sublime, and at others insipid, as that of a person who forms himself in an art by the soarings of his own genius, unsupported by science, must necessarily be. Rameau pretended to see nothing in me but a contemptible pilferer, without talents or taste. The rest of the company, among whom I must distinguish the master of the house, were of a different opinion. M. de Richelieu, who at that time frequently visited M. and Madam de la Popliniere, heard them speak of my work, and wished to hear the whole of it, with an intention, if it pleased him, to have it performed at court. The opera was executed with full choruses, and by a great orchestra, at the expense of the king, at M. de Bonneval's intendant of the Menus; Francœur directed the band. The effect was surprising: the duke never ceased to exclaim and applaud; and, at the end of one of the choruses, in the act of Tasso, he arose and came to me, and, pressing my hand, said: "M. Rousseau, this is transporting harmony. I never heard anything finer. I will get this performed at Versailles."

Madam de la Popliniere, who was present, said not a word. Rameau, although invited, refused to come. The next day, Madam de la Popliniere received me at her toilette very ungraciously, affected to undervalue my piece, and told me, that although a little false glitter had at first dazzled M. de Richelieu, he had recovered from his error, and she advised me not to place the least dependence upon my opera. The duke arrived soon after, and spoke to me in quite a different language. He said very flattering things of my talents, and seemed as much disposed as ever to have my composition performed before the king. "There is nothing," said he, "but the act of Tasso which cannot pass at court: you must write another." Upon this single word I shut myself up in my

apartment; and in three weeks produced, in the place of Tasso, another act, the subject of which was Hesiod inspired by the muses. In this I found the secret of introducing a part of the history of my talents, and of the jealousy with which Rameau had been pleased to honor me. There was in the new act an elevation less gigantic and better supported than in the act of Tasso. The music was as noble and the composition better; and had the other two acts been equal to this, the whole piece would have supported a representation to advantage.

Imagining M. de Richelieu had forgotten me, and having no more hopes from the court, I made some attempts to get my opera brought out at Paris; but I met with difficulties which could not immediately be removed, and my situation became daily more painful. I presented my little comedy of *Narcisse* to the Italians; it was received, and I had the freedom of the theater, which gave much pleasure. But this was all; I could never get my piece performed, and, tired of paying my court to players, I gave myself no more trouble about them. At length I had recourse to the last expedient which remained to me, and the only one of which I ought to have made use. While frequenting the house of M. de la Popliniere, I had neglected the family of Dupin. The two ladies, although related, were not on good terms, and never saw each other. There was not the least intercourse between the two families, and Thiériot was the only person who visited both. He was desired to endeavor to bring me again to M. Dupin's. M. de Francueil was then studying natural history and chemistry, and collecting a cabinet. I believe he aspired to become a member of the Academy of Sciences; to this effect he intended to write a book, and judged I might be of use to him in the undertaking. Madam de Dupin, who, on her part, had another work in contemplation, had much the same views in respect to me. They wished to have me in common as a kind of secretary, and this was the reason of the invitations of Thiériot.

I required that M. de Francueil should previously employ his interest with that of Jelyotte to get my work rehearsed at the opera-house; to this he consented. The *Muses Galantes* were several times rehearsed, first at the *Magazine*, and after-

wards in the great theater. The audience was very numerous at the great rehearsal, and several parts of the composition were highly applauded. However, during this rehearsal, very ill-conducted by Rebel, I felt the piece would not be received; and that, before it could appear, great alterations were necessary. I therefore withdrew it without saying a word, or exposing myself to a refusal; but I plainly perceived, by several indications, that the work, had it been perfect, could not have succeeded. M. de Francueil had promised me to get it rehearsed, but not that it should be received. He exactly kept his word. I thought I perceived on this occasion, as well as many others, that neither Madam Dupin nor himself were willing I should acquire a certain reputation in the world, lest, after the publication of their books, it should be supposed they had grafted their talents upon mine. Yet as Madam Dupin always supposed those I had to be very moderate, and never employed me except it was to write what she dictated, or in researches of pure erudition, the reproach, with respect to her, would have been unjust.

This last failure of success completed my discouragement. I abandoned every prospect of fame and advancement; and, without further troubling my head about real or imaginary talents, with which I had so little success, I dedicated my whole time and cares to procure myself and Théresa a subsistence in the manner most pleasing to those to whom it should be agreeable to provide for it. I therefore entirely attached myself to Madam Dupin and M. de Francueil. This did not place me in a very opulent situation; for with eight or nine hundred livres, which I had the first two years, I had scarcely enough to provide for my primary wants; being obliged to live in their neighborhood, a dear part of the town, in a furnished lodging, and having to pay for another lodging at the extremity of Paris, at the very top of the Rue Saint Jacques, to which, let the weather be as it would, I went almost every evening to supper. I soon got into the track of my new occupations, and conceived a taste for them. I attached myself to the study of chemistry, and attended several courses of it with M. de Francueil at M. Rouelle's, and we began to scribble over paper upon that science, of which we scarcely possessed the elements. In 1717, we went to pass the autumn in Tour-

raine, at the castle of Chenonceaux, a royal mansion upon the Cher, built by Henry II., for Diana of Poitiers, of whom the ciphers are still seen, and which is now in the possession of M. Dupin, a farmer general. We amused ourselves very agreeably in this beautiful place, and lived very well: I became as fat there as a monk. Music was a favorite relaxation.

Whilst I was increasing my corpulency at Chenonceaux, that of my poor Théresa was augmented at Paris in another manner, and at my return I found the work I had put upon the frame in greater forwardness than I had expected. This, on account of my situation, would have thrown me into the greatest embarrassment, had not one of my messmates furnished me with the only resource which could relieve me from it. This is one of those essential narratives which I cannot give with too much simplicity; because, in making an improper use of their names, I should either excuse or inculpate myself, both of which in this place are entirely out of the question.

During the residence of Altuna at Paris, instead of going to eat at a *Traiteurs,* he and I commonly eat in the neighborhood, almost opposite the cul de sac of the opera, at the house of a Madam la Selle, the wife of a tailor, who gave but very ordinary dinners, but whose table was much frequented on account of the safe company which generally resorted to it; no person was received without being introduced by one of those who used the house. The commander, De Graville, an old debauchee, with much wit and politeness, but obscene in conversation, lodged at the house, and brought to it a set of riotous and extravagant young men; officers in the guards and mousquetaires. The Commander de Nonant, chevalier to all the girls of the opera, was the daily oracle, who conveyed to us the news of this motley crew.

Honest men injured, husbands deceived, women seduced, were the most ordinary topics, and he who had best filled the foundling hospital was always the most applauded. I caught the manners I daily had before my eyes: I formed my manner of thinking upon that I observed to be the reigning one amongst amiable, and upon the whole, very honest people. I said to myself, since it is the custom of the coun-

try, they who live here may adopt it; this is the expedient for which I sought. I cheerfully determined upon it without the least scruple, and the only one I had to overcome was that of Théresa, whom, with the greatest imaginable difficulty, I persuaded to adopt this only means of saving her honor. Her mother, who was moreover apprehensive of a new ambarrassment by an increase of family, came to my aid, and she at length suffered herself to be prevailed upon. We made choice of a midwife, a safe and prudent woman, Mademoiselle Gouin, who lived at the *Point Saint Eustache,* and when the time came, Théresa was conducted to her house by her mother.

I went thither several times to see her, and gave her a cipher which I had made double upon two cards; one of them was put into the linen of the child, and by the midwife deposited with the infant in the office of the foundling hospital according to the customary form. The year following, a similar inconvenience was remedied by the same expedient, excepting the cipher, which was forgotten: no more reflection on my part, nor approbation on that of the mother; she obeyed with trembling. All the vicissitudes which this fatal conduct has produced in my manner of thinking, as well as in my destiny, will be successively seen. For the present, we will confine ourselves to this first period; its cruel and unforeseen consequences will but too frequently oblige me to refer to it.

I here mark that of my first acquaintance with Madam d'Epinay, whose name will frequently appear in these memoirs. She was a Mademoiselle d'Esclavelles, and had lately been married to M. d'Epinay, son of M. de Lalive de Bellegarde, a farmer general. She understood music, and a passion for art produced between these three persons the greatest intimacy. Madam Francueil introduced me to Madam d'Epinay, and we sometimes supped together at her house. She was amiable, had wit and talent, and was certainly a desirable acquaintance; but she had a female friend, a Mademoiselle d'Ette, who was said to have much malignancy in her disposition; she lived with the Chevalier de Valory, whose temper was far from being one of the best. I am of opinion, an acquaintance with these two persons was prejudicial to

Madam d'Epinay, to whom, with a disposition which required the greatest attention from those about her, nature had given very excellent qualities to regulate or counterbalance her extravagant pretensions. M. de Francueil inspired her with a part of the friendship he had conceived for me, and told me of the connection between them, of which, for that reason, I would not now speak, were it not become so public as not to be concealed from M. d'Epinay himself.

M. de Francueil confided to me secrets of a very singular nature relative to this lady, of which she herself never spoke to me, nor so much as suspected my having a knowledge; for I never opened my lips to her upon the subject, nor will I ever do it to any person. The confidence all parties had in my prudence rendered my situation very embarrassing, especially with Madam de Francueil, whose knowledge of me was sufficient to remove from her all suspicion on my account, although I was connected with her rival. I did everything I could to console this poor woman, whose husband certainly did not return the affection she had for him. I listened to these three persons separately; I kept all their secrets so faithfully that not one of the three ever drew from me those of the two others, and this, without concealing from either of the women my attachment to each of them. Madam de Francueil, who frequently wished to make me an agent, received refusals in form, and Madam d'Epinay, once desiring me to charge myself with a letter to M. de Francueil received the same mortification, accompanied by a very express declaration, that if ever she wished to drive me forever from the house, she had only a second time to make me a like proposition.

In justice to Madam d'Epinay, I must say, that far from being offended with me she spoke of my conduct to M. de Francueil in terms of the highest approbation, and continued to receive me as well, and as politely as ever. It was thus, amidst the heart-burning of three persons to whom I was obliged to behave with the greatest circumspection, on whom I in some measure depended, and for whom I had conceived an attachment, that by conducting myself with mildness and complaisance, although accompanied with the greatest firmness, I preserved unto the last not only their friendship,

but their esteem and confidence. Notwithstanding my absurdities and awkwardness, Madam d'Epinay would have me make one of the party to the Chevrette, a country-house, near Saint Denis, belonging to M. de Bellegarde. There was a theater, in which performances were not unfrequent. I had a part given me, which I studied for six months without intermission, and in which, on the evening of the representation, I was obliged to be prompted from the beginning to the end. After this experiment no second proposal of the kind was ever made to me.

My acquaintance with M. d'Epinay procured me that of her sister-in-law, Mademoiselle de Bellegarde, who soon afterwards became Countess of Houdetot. The first time I saw her she was upon the point of marriage; when she conversed with me a long time, with that charming familiarity which was natural to her, I thought her very amiable, but I was far from perceiving that this young person would lead me, although innocently, into the abyss in which I still remain.

Although I have not spoken of Diderot since my return from Venice, no more than of my friend M. Roguin, I did not neglect either of them, especially the former, with whom I daily became more intimate. He had a Nannette, as well as I a Théresa; this was between us another conformity of circumstances. But my Théresa, as fine a woman as his Nannette, was of a mild and amiable character, which might gain and fix the affections of a worthy man; whereas Nannette was a vixen, a troublesome prater, and had no qualities in the eyes of others which in any measure compensated for her want of education. However he married her, which was well done of him, if he had given a promise to that effect. I, for my part, not having entered into any such engagement, was not in the least haste to imitate him.

I was also connected with the Abbé de Condillac, who had acquired no more literary fame than myself, but in whom there was every appearance of his becoming what he now is. I was perhaps the first who discovered the extent of his abilities, and esteemed them as they deserved. He on his part seemed satisfied with me, and, whilst shut up in my chamber in the Rue Jean Saint Denis, near the opera-house, I composed my act of Hesiod, he sometimes came to dine

with me *tête-à-tête.* We sent for our dinner, and paid share and share alike. He was at that time employed on his Essay on the Origin of Human Knowledge, which was his first work. When this was finished, the difficulty was to find a bookseller who would take it. The booksellers of Paris are shy of every author at his beginning, and metaphysics, not much then in vogue, were no very inviting subject. I spoke to Diderot of Condillac and his work, and I afterwards brought them acquainted with each other. They were worthy of each other's esteem, and were presently on the most friendly terms. Diderot persuaded the bookseller, Duraud, to take the manuscript from the abbé, and this great metaphysician received for his first work, and almost as a favor, a hundred crowns, which perhaps he would not have obtained without my assistance. As we lived in a quarter of the town very distant from each other, we all assembled once a week at the Palais Royal, and went to dine at the Hotel du Panier Fleuri. These little weekly dinners must have been extremely pleasing to Diderot; for he who failed in almost all his appointments never missed one of these. At our little meeting I formed the plan of a periodical paper, entitled *le Persifleur* which Diderot and I were alternately to write. I sketched out the first sheet, and this brought me acquainted with D'Alembert, to whom Diderot had mentioned it. Unforeseen events frustrated our intention, and the project was carried no further.

These two authors had just undertaken the *Dictionnaire Encyclopedique,* which at first was intended to be nothing more than a kind of translation of Chambers, something like that of the Medical Dictionary of James, which Diderot had just finished. Diderot was desirous I should do something in this second undertaking, and proposed to me the musical part, which I accepted. This I executed in great haste, and consequently very ill, in the three months he had given me, as well as all the authors who were engaged in the work. But I was the only person in readiness at the time prescribed. I gave him my manuscript, which I had copied by a laquais, belonging to M. de Francueil of the name of Dupont, who wrote very well. I paid him ten crowns out of my own pocket, and these have never been reim-

bursed me. Diderot had promised me a retribution on the part of the booksellers, of which he has never since spoken to me nor I to him.

This undertaking of the *Encyclopedie* was interrupted by his imprisonment. The *Pensees Philosophiquies* drew upon him some temporary inconvenience which had no disagreeable consequences. He did not come off so easily on account of the *Lettre sur les Aveugles,* in which there was nothing reprehensible, but some personal attacks with which Madam du Pré St. Maur, and M. de Raumur were displeased: for this he was confined in the dungeon of Vincennes. Nothing can describe the anguish I felt on account of the misfortunes of my friend. My wretched imagination, which always sees everything in the worst light, was terrified. I imagined him to be confined for the remainder of his life. I was almost distracted with the thought. I wrote to Madam de Pompadour, beseeching her to release him or obtain an order to shut me up in the same dungeon. I received no answer to my letter: this was too reasonable to be efficacious, and I do not flatter myself that it contributed to the alleviation which, some time afterwards, was granted to the severities of the confinement of poor Diderot. Had this continued for any length of time with the same rigor, I verily believe I should have died in despair at the foot of the hated dungeon. However, if my letter produced but little effect, I did not on account of it attribute to myself much merit, for I mentioned it but to very few people, and never to Diderot himself.

BOOK VIII

At the end of the preceding book a pause was necessary. With this begins the long chain of my misfortunes deduced from their origin.

Having lived in the two most splendid houses in Paris, I had, notwithstanding my candor and modesty, made some acquaintance. Among others at Dupin's, that of the young hereditary prince of Saxe-Gotha, and of the Baron de Thun, his governor; at the house of M. de la Popliniere, that of M. Seguy, friend to the Baron de Thun, and known in the literary world by his beautiful edition of Rousseau. The baron invited M. Seguy and myself to go and pass a day or

two at Fontenai sous bois, where the prince had a house. As I passed Vincennes, at the sight of the dungeon, my feelings were acute; the effect of which the baron perceived on my countenance. At supper the prince mentioned the confinement of Diderot. The baron, to hear what I had to say, accused the prisoner of imprudence; and I showed not a little of the same in the impetuous manner in which I defended him. This excess of zeal, inspired by the misfortune which had befallen my friend, was pardoned, and the conversation immediately changed. There were present two Germans in the service of the prince. M. Klupssel, a man of great wit, his chaplain, and who afterwards, having supplanted the baron, became his governor. The other was a young man named M. Grimm, who served him as a reader until he could obtain some place, and whose indifferent appearance sufficiently proved the pressing necessity he was under of immediately finding one. From this very evening Klupssel and I began an acquaintance which soon led to friendship. That with the Sieur Grimm did not make quite so rapid a progress; he made but few advances, and was far from having that haughty presumption which prosperity afterwards gave him. The next day at dinner, the conversation turned upon music; he spoke well on the subject. I was transported with joy when I learned from him he could play an accompaniment on the harpsichord. After dinner was over music was introduced, and we amused ourselves the rest of the afternoon on the harpsichord of the prince. Thus began that friendship which, at first, was so agreeable to me, afterwards so fatal, and of which I shall hereafter have so much to say.

At my return to Paris, I learned the agreeable news that Diderot was released from the dungeon, and that he had on his parole the castle and park of Vincennes for a prison, with permission to see his friends. How painful was it to me not to be able instantly to fly to him! But I was detained two or three days at Madam Dupin's by indispensable business. After ages of impatience, I flew to the arms of my friend. He was not alone: D'Alembert and the treasurer of the *Sainte Chapelle* were with him. As I entered I saw nobody but himself, I made but one step, one cry; I riveted my face to his: I pressed him in my arms, without speaking to him, except

by tears and sighs: I stifled him with my affection and joy. The first thing he did, after quitting my arms, was to turn himself towards the ecclesiastic, and say: "You see, sir, how much I am beloved by my friends." My emotion was so great, that it was then impossible for me to reflect upon this manner of turning it to advantage; but I have since thought that, had I been in the place of Diderot, the idea he manifested would not have been the first that would have occurred to me.

I found him much affected by his imprisonment. The dungeon had made a terrible impression upon his mind, and, although he was very agreeably situated in the castle, and at liberty to walk where he pleased in the park, which was not inclosed even by a wall, he wanted the society of his friends to prevent him from yielding to melancholy. As I was the person most concerned for his sufferings, I imagined I should also be the friend, the sight of whom would give him consolation; on which account, notwithstanding very pressing occupations, I went every two days at farthest, either alone, or accompanied by his wife, to pass the afternoon with him.

The heat of the summer was this year (1749) excessive. Vincennes is two leagues from Paris. The state of my finances not permitting me to pay for hackney coaches, at two o'clock in the afternoon, I went on foot, when alone, and walked as fast as possible, that I might arrive the sooner. The trees by the side of the road, always lopped, according to the custom of the country, afforded but little shade, and exhausted by fatigue, I frequently threw myself on the ground, being unable to proceed any further. I thought a book in my hand might make me moderate my pace. One day I took the *Mercure de France*, and as I walked and read, I came to the following question proposed by the academy of Dijon, for the premium of the ensuing year, *Has the progress of sciences and arts contributed to corrupt or purify morals?*

The moment I had read this, I seemed to behold another world, and became a different man. All I distinctly recollect upon this occasion is, that on my arrival at Vincennes, I was in an agitation which approached a delirium. Diderot perceived it; I told him the cause, and read to him the prosopo-

pœia of Fabricius, written with a pencil under a tree. He encouraged me to pursue my ideas, and to become a competitor for the premium. I did so, and from that moment I was ruined.

All the rest of my misfortunes during my life were the inevitable effect of this moment of error.

My sentiments became elevated with the most inconceivable rapidity to the level of my ideas. All my little passions were stifled by the enthusiasm of truth, liberty, and virtue; and, what is most astonishing, this effervescence continued in my mind upwards of five years, to as great a degree perhaps as it has ever done in that of any other man. I composed the discourse in a very singular manner, and in that style which I have always followed in my other works. I dedicated to it the hours of the night in which sleep deserted me, I meditated in my bed with my eyes closed, and in my mind turned over and over again my periods with incredible labor and care; the moment they were finished to my satisfaction, I deposited them in my memory, until I had an opportunity of committing them to paper; but the time of rising and putting on my clothes made me lose everything, and when I took up my pen I recollected but little of what I had composed. I made Madam le Vasseur my secretary; I had lodged her with her daughter, and husband, nearer to myself; and she, to save me the expense of a servant, came every morning to make my fire, and to do such other little things as were necessary. As soon as she arrived I dictated to her while in bed what I had composed in the night, and this method, which for a long time I observed, preserved me many things I should otherwise have forgotten.

As soon as the discourse was finished, I showed it to Diderot. He was satisfied with the production, and pointed out some corrections he thought necessary to be made. However, this composition, full of force and fire, absolutely wants logic and order; of all the works I ever wrote, this is the weakest in reasoning, and the most devoid of number and harmony. With whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not easily learned.

I sent off this piece without mentioning it to anybody, except, I think, to Grimm, with whom, after his going to live

with the Comte de Friese, I began to be upon the most intimate footing. His harpsichord served as a rendezvous, and I passed with him at it all the moments I had to spare, in singing Italian airs, and *barcaroles;* sometimes without intermission, from morning till night, or rather from night until morning; and when I was not to be found at Madam Dupin's, everybody concluded I was with Grimm at his apartment, the public walk, or theater. I left off going to the *Comedie Italienne,* of which I was free, to go with him, and pay, to the *Comedie Francoise,* of which he was passionately fond. In short, so powerful an attraction connected me with this young man, and I became so inseparable from him, that poor Théresa was rather neglected, that is, I saw her less frequently; for in no moment of my life has my attachment to her been diminished.

Much about the same time I indulged in a deed not so delicate, and the last of the kind with which I have to reproach myself. I have observed that the minister Klupssel was an amiable man; my connections with him were almost as intimate as those I had with Grimm, and in the end became as familiar; Grimm and he sometimes eat at my apartment. These repasts, a little more than simple, were enlivened by the witty and extravagant wantonness of expression of Klupssel, and the diverting Germanicisms of Grimm, who was not yet became a purist.

Sensuality did not preside at our little orgies, but joy, which was preferable, reigned in them all, and we enjoyed ourselves so well together that we knew not how to separate. Klupssel had furnished a lodging for a little girl, who, notwithstanding this, was at the service of anybody, because he could not support her entirely himself. One evening as we were going into the coffee-house, we met him coming out to go and sup with her. We rallied him; he revenged himself gallantly, by inviting us to the same supper, and there rallying us in our turn. The poor young creature appeared to be of a good disposition, mild and little fitted to the way of the life to which an old hag she had with her, prepared her in the best manner she could. Wine and conversation enlivened us to such a degree that we forgot ourselves. The amiable Klupssel was unwilling to do the honors of his table

by halves, and we all three successively took a view of the next chamber, in company with his little friend, who knew not whether she would laugh or cry. Grimm has always maintained that he never touched her; it was therefore to amuse himself with our impatience, that he remained so long in the other chamber, and if he abstained, there is not much probability of his having done so from scruple, because previous to his going to live with the Comte de Friese, he lodged with girls of the town in the same quarter of St. Roch.

I left the Rue des Moineaux, where this girl lodged, as much ashamed as Saint Preux left the house in which he had become intoxicated, and when I wrote his story I well remembered my own. Théresa perceived by some sign, and especially by my confusion, I had something with which I reproached myself; I relieved my mind by my free and immediate confession. I did well, for the next day Grimm came in triumph to relate to her my crime with aggravation, and since that time he has never failed maliciously to recall it to her recollection; in this he was the more culpable, since I had freely and voluntarily given him my confidence, and had a right to expect he would not make me repent of it. I never had a more convincing proof than on this occasion, of the goodness of my Théresa's heart; she was more shocked at the behavior of Grimm than at my infidelity, and I received nothing from her but tender reproaches, in which there was not the least appearance of anger.

The year following (1750), not thinking more of my discourse, I learned it had gained the premium at Dijon. This news awakened all the ideas which had dictated it to me, gave them new animation, and completed the fermentation of my heart of that first leaven of heroism and virtue which my father, my country, and Plutarch had inspired in my infancy. Nothing now appeared great in my eyes but to be free and virtuous, superior to fortune and opinion, and independent of all exterior circumstances; although a false shame, and the fear of disapprobation at first prevented me from conducting myself according to these principles, and from suddenly quarreling with the maxims of the age in which I lived, I from that moment took a decided resolution to do it.

While I was philosophizing upon the duties of man, an

event happened which made me better reflect upon my own. Théresa became pregnant for the third time. Too sincere with myself, too haughty in my mind to contradict my principles by my actions, I began to examine the destination of my children, and my connections with the mother, according to the laws of nature, justice, and reason, and those of that religion, pure, holy, and eternal, like its author, which men have polluted while they pretended to purify it, and which by their formularies they have reduced to a religion of words, since the difficulty of prescribing impossibilities is but trifling to those by whom they are not practiced.

If I deceived myself in my conclusions, nothing can be more astonishing than the security with which I depended upon them. Were I one of those men unfortunately born deaf to the voice of nature, in whom no sentiment of justice or humanity ever took the least root, this obduracy would be natural. But that warmth of heart, strong sensibility, and facility of forming attachments; the force with which they subdue me; my cruel sufferings when obliged to break them; the innate benevolence I cherished towards my fellow-creatures; the ardent love I bear to great virtues, to truth and justice, the horror in which I hold evil of every kind; the impossibility of hating, of injuring or wishing to injure any one; the soft and lively emotion I feel at the sight of whatever is virtuous, generous and amiable; can these meet in the same mind with the depravity which without scruple treads under foot the most pleasing of all our duties? No, I feel, and openly declare this to be impossible. Never in his whole life could J. J. be a man without sentiment or an unnatural father. I may have been deceived, but it is impossible I should have lost the least of my feelings. Were I to give my reasons, I should say too much; since they have seduced me, they would seduce many others. I will not therefore expose those young persons by whom I may be read to the same danger. I will satisfy myself by observing that my error was such, that in abandoning my children to public education for want of the means of bringing them up myself; in destining them to become workmen and peasants, rather than adventurers and fortune-hunters, I thought I acted like an honest citizen, and a good father, and consid-

ered myself as a member of the republic of Plato. Since that time the regrets of my heart have more than once told me I was deceived; but my reason was so far from giving me the same intimation, that I have frequently returned thanks to Heaven for having by this means preserved them from the fate of their father, and that by which they were threatened the moment I should have been under the necessity of leaving them. Had I left them to Madam d'Epinay, or Madam de Luxenbourg, who, from friendship, generosity, or some other motive, offered to take care of them in due time, would they have been more happy, better brought up, or honester men? To this I cannot answer; but I am certain they would have been taught to hate and perhaps betray their parents: it is much better that they have never known them.

My third child was therefore carried to the foundling hospital as well as the two former, and the next two were disposed of in the same manner; for I have had five children in all. This arrangement seemed to me to be so good, reasonable and lawful, that if I did not publicly boast of it, the motive by which I was withheld was merely my regard for their mother: but I mentioned it to all those to whom I had declared our connection, to Diderot, to Grimm, afterwards to M. d'Epinay, and after another interval to Madam de Luxembourg; and this freely and voluntarily, without being under the least necessity of doing it. Everything considered, I chose the best destination for my children, or that which I thought to be such. I could have wished, and still should be glad, had I been brought up as they have been.

My fault is great, but it was an error. I have neglected my duty, but the desire of doing an injury never entered my heart; and the feelings of a father were never more eloquent in favor of children whom he never saw.

I have promised my confession and not my justification; on which account I shall stop here. It is my duty faithfully to relate the truth, that of the reader to be just; more than this I never shall require of him.

I have observed in my first part that I was born in a dying state. A defect in the bladder caused me, during my early years, to suffer an almost continual retention of urine, and my Aunt Susan, to whose care I was intrusted, had incon-

ceivable difficulty in preserving me. However, she succeeded, and my robust constitution at length got the better of all my weakness, and my health became so well established that except the illness from languor, of which I have given an account, and frequent heats in the bladder which the least heating of the blood rendered troublesome, I arrived at the age of thirty almost without feeling my original infirmity. The first time this happened was upon my arrival at Venice. The fatigue of the voyage, and the extreme heat I had suffered, renewed the burnings, and gave me a pain in the loins, which continued until the beginning of winter. I thought myself near the end of my career, but I suffered not the least inconvenience. After exhausting my imagination more than my body for my Zulietta, I enjoyed better health than ever. It was not until after the imprisonment of Diderot that the heat of blood, brought on by my journeys to Vincennes during the terrible heat of that summer, gave me a violent nephritic colic, since which I have never recovered my primitive good state of health.

At the time of which I speak, having perhaps fatigued myself too much in the filthy work of the cursed receiver-general's office, I fell into a worse state than ever, and remained five or six weeks in my bed in the most melancholy state imaginable. Madam Dupin sent me the celebrated Morand who, notwithstanding his address and the delicacy of his touch, made me suffer the greatest torments. He advised me to have recourse to Daran, who, in fact gave me some relief: but Morand, when he gave Madam Dupin an account of the state I was in, declared to her I should not be alive in six months. This afterwards came to my ear, and made me reflect seriously on my situation and the folly of sacrificing the repose of the few days I had to live to the slavery of an employment for which I felt nothing but disgust. I forever abandoned all projects of fortune and advancement, resolved to pass in independence and poverty the little time I had to exist. I made every effort of which my mind was capable to break the fetters of prejudice, and courageously to do everything that was right without giving myself the least concern about the judgment of others. The obstacles I had to combat, and the efforts I made to triumph over them, are incon-

ceivable. I succeeded as much as it was possible I should, and to a greater degree than I myself had hoped for. Had I at the same time shaken off the yoke of friendship as well as that of prejudice, my design would have been accomplished, perhaps the greatest, at least the most useful one to virtue, that mortal ever conceived; but whilst I despised the foolish judgments of the vulgar tribe called great and wise, I suffered myself to be influenced, and led by persons who called themselves my friends. These, hurt at seeing me walk alone in a new path, while I seemed to take measures for my happiness, used all their endeavors to render me ridiculous, and that they might afterwards defame me, first strove to make me contemptible. It was less my literary fame than my personal reformation, of which I here state the period, that drew upon me their jealousy; they perhaps might have pardoned me for having distinguished myself in the art of writing; but they could never forgive my setting them, by my conduct, an example, which, in their eyes, seemed to reflect on themselves. I was born for friendship; my mind and easy disposition nourished it without difficulty. As long as I lived unknown to the public I was beloved by all my private acquaintance, and I had not a single enemy. But the moment I acquired literary fame, I had no longer a friend. This was a great misfortune; but a still greater was that of being surrounded by people who called themselves my friends, and used the rights attached to that sacred name to lead me on to destruction. The succeeding part of these memoirs will explain this odious conspiracy. I here speak of its origin, and the manner of the first intrigue will shortly appear.

In the independence in which I lived, it was, however, necessary to subsist. To this effect I thought of very simple means: which were copying music at so much a page. If any employment more solid would have fulfilled the same end I would have taken it up; but this occupation being to my taste, and the only one which, without personal attendance, could procure me daily bread, I adopted it.

The success of my first discourse rendered the execution of this resolution more easy. As soon as it had gained the premium, Diderot undertook to get it printed. Whilst I was in my bed, he wrote me a note informing me of the publica-

tion and effect: *"It takes,"* said he, *"beyond all imagination; never was there an instance of a like success."*

This favor of the public, by no means solicited, and to an unknown author, gave me the first real assurance of my talents, of which, notwithstanding an internal sentiment, I had always had my doubts. I conceived the great advantage to be drawn from it in favor of the way of life I had determined to pursue; and was of opinion, that a copyist of some celebrity in the republic of letters was not likely to want employment.

My new situation excited curiosity. Everybody wished to know that whimsical man who sought not the acquaintance of any one, and whose only desire was to live free and happy in the manner he had chosen; this was sufficient to make the thing impossible to me. My apartment was continually full of people, who, under different pretenses, came to take up my time. The women employed a thousand artifices to engage me to dinner. The more unpolite I was with people, the more obstinate they became. I could not refuse everybody. While I made myself a thousand enemies by my refusals, I was incessantly a slave to my complaisance, and, in whatever manner I made my engagements, I had not an hour in a day to myself.

I then perceived it was not so easy to be poor and independent, as I had imagined. I wished to live by my profession: the public would not suffer me to do it. A thousand means were thought of to indemnify me for the time I lost. The next thing would have been showing myself like Punch, at so much each person. I knew no dependence more cruel and degrading than this. I saw no other method of putting an end to it than refusing all kinds of presents, great and small, let them come from whom they would. This had no other effect than to increase the number of givers, who wished to have the honor of overcoming my resistance, and to force me, in spite of myself, to be under an obligation to them. Many, who would not have given me half-a-crown had I asked it from them, incessantly importuned me with their offers, and, in revenge for my refusal, taxed me with arrogance and ostentation.

This constant teasing, and the daily importunities to which

I was subject, rendered the house, and my residence at Paris, disagreeable to me. When my indisposition permitted me to go out, and I did not suffer myself to be led by my acquaintance first to one place and then to another, I took a walk, alone, and reflected on my grand system, something of which I committed to paper, bound up between two covers, which, with a pencil, I always had in my pocket. In this manner, the unforeseen disagreeableness of a situation I had chosen entirely led me back to literature, to which unsuspectedly I had recourse as a means of relieving my mind, and thus, in the first works I wrote, I introduced the peevishness and ill-humor which were the cause of my undertaking them. There was another circumstance which contributed not a little to this; thrown into the world despite of myself, without having the manners of it, or being in a situation to adopt and conform myself to them, I took it into my head to adopt others of my own, to enable me to dispense with those of society. My foolish timidity, which I could not conquer, having for principle the fear of being wanting in the common forms, I took, by way of encouraging myself, a resolution to tread them under foot. I became sour and cynic from shame, and affected to despise the politeness which I knew not how to practice. This austerity, conformable to my new principles, I must confess, seemed to ennoble itself in my mind; it assumed in my eyes the form of the intrepidity of virtue, and I dare assert it to be upon this noble basis, that it supported itself longer and better than could have been expected from anything so contrary to my nature. Yet, notwithstanding, I had the name of a misanthrope, which my exterior appearance and some happy expressions had given me in the world: it is certain I did not support the character well in private, that my friends and acquaintance led this untractable bear about like a lamb, and that, confining my sarcasms to severe but general truths, I was never capable of saying an uncivil thing to any person whatsoever.

The *Devin du Village* brought me completely into vogue, and presently after there was not a man in Paris whose company was more sought after than mine.

I had a numerous acquaintance, yet no more than two friends: Diderot and Grimm. By an effect of the desire I have

ever felt to unite everything that is dear to me, I was too much a friend to both not to make them shortly become so to each other. I connected them: they agreed well together, and shortly become more intimate with each other than with me.

It will appear that for a copyist, who ought to be employed in his business from morning till night, I had many interruptions, which rendered my days not very lucrative, and prevented me from being sufficiently attentive to what I did to do it well; for which reason, half the time I had to myself was lost in erasing errors or beginning my sheet anew. This daily importunity rendered Paris more unsupportable, and made me ardently wish to be in the country.

To withdraw myself from the tumult of the city, I at length consented, and went to pass eight or ten days at Passy, which, on account of my being in the country, were of more service to me than the waters I drank during my stay there.

I come to one of the critical moments of my life, in which it is difficult to do anything more than to relate, because it is almost impossible that even narrative should not carry with it the marks of censure or apology. I will, however, endeavor to relate how and upon what motives I acted, without adding either approbation or censure.

I was on that day in the same careless undress as usual, with a long beard and wig badly combed. Considering this want of decency as an act of courage, I entered the theater wherein the king, queen, the royal family, and the whole court were to enter immediately after. I was conducted to a box by M. de Cury, and which belonged to him. It was very spacious, upon the stage and opposite to a lesser, but more elevated one, in which the king sat with Madam de Pompadour. As I was surrounded by women, and the only man in front of the box, I had no doubt of my having been placed there purposely to be exposed to view. As soon as the theater was lighted up, finding I was in the midst of people all extremely well dressed, I began to be less at my ease, and asked myself if I was in my place? whether or not I was properly dressed? After a few minutes of inquietude: "Yes," replied I, with an intrepidity which perhaps proceeded more from the impossibility of retracting than the force of all my reasoning,

"I am in my place, because I am going to see my own piece performed, to which I have been invited, for which reason only I am come here; and after all, no person has a greater right than I have to reap the fruit of my labor and talents; I am dressed as usual, neither better nor worse; and if I once begin to subject myself to public opinion, I shall shortly become a slave to it in everything. To be always consistent with myself, I ought not to blush, in any place whatever, at being dressed in a manner suitable to the state I have chosen. My exterior appearance is simple, but neither dirty nor slovenly; nor is a beard either of these in itself, because it is given us by nature, and according to time, place and custom, is sometimes an ornament. People think I am ridiculous, nay, even absurd; but what signifies this to me? I ought to know how to bear censure and ridicule, provided I do not deserve them." After this little soliloquy I became so firm that, had it been necessary, I could have been intrepid. But whether it was the effect of the presence of his majesty, or the natural disposition of those about me, I perceived nothing but what was civil and obliging in the curiosity of which I was the object. This so much affected me that I began to be uneasy for myself, and the fate of my piece; fearing I should efface the favorable prejudices which seemed to lead to nothing but applause. I was armed against raillery; but, so far overcome by the flattering and obliging treatment I had not expected, that I trembled like a child when the performance was begun.

I had soon sufficient reason to be encouraged. The piece was very ill played with respect to the actors, but the musical part was well sung and executed. During the first scene, which was really of a delightful simplicity, I heard in the boxes a murmur of surprise and applause, which, relative to pieces of the same kind, had never yet happened. The fermentation was soon increased to such a degree as to be perceptible through the whole audience, and of which, to speak after the manner of Montesquieu, the effect was augmented by itself. In the scene between the two good little folks, this effect was complete. There is no clapping of hands before the king; therefore everything was heard, which was advantageous to the author and the piece. I heard about me a whispering of women, who appeared as beautiful as angels. They said to

each other in a low voice: "This is charming: That is ravishing: There is not a sound which does not go to the heart." The pleasure of giving this emotion to so many amiable persons moved me to tears; and these I could not contain in the first duo, when I remarked that I was not the only person who wept. I collected myself for a moment, on recollecting the concert of M. de Treitorens. This reminiscence had the effect of the slave who held the crown over the head of the general who triumphed, but my reflection was short, and I soon abandoned myself without interruption to the pleasure of enjoying my success. However, I am certain the voluptuousness of the sex was more predominant than the vanity of the author, and had none but men been present, I certainly should not have had the incessant desire I felt of catching on my lips the delicious tears I had caused to flow. I have known pieces excite more lively admiration, but I never saw so complete, delightful, and affecting an intoxication of the senses reign, during a whole representation, especially at court, and at a first performance. They who saw this must recollect it, for it has never yet been equaled.

The same evening the Duke d'Aumont sent to desire me to be at the palace the next day at eleven o'clock, when he would present me to the king. M. de Cury, who delivered me the message, added that he thought a pension was intended, and that his majesty wished to announce it to me himself. Will it be believed that the night of so brilliant a day was for me a night of anguish and perplexity? My first idea, after that of being presented, was that of my frequently wanting to retire; this had made me suffer very considerably at the theater, and might torment me the next day when I should be in the gallery, or in the king's apartment, amongst all the great, waiting for the passing of his majesty. My infirmity was the principal cause which prevented me from mixing in polite companies, and enjoying the conversation of the fair. The idea alone of the situation in which this want might place me, was sufficient to produce it to such a degree as to make me faint away, or to recur to means to which, in my opinion, death was much preferable. None but persons who are acquainted with this situation can judge of the horror which being exposed to the risk of it inspires.

I then supposed myself before the king, presented to his majesty, who deigned to stop and speak to me. In this situation, justness of expression and presence of mind were peculiarly necessary in answering. Would my timidity, which disconcerts me in presence of any stranger whatever, have been shaken off in presence of the King of France; or would it have suffered me instantly to make choice of proper expressions? I wished, without laying aside the austere manner I had adopted, to show myself sensible of the honor done me by so great a monarch, and in a handsome and merited eulogium to convey some great and useful truth. I could not prepare a suitable answer without exactly knowing what his majesty was to say to me; and had this been the case, I was certain that, in his presence, I should not recollect a word of what I had previously meditated. "What," said I, "will become of me in this moment, and before the whole court, if, in my confusion, any of my stupid expressions should escape me?" This danger alarmed and terrified me. I trembled to such a degree that at all events I was determined not to expose myself to it.

I lost, it is true, the pension which in some measure was offered me; but I at the same time exempted myself from the yoke it would have imposed. Adieu, truth, liberty, and courage! How should I afterwards have dared to speak of disinterestedness and independence? Had I received the pension I must either have become a flatterer or remained silent; and, moreover, who would have insured to me the payment of it! What steps should I have been under the necessity of taking! How many people must I have solicited! I should have had more trouble and anxious cares in preserving than in doing without it. Therefore, I thought I acted according to my principles by refusing, and sacrificing appearances to reality. I communicated my resolution to Grimm, who said nothing against it. To others I alleged my ill state of health, and left the court in the morning.

My departure made some noise, and was generally condemned. My reasons could not be known to everybody, it was therefore easy to accuse me of foolish pride, and thus not irritate the jealousy of such as felt they would not have acted as I had done. The next day Jelyotte wrote me a note,

in which he stated the success of my piece, and the pleasure it had afforded the king. "All day long," said he, "his majesty sings, with the worst voice in his kingdom: *J' ai perdu mon serviteur: J' ai perdu tout mon bonheur.*" He likewise added, that in a fortnight the *Devin* was to be performed a second time; which confirmed in the eyes of the public the complete success of the first.

Two days afterwards, about nine o'clock in the evening, as I was going to sup with Madam d'Epinay, I perceived a hackney-coach pass by the door. Somebody within made a sign to me to approach. I did so, and got into it, and found the person to be Diderot. He spoke of the pension with more warmth than, upon such a subject, I should have expected from a philosopher. He did not blame me for having been unwilling to be presented to the king, but severely reproached me with my indifference about the pension. He observed that although on my own account I might be disinterested, I ought not to be so on that of Madam Vasseur and her daughter; that it was my duty to seize every means of providing for their subsistence; and that as, after all, it could not be said I had refused the pension, he maintained I ought, since the king seemed disposed to grant it to me, to solicit and obtain it by one means or another. Although I was obliged to him for his good wishes, I could not relish his maxims, which produced a warm dispute, the first I ever had with him. All our disputes were of this kind, he prescribing to me what he pretended I ought to do, and I defending myself because I was of a different opinion.

It was late when we parted. I would have taken him to supper at Madam d'Epinay's, but he refused to go; and, notwithstanding all the efforts which at different times the desire of uniting those I love induced me to make, to prevail upon him to see her, even that of conducting her to his door which he kept shut against us, he constantly refused to do it, and never spoke of her but with the utmost contempt. It was not until after I had quarreled with both that they became acquainted and that he began to speak honorably of her.

This ill success would not, however, have prevented my retiring to Geneva, had not more powerful motives tended to the same effect. M. d'Epinay, wishing to add a wing which

was wanting to the château of the Chevrette, was at an immense expense in completing it. Going one day with Madam d'Epinay to see the building, we continued our walk a quarter of a league further to the reservoir of the waters of the park which joined the forest of Montmorency, and where there was a handsome kitchen garden, with a little lodge, much out of repair, called the Hermitage. This solitary and very agreeable place had struck me when I saw it for the first time before my journey to Geneva. I had exclaimed in my transport: "Ah, madam, what a delightful habitation! This asylum was purposely prepared for me." Madam d'Epinay did not pay much attention to what I said; but at this second journey I was quite surprised to find, instead of the old decayed building, a little house almost entirely new, well laid out, and very habitable for a little family of three persons. Madam d'Epinay had caused this to be done in silence, and at a very small expense, by detaching a few materials and some of the workmen from the castle. She now said to me, on remarking my surprise: "My dear, here behold your asylum; it is you who have chosen it; friendship offers it to you. I hope this will remove from you the cruel idea of separating from me." I do not think I was ever in my life more strongly or more deliciously affected. I bathed with tears the beneficent hand of my friend; and if I were not conquered from that very instant even, I was extremely staggered. Madam d'Epinay, who would not be denied, became so pressing, employed so many means, so many people to circumvent me, proceeding even so far as to gain over Madam le Vasseur and her daughter, that at length she triumphed over all my resolutions. Renouncing the idea of residing in my own country, I resolved, I promised, to inhabit the Hermitage; and, whilst the building was drying, Madam d'Epinay took care to prepare furniture, so that everything was ready the following spring.

One thing which greatly aided me in determining, was the residence Voltaire had chosen near Geneva; I easily comprehended this man would cause a revolution there, and that I should find in my country the manners which drove me from Paris; that I should be under the necessity of incessantly struggling hard, and have no other alternative than that of being an unsupportable pedant, a poltroon, or a bad citizen.

The letter Voltaire wrote me on my last work, induced me to insinuate my fears in my answer; and the effect this produced confirmed them. From that moment I considered Geneva as lost, and I was not deceived. I perhaps ought to have met the storm, had I thought myself capable of resisting it. But what could I have done alone, timid, and speaking badly, against a man, arrogant, opulent, supported by the credit of the great, eloquent, and already the idol of the women and young men? I was afraid of uselessly exposing myself to danger to no purpose. I listened to nothing but my peaceful disposition, to my love of repose, which, if it then deceived me, still continues to deceive me on the same subject. By retiring to Geneva, I should have avoided great misfortunes; but I have my doubts whether, with all my ardent and patriotic zeal, I should have been able to effect anything great and useful for my country.

BOOK IX

My impatience to inhabit the Hermitage not permitting me to wait until the return of fine weather, the moment my lodging was prepared I hastened to take possession of it, to the great amusement of the *Coterie Holbachique,* which publicly predicted I should not be able to support solitude for three months, and that I should unsuccessfully return to Paris, and live there as they did. For my part, having for fifteen years been out of my element, finding myself upon the eve of returning to it, I paid no attention to their pleasantries. Since contrary to my inclinations, I have again entered the world, I have incessantly regretted my dear Charmettes, and the agreeable life I led there. I felt a natural inclination to retirement and the country: it was impossible for me to live happily elsewhere. At Venice, in the train of public affairs, in the dignity of a kind of representation, in the pride of projects of advancement; at Paris, in the vortex of the great world, in the luxury of suppers, in the brilliancy of spectacles, in the rays of splendor; my groves, rivulets, and solitary walks, constantly presented themselves to my recollection, interrupted my thought, rendered me melancholy, and made me sigh with desire. All the labor to which I had subjected myself, every project of ambition which by

fits had animated my ardor, all had for object this happy country retirement, which I now thought near at hand. Without having acquired a genteel independence, which I had judged to be the only means of accomplishing my views, I imagined myself, in my particular situation, to be able to do without it, and that I could obtain the same end by a means quite opposite. I had no regular income; but I possessed some talents, and had acquired a name. My wants were few, and I had freed myself from all those which were most expensive, and which merely depended on prejudice and opinion. Besides this, although naturally indolent, I was laborious when I chose to be so, and my idleness was less that of an indolent man, than that of an independent one who applies to business when it pleases him. My profession of a copyist of music was neither splendid nor lucrative, but it was certain. The world gave me credit for the courage I had shown in making choice of it. I might depend upon having sufficient employment to enable me to live. Two thousand livres which remained of the produce of the *Devin du Village*, and my other writings, were a sum which kept me from being straitened, and several works I had upon the stocks promised me, without extorting money from the booksellers, supplies sufficient to enable me to work at my ease without exhausting myself, even by turning to advantage the leisure of my walks. My little family, consisting of three persons, all of whom were usefully employed, was not expensive to support. Finally, from my resources, proportioned to my wants and desires, I might reasonably expect a happy and permanent existence, in that manner of life which my inclination had induced me to adopt.

I might have taken the interested side of the question, and instead of subjecting my pen to copying, entirely devoted it to works which, from the elevation to which I had soared, and at which I found myself capable of continuing, might have enabled me to live in the midst of abundance, nay, even of opulence, had I been the least disposed to join the maneuvers of an author to the care of publishing a good book. But I felt that writing for bread would soon have extinguished my genius, and destroyed my talents, which were less in my pen than in my heart, and solely proceeded from an elevated and

noble manner of thinking, by which alone they could be cherished and preserved. Nothing vigorous or great can come from a pen totally venal. Necessity, nay, even avarice, perhaps, would have made me write rather rapidly than well. If the desire of success had not led me into cabals, it might have made me endeavor to publish fewer true and useful works than those which might be pleasing to the multitude; and instead of a distinguished author, which I might possibly become, I should have been nothing more than a scribbler. No: I have always felt that the profession of letters was illustrious in proportion as it was less a trade. It is too difficult to think nobly when we think for a livelihood. To be able to dare even to speak great truths, an author must be independent of success. I gave my books to the public with a certainty of having written for the general good of mankind, without giving myself the least concern about what was to follow. If the work was thrown aside, so much the worse for such as did not choose to profit by it. Their approbation was not necessary to enable me to live, my profession was sufficient to maintain me had not my works had a sale, for which reason alone they all sold.

It was on the ninth of August, 1756, that I left cities, never to reside in them again: for I do not call a residence the few days I afterwards remained in Paris, London, or other cities, always on the wing, or contrary to my inclinations. Madam d'Epinay came and took us all three in her coach; her farmer carted away my little baggage, and I was put into possession the same day. I found my little retreat simply furnished, but neatly, and with some taste. The hand which had lent its aid in this furnishing rendered it inestimable in my eyes, and I thought it charming to be the guest of my female friend in a house I had made choice of, and which she had caused to be built purposely for me.

Although the weather was cold, and the ground lightly covered with snow, the earth began to vegetate: violets and primroses already made their appearance, the trees began to bud, and the evening of my arrival was distinguished by the song of the nightingale, which was heard almost under my window, in a wood adjoining the house. After a light sleep, forgetting when I awoke my change of abode, I still

thought myself in the Rue Grenelle, when suddenly this warbling made me give a start, and I exclaimed in my transport: "At length, all my wishes are accomplished!" The first thing I did was to abandon myself to the impression of the rural objects with which I was surrounded. Instead of beginning to set things in order in my new habitation, I began by doing it for my walks, and there was not a path, a copse, a grove, nor a corner in the environs of my place of residence that I did not visit the next day. The more I examined this charming retreat, the more I found it to my wishes. This solitary, rather than savage, spot transported me in idea to the end of the world. It had striking beauties which are but seldom found near cities, and never, if suddenly transported thither, could any person have imagined himself within four leagues of Paris.

During a considerable time I exactly followed the distribution I had prescribed myself, and found it very agreeable; but as soon as the fine weather brought Madam d'Epinay more frequently to Epinay, or to the Chervette, I found that attentions, in the first instance natural to me, but which I had not considered in my scheme, considerably deranged my projects. I have already observed that Madam d'Epinay had many amiable qualities; she sincerely loved her friends; served them with zeal; and, not sparing for them either time or pains, certainly deserved on their part every attention in return. I had hitherto discharged this duty without considering it as one; but at length I found that I had given myself a chain of which nothing but friendship prevented me from feeling the weight, and this was still aggravated by my dislike to numerous societies. Madam d'Epinay took advantage of these circumstances to make me a proposition seemingly agreeable to me, but which was more so to herself; this was to let me know when she was alone, or had but little company. I consented, without perceiving to what a degree I engaged myself. The consequence was that I no longer visited her at my own hour but at hers, and that I never was certain of being master of myself for a day together. This constraint considerably diminished the pleasure I had in going to see her. I found the liberty she had so frequently promised was given me upon no other condition than that of my never enjoying it; and

once or twice when I wished to do this there were so many messages, notes, and alarms relative to my health, that I perceived that I could have no excuse but being confined to my bed, for not immediately running to her upon the first intimation. It was necessary I should submit to this yoke, and I did it, even more voluntarily than could be expected from so great an enemy to dependence: the sincere attachment I had to Madam d'Epinay preventing me, in a great measure, from feeling the inconvenience with which it was accompanied. She, on her part, filled up, well or ill, the void which the absence of her usual circle left in her amusements. This for her was but a very slender supplement, although preferable to absolute solitude, which she could not support. She had the means of doing it much more at her ease after she began with literature, and at all events to write novels, letters, comedies, tales, and other trash of the same kind. But she was not so much amused in writing these as in reading them; and she never scribbled over two or three pages at one sitting, without being previously assured of having, at least, two or three benevolent auditors at the end of so much labor. I seldom had the honor of being one of the chosen few except by means of another. When alone, I was, for the most part, considered as a cipher in everything; and this not only in the company of Madam d'Epinay, but in that of M. d'Holbach, and in every place where Grimm gave the *ton*. This nullity was very convenient to me, except in a *tête-à-tête,* when I knew not what countenance to put on, not daring to speak of literature, of which it was not for me to say a word; nor of gallantry, being too timid, and fearing, more than death, the ridiculousness of an old gallant; besides that, I never had such an idea when in the company of Madam d'Epinay, and that it perhaps would never have occurred to me, had I passed my whole life with her; not that her person was in the least disagreeable to me; on the contrary, I loved her perhaps too much as a friend to do it as a lover. I felt a pleasure in seeing and speaking to her. Her conversation, although agreeable enough in a mixed company, was uninteresting in private; mine, not more elegant or entertaining than her own, was no great amusement to her. Ashamed of being long silent, I endeavored to enliven our *tête-à-tête* and, although this frequently

fatigued me, I was never disgusted with it. I was happy to show her little attentions, and gave her little fraternal kisses, which seemed not to be more sensual to herself; these were all. She was very thin, very pale, and had a bosom which resembled the back of her hand. This defect alone would have been sufficient to moderate my most ardent desires; my heart never could distinguish a woman in a person who had it; and besides other causes useless to mention, always made me forget the sex of this lady.

Madam d'Epinay, uneasy at my being alone, in winter, in a solitary house, in the midst of woods, often sent to inquire after my health. I never had such real proofs of her friendship for me, to which mine never more fully answered. It would be wrong in me were not I, among these proofs, to make special mention of her portrait, which she sent me, at the same time requesting instructions from me in what manner she might have mine, painted by La Tour, and which had been shown at the exhibition. I ought equally to speak of another proof of her attention to me, which, although it be laughable, is a feature in the history of my character, on account of the impression received from it. One day when it froze to an extreme degree, in opening a packet she had sent me of several things I had desired her to purchase for me, I found a little under-petticoat of English flannel, which she told me she had worn, and desired I would make of it an under-waistcoat.

This care, more than friendly, appeared to me so tender, and as if she had stripped herself to clothe me, that in my emotion I repeatedly kissed, shedding tears at the same time, both the note and the petticoat. Thérésa thought me mad. It is singular that of all the marks of friendship Madam d'Epinay ever showed me this touched me the most, and that ever since our rupture I have never recollected it without being very sensibly affected. I for a long time preserved her little note, and it would still have been in my possession had not it shared the fate of my other notes received at the same period.

Although my disorder then gave me but little respite in winter, and a part of the interval was employed in seeking relief from pain, this was still upon the whole the season which since my residence in France I had passed with most pleas-

ure and tranquillity. During four or five months, whilst the bad weather sheltered me from the interruptions of importunate visits, I tasted to a greater degree than I had ever yet or have since done, of that equally simple and independent life, the enjoyment of which still made it more desirable to me. It was then especially that I daily congratulated myself upon the resolution I had had the good sense to take, unmindful of the clamors of my friends, who were vexed at seeing me delivered from their tyranny; and when I heard of the attempt of a madman, when De Leyre and Madam d'Epinay spoke to me in letters of the trouble and agitation which reigned in Paris, how thankful was I to Heaven for having placed me at a distance from all such spectacles of horror and guilt. These would have been continued and increased the bilious humor which the sight of public disorders had given me; whilst seeing nothing around me in my retirement but gay and pleasing objects, my heart was wholly abandoned to sentiments which were amiable.

I remark here with pleasure the course of the last peaceful moments that were left me. The spring succeeding to this winter, which had been so calm, developed the germ of the misfortunes I have yet to describe; in the tissue of which, a like interval, wherein I had leisure to respite, will not be found.

The return of spring had increased my amorous delirium, and in my melancholy, occasioned by the excess of my transports, I had composed for the last parts of Eloisa several letters, wherein evident marks of the rapture in which I wrote them are found. Amongst others I may quote those from the Elysium, and the excursion upon the lake, which, if my memory does not deceive me, are at the end of the fourth part. Whoever, in reading these letters, does not feel his heart soften and melt into the tenderness by which they were dictated, ought to lay down the book: nature has refused him the means of judging of sentiment.

Precisely at the same time I received an unforeseen visit from Madam d'Houdetot, in the absence of her husband, who was captain of the *Gendarmarie,* and of her lover, who was also in the service. She had come to Eaubonne, in the middle of the Valley of Montmorency, where she had taken a pretty

house, from thence she made a new excursion to the Hermitage. She came on horseback, and dressed in men's clothes. Although I am not very fond of this kind of masquerade, I was struck with the romantic appearance she made, and, for once, it was with love. As this was the first and only time in all my life, the consequence of which will forever render it terrible to my remembrance, I must take the permission to enter into some particulars on the subject.

She had been married very young and against her inclinations to the Comte d'Houdetot, a man of fashion, and a good officer; but a man who loved play and chicane, who was not very amiable, and whom she never loved. She found in M. de Saint Lambert all the merit of her husband, with more agreeable qualities of mind, joined with virtue and talents. If anything in the manners of the age can be pardoned, it is an attachment which duration renders more pure, to which its effects do honor, and which becomes cemented by reciprocal esteem.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary emotions I had felt when near to her, I did not at first perceive what had happened to me. Guilty without remorse, I soon became so without measure; and I entreat it may be observed in what manner my passion followed my nature, at length to plunge me into an abyss.

Ah! if I had lived so long without feeling the power of real love, my heart and senses abundantly paid the arrears. What, therefore, are the transports we feel with the object of our affections by whom we are beloved, since the passions of which my idol did not partake inspired such as I felt?

After her husband's return to the army, I found Madam d'Houdetot greatly changed in her manner with me. At this I was as much surprised as if it had not been what I ought to have expected; it affected me more than it ought to have done, and did me considerable harm. It seemed that everything from which I expected a cure, still plunged deeper into my heart the dart, which I at length broke in rather than drew out.

I was quite determined to conquer myself, and leave no means untried to change my foolish passion into a pure and lasting friendship. For this purpose I had formed the finest

projects in the world; for the execution of which the concurrence of Madam d'Houdetot was necessary. When I wished to speak to her I found her absent and embarrassed; I perceived I was no longer agreeable to her, and that something had passed which she would not communicate to me, and which I have never yet known. This change, and the impossibility of knowing the reason of it, grieved me to the heart.

It is now time I should come to the grand revolution of my destiny, to the catastrophe which has divided my life in two parts so different from each other, and, from a very trifling cause, produced such terrible effects.

One day, little thinking of what was to happen, Madam d'Epinay sent for me to the Chevrette. The moment I saw her I perceived in her eyes and whole countenance an appearance of uneasiness, which struck me the more, as this was not customary, nobody knowing better than she did how to govern her features and her movements. "My friend," said she to me, "I am immediately going to set off for Geneva; my breast is in a bad state, and my health so deranged that I must go and consult Tronchin." I was the more astonished at this resolution so suddenly taken, and at the beginning of the bad season of the year, as thirty-six hours before she had not, when I left her, so much as thought of it. I asked her who she would take with her. She said her son and M. de Linant; and afterwards carelessly added, "And you, dear, will you not go also?" As I did not think she spoke seriously, knowing that at the season of the year I was scarcely in a situation to go to my chamber, I joked upon the utility of the company of one sick person to another. She herself had not seemed to make the proposition seriously, and here the matter dropped. The rest of our conversation ran upon the necessary preparations for her journey, about which she immediately gave orders, being determined to set off within a fortnight. She lost nothing by my refusal, having prevailed upon her husband to accompany her.

Thereafter, however, my situation was deplorable. I perceived all my friends withdrew themselves from me without knowing how or for why. Diderot, who boasted of the continuation of his attachment, and who, for three months past, had promised me a visit, did not come. The winter began

to make its appearance, and brought with it my habitual disorders. My constitution, although vigorous, had been unequal to the combat of so many opposite passions. I was so exhausted that I had neither strength nor courage sufficient to resist the most trifling indisposition. Had my engagements, and the continued remonstrances of Diderot and Madam de Houdetot then permitted me to quit the Hermitage, I knew not where to go, nor in what manner to drag myself along. I remained stupid and immovable. The idea alone of a step to take, a letter to write, or a word to say, made me tremble. I could not however do otherwise than reply to the letters of Madam d'Epinay without acknowledging myself to be worthy of the treatment with which she and her friend Grimm overwhelmed me. I determined upon notifying to her my sentiments and resolutions, not doubting a moment that from humanity, generosity, propriety, and the good manner of thinking, I imagined I had observed in her, notwithstanding her bad one, she would immediately subscribe to them. My letter was as follows:

HERMITAGE, *23d Nov., 1757.*

"Were it possible to die of grief I should not now be alive. But I have at length determined to triumph over everything. Friendship, madam, is extinguished between us, but that which no longer exists still has its rights, and I respect them. I have not forgotten your goodness to me, and you may, on my part, expect as much gratitude as it is possible to have towards a person I no longer can love. All further explanation would be useless. I have in my favor my own conscience, and I return you your letter.

"I wished to quit the Hermitage, and I ought to have done it. My friends pretend I must stay there until spring; and since my friends desire it I will remain there until that season if you will consent to my stay."

After writing and dispatching this letter all I thought of was remaining quiet at the Hermitage and taking care of my health; of endeavoring to recover my strength, and taking measures to remove in the spring without noise or making the rupture public. But these were not the intentions either of Grimm or Madam d'Epinay, as it will presently appear.

A few days afterwards, I had the pleasure of receiving from Diderot the visit he had so frequently promised, and in which he had as constantly failed. He could not have come more opportunely; he was my oldest friend: almost the only one who remained to me; the pleasure I felt in seeing him, as things were circumstanced, may easily be imagined. My heart was full, and I disclosed it to him. I explained to him several facts which either had not come to his knowledge, or had been disguised or suppressed. I informed him, as far as I could do it with propriety, of all that had passed. I did not affect to conceal from him that with which he was but too well acquainted, that a passion equally unreasonable and unfortunate, had been the cause of my destruction; but I never acknowledged that Madam d'Houdetot had been made acquainted with it, or at least that I had declared it to her.

On the 10th of December I received from Madam d'Epinay the following answer to my preceding letter:

GENEVA, *1st December, 1757.*

"After having for several years given you every possible mark of friendship all I can now do is to pity you. You are very unhappy. I wish your conscience may be as calm as mine. This may be necessary to the repose of your whole life.

"Since you are determined to quit the Hermitage, and are persuaded that you ought to do it, I am astonished your friends have prevailed upon you to stay there. For my part I never consult mine upon my duty, and I have nothing further to say to you upon your own."

Such an unforeseen dismission, and so fully pronounced, left me not a moment to hesitate. It was necessary to quit immediately, let the weather and my health be in what state they might, although I were to sleep in the woods and upon the snow, with which the ground was then covered, and in defiance of everything Madam d'Houdetot might say; for I was willing to do everything to please her except render myself infamous.

I never had been so embarrassed in my whole life as I then was; but my resolution was taken. I swore, let what would happen, not to sleep at the Hermitage on the night of that day

week. I began to prepare for sending away my effects, resolving to leave them in the open field rather than not give up the key in the course of the week: for I was determined everything should be done before a letter could be written to Geneva, and an answer to it received. I never felt myself so inspired with courage: I had recovered all my strength. Honor and indignation, upon which Madam d'Epinay had not calculated, contributed to restore me to vigor. Fortune aided my audacity. M. Mathas, fiscal procurer, heard of my embarrassment. He sent to offer me a little house he had in his garden of Mont Louis, at Montmorency. I accepted it with eagerness and gratitude. The bargain was soon concluded: I immediately sent to purchase a little furniture to add to that we already had. My effects I had carted away with a deal of trouble, and a great expense: notwithstanding the ice and snow my removal was completed in a couple of days, and on the fifteenth of December I gave up the keys of the Hermitage, after having paid the wages of the gardener, not being able to pay my rent.

With respect to Madam le Vasseur, I told her we must part; her daughter attempted to make me renounce my resolution, but I was inflexible. I sent her off to Paris in a carriage of the messenger with all the furniture and effects she and her daughter had in common. I gave her some money, and engaged to pay her lodging with her children, or elsewhere to provide for her subsistence as much as it should be possible for me to do it, and never to let her want bread as long as I should have it myself.

Finally the day after my arrival at *Mont Louis,* I wrote to Madam d'Epinay the following letter:

MONTMORENCY, *17th December, 1757.*

"Nothing, madam, is so natural and necessary as to leave your house the moment you no longer approve of my remaining there. Upon your refusing your consent to my passing the rest of the winter at the Hermitage I quitted it on the fifteenth of December. My destiny was to enter it in spite of myself and to leave it the same. I thank you for the residence you prevailed upon me to make there, and I would thank you still more had I paid for it less dear. You are

right in believing me unhappy; nobody upon earth knows better than yourself to what a degree I must be so. If being deceived in the choice of our friends be a misfortune, it is another not less cruel to recover from so pleasing an error."

Such is the faithful narrative of my residence at the Hermitage, and of the reasons which obliged me to leave it. I could not break off the recital, it was necessary to continue it with the greatest exactness; this epoch of my life having had upon the rest of it an influence which will extend to my latest remembrance.

X

The extraordinary degree of strength a momentary effervescence had given me to quit the Hermitage, left me the moment I was out of it. I was scarcely established in my new habitation before I frequently suffered from retentions, which were accompanied by a new complaint; that of a rupture, from which I had for some time, without knowing what it was, felt great inconvenience. I soon was reduced to the most cruel state. The physician Thierry, my old friend, came to see me, and made me acquainted with my situation. The sight of all the apparatus of the infirmities of years, made me severely feel that when the body is no longer young, the heart is not so with impunity. The fine season did not restore me, and I passed the whole year, 1758, in a state of languor, which made me think I was almost at the end of my career. I saw, with impatience, the closing scene approach. Recovered from the chimeras of friendship, and detached from everything which had rendered life desirable to me, I saw nothing more in it that could make it agreeable; all I perceived was wretchedness and misery, which prevented me from enjoying myself. I sighed after the moment when I was to be free and escape from my enemies. But I must follow the order of events.

My retreat to Montmorency seemed to disconcert Madam d'Epinay; probably she did not expect it. My melancholy situation, the severity of the season, the general dereliction of me by my friends, all made her and Grimm believe, that by driving me to the last extremity, they should oblige me to implore mercy, and thus, by vile meanness, render myself

contemptible, to be suffered to remain in an asylum which honor commanded me to leave. I left it so suddenly that they had not time to prevent the step from being taken, and they were reduced to the alternative of double or quit, to endeavor to ruin me entirely, or to prevail upon me to return. Grimm chose the former; but I am of opinion Madam d'Epinay would have preferred the latter, and this from her answer to my last letter, in which she seemed to have laid aside the airs she had given herself in the preceding ones, and to give an opening to an accommodation.

After what had passed, not having the least confidence in Madam d'Epinay, I was unwilling to renew my connection with her; I returned no answer to this letter, and there our correspondence ended. Perceiving I had taken my resolution, she took hers; and, entering into all the views of Grimm and the *Coterie Holbachique,* she united her efforts with theirs to accomplish my destruction. Whilst they maneuvered at Paris, she did the same at Geneva. Grimm, who afterwards went to her there, completed what she had begun. Tronchin, whom they had no difficulty in gaining over, seconded them powerfully, and became the most violent of my persecutors, without having against me, any more than Grimm had, the least subject of complaint. They all three spread in silence that of which the effects were seen there four years afterwards.

They had more trouble at Paris, where I was better known to the citizens, whose hearts, less disposed to hatred, less easily received its impressions. The better to direct their blow, they began by giving out that it was I who had left them. Thence, still feigning to be my friends, they dexterously spread their malignant accusations by complaining of the injustice of their friend. Their auditors, thus thrown off their guard, listened more attentively to what was said of me, and were inclined to blame my conduct. The secret accusations of perfidy and ingratitude were made with greater precaution, and by that means with greater effect. I knew they imputed to me the most atrocious crimes without being able to learn in what these consisted. All I could infer from public rumor was that this was founded upon the four following capital offenses: my retiring to the country; my passion for Madam d'Houdetot; my refusing to accompany Madam d'Epinay to Geneva,

and my leaving the Hermitage. If to these they added other griefs, they took their measures so well that it has hitherto been impossible for me to learn the subject of them.

I should have sunk, I have not a doubt of it, under these torments, too cruel and insupportable to my open disposition, which, by the impossibility of concealing my sentiments, makes me fear everything from those concealed from me, if fortunately objects sufficiently interesting to my heart to divert it from others with which, in spite of myself, my imagination was filled, had not presented themselves.

Having nothing more to disturb me, I took advantage of my leisure and independence to continue my literary pursuits with more coherence. I this winter finished my Eloisa, and sent it to Rey, who had it printed the year following.

Since I had shaken off the yoke of my tyrants, I led a life sufficiently agreeable and peaceful; deprived of the charm of too strong attachments I was delivered from the weight of their chains. Disgusted with the friends who pretended to be my protectors, and wished absolutely to dispose of me at will, and in spite of myself, to subject me to their pretended good services, I resolved in future to have no other connections than those of simple benevolence. These, without the least constraint upon liberty, constitute the pleasure of society, of which equality is the basis. I had of them as many as were necessary to enable me to taste of the charm of liberty without being subject to the dependence of it; and as soon as I had made an experiment of this manner of life, I felt it was the most proper to my age, to end my days in peace, far removed from the agitations, quarrels and cavilings in which I had just been half submerged. Unfortunately I was again led into society by an invitation to make my home in the splendid mansion of the Marechal Duke de Luxembourg.

BOOK XI

Although Eloisa, which for a long time had been in the press, did not yet, at the end of the year, 1760, appear, the work already began to make a great noise. Madam de Luxembourg had spoken of it at court, and Madam de Houdetot at Paris. The latter had obtained from me permission for

Saint Lambert to read the manuscript to the King of Poland, who had been delighted with it. Duclos, to whom I had also given the perusal of the work, had spoken of it at the academy. All Paris was impatient to see the novel; the booksellers of the Rue Saint Jacques, and that of the Palais Royal, were beset with people who came to inquire when it was to be published. It was at length brought out, and the success it had answered, contrary to custom, to the impatience with which it had been expected. The dauphiness, who was one of the first who read it, spoke of it to M. de Luxembourg as a ravishing performance. The opinions of men of letters differed from each other, but in those of any other class approbation was general, especially with the women, who became so intoxicated with the book and the author, that there was not one in high life with whom I might not have succeeded had I undertaken to do it. Of this I have such proofs as I will not commit to paper, and which without the aid of experience, authorized my opinion. It is singular that the book should have succeeded better in France than in the rest of Europe, although the French, both men and women, are severely treated in it. Contrary to my expectation it was least successful in Switzerland, and most so in Paris. Do friendship, love and virtue reign in this capital more than elsewhere? Certainly not; but there reigns in it an exquisite sensibility which transports the heart to their image, and makes us cherish in others the pure, tender and virtuous sentiments we no longer possess. Corruption is everywhere the same; virtue and morality no longer exist in Europe; but if the least love of them still remains, it is in Paris that this will be found.

In the midst of so many prejudices and feigned passions, the real sentiments of nature are not to be distinguished from others, unless we well know to analyze the human heart. A very nice discrimination, not to be acquired except by the education of the world, is necessary to feel the finesses of the heart, if I dare use the expression, with which this work abounds. I do not hesitate to place the fourth part of it upon an equality with the Princess of Cleves; nor to assert that had these two works been read nowhere but in the provinces, their merit would never have been discovered. It must not, therefore, be considered as a matter of aston-

ishment, that the greatest success of my work was at court. It abounds with lively but veiled touches of the pencil, which could not but give pleasure there, because the persons who frequent it are more accustomed than others to discover them. A distinction must, however, be made. The work is by no means proper for the species of men of wit who have nothing but cunning, who possess no other kind of discernment than that which penetrates evil, and see nothing where good only is to be found. If, for instance, Eloisa had been published in a certain country, I am convinced it would not have been read through by a single person, and the work would have been stifled in its birth.

In the midst of my success with the women and the public, I felt I lost ground at the Hotel de Luxembourg, not with the marechal, whose goodness to me seemed daily to increase, but with his lady. Since I had had nothing more to read to her, the door of her apartment was not so frequently open to me, and during her stay at Montmorency, although I regularly presented myself, I seldom saw her except at table. My place even there was not distinctly marked out as usual. As she no longer offered me that by her side, and spoke to me but seldom, not having on my part much to say to her, I was well satisfied with another, where I was more at my ease, especially in the evening; for I mechanically contracted the habit of placing myself nearer and nearer to the marechal.

It is singular with what fatality everything I could say and do seemed of a nature to displease Madam de Luxembourg, even when I had it most at heart to preserve her friendship.

Whilst my stupidity and awkwardness injured me in her opinion, persons whom she frequently saw and most loved, were far from being disposed to aid me in gaining what I had lost. The Abbé de Boufflers especially, a young man as lofty as it was possible for a man to be, never seemed well disposed towards me; and besides his being the only person of the society of Madam de Luxembourg who never showed me the least attention, I thought I perceived I lost something with her every time he came to the castle.

My talent was that of telling men useful but severe truths with energy and courage; to this it was necessary to confine

myself. Not only I was not born to flatter, but I knew not how to commend. The awkwardness of the manner in which I have sometimes bestowed eulogium has done me more harm than the severity of my censure. Of this I have to adduce one terrible instance, the consequences of which have not only fixed my fate for the rest of my life, but will perhaps decide on my reputation throughout all posterity.

During the residence of M. de Luxembourg at Montmorency, M. de Choiseul sometimes came to supper at the castle. He arrived there one day after I had left it. My name was mentioned, and M. de Luxembourg related to him what had happened at Venice between me and M. de Montaigu, M. de Choiseul said it was a pity I had quitted that track, and that if I chose to enter it again he would most willingly give me employment. M. de Luxembourg told me what had passed. Of this I was the more sensible as I was not accustomed to be spoiled by ministers, and had I been in a better state of health it is not certain that I should not have been guilty of a new folly. Ambition never had power over my mind except during the short intervals in which every other passion left me at liberty; but one of these intervals would have been sufficient to determine me. This good intention of M. de Choiseul gained him my attachment and increased the esteem which, in consequence of some operations in his administration, I had conceived for his talents; and the family compact in particular had appeared to me to evince a statesman of the first order. He moreover gained ground in my estimation by the little respect I entertained for his predecessors, not even excepting Madam de Pompadour, whom I considered as a species of prime minister, and when it was reported that one of these two would expel the other, I thought I offered up prayers for the honor of France when I wished M. de Choiseul might triumph. I had always felt an antipathy to Madam de Pompadour, even before her preferment; I had seen her with Madam de la Popliniere when her name was still Madam d'Etioles. I was afterwards dissatisfied with her silence on the subject of Diderot, and with her proceedings relative to myself, as well on the subject of the *Muses Galantes,* as on that of the *Devin du Village,* which had not in any manner produced me advantages proportioned to its suc-

cess; and on all occasions I had found her but little disposed to serve me. This however did not prevent the Chevalier de Lorenzy from proposing to me to write something in praise of that lady, insinuating that I might acquire some advantage by it. The proposition excited my indignation, the more as I perceived it did not come from himself, knowing that, passive as he was, he thought and acted according to the impulsion he received. I am so little accustomed to constraint that it was impossible for me to conceal from him my disdain, nor from anybody the moderate opinion I had of the favorite; this I am sure she knew, and thus my own interest was added to my natural inclination in the wishes I formed for M. de Choiseul. Having a great esteem for his talents, which was all I knew of him, full of gratitude for his kind intentions, and moreover unacquainted in my retirement with his taste and manner of living, I already considered him as the avenger of the public and myself; and being at that time writing the conclusion of my Social Contract, I stated in it, in a single passage, what I thought of preceding ministers, and of him by whom they began to be eclipsed. On this occasion I acted contrary to my most constant maxim; and besides, I did not recollect that, in bestowing praise and strongly censuring in the same article, without naming the persons, the language must be so appropriate to those to whom it is applicable, that the most ticklish pride cannot find in it the least thing equivocal. I was in this respect in such an imprudent security, that I never once thought it was possible any one should make a false application. It will soon appear whether or not I was right.

My acquaintance with M. and Madam de Luxembourg, though it diverted me a little from my plan of retirement, did not make me entirely renounce it. Even at the time I was most in favor with Madam de Luxembourg, I always felt that nothing but my sincere attachment to the marechal and herself could render to me supportable the people with whom they were connected, and all the difficulty I had was in conciliating this attachment with a manner of life more agreeable to my inclination, and less contrary to my health, which constraint and late suppers continually deranged, notwithstanding all the care taken to prevent it; for in this, as in every-

thing else, attention was carried as far as possible; thus, for instance, every evening after supper the marechal, who went early to bed, never failed, notwithstanding everything that could be said to the contrary, to make me withdraw at the same time. It was not until some little time before my catastrophe that, for what reason I know not, he ceased to pay me that attention. Before I perceived the coolness of Madam de Luxembourg, I was desirous, that I might not expose myself to it, to execute my old project; but not having the means to that effect, I was obliged to wait for the conclusion of the agreement for Emilius, and in the time I finished the Social Contract, and sent it to Rey, fixing the price of the manuscript at a thousand livres (forty-one pounds), which he paid me.

Besides these two books and my dictionary of music, at which I still did something as opportunity offered, I had other works of less importance ready to make their appearance, and which I proposed to publish either separately or in my general collection, should I ever undertake it. The principal of these works, most of which are still in manuscript in the hands of De Peyrou, was an essay on the origin of Languages, which I had read to M. de Malesherbes and the Chevalier de Lorenzy, who spoke favorably of it. I expected all the productions together would produce me a net capital of from eight to ten thousand livres (three to four hundred pounds), which I intended to sink in annuities for my life and that of Théresa; after which, our design, as I have already mentioned, was to go and live together in the midst of some province, without further troubling the public about me, or myself with any other project than that of peacefully ending my days and still continuing to do in my neighborhood all the good in my power, and to write at leisure the memoirs which I intended.

The *Social Contract* was soon printed. This was not the case with *Emilius,* for the publication of which I waited to go into the retirement I meditated.

I had lived at Montmorency for the last four years without ever having had there one day of good health. Although the air is excellent, the water is bad, and this may possibly be one of the causes which contributed to increase my habitual com-

plaints. Towards the end of the autumn of 1761, I fell quite ill, and passed the whole winter in suffering almost without intermission. The physical ill, augmented by a thousand inquietudes, rendered these terrible. For some time past my mind had been disturbed by melancholy forebodings without my knowing to what these directly tended. I received anonymous letters of an extraordinary nature, and others, that were signed, much of the same import. I received one from a counselor of the parliament of Paris, who, dissatisfied with the present constitution of things, and foreseeing nothing but disagreeable events, consulted me upon the choice of an asylum at Geneva or in Switzerland, to retire to with his family. Another was brought me from M. de ——, *president a mortier* of the parliament of ——, who proposed to me to draw up for this Parliament, which was then at variance with the court, memoirs and remonstrances, and offering to furnish me with all the documents and materials necessary for that purpose.

When I suffer I am subject to ill humor. This was the case when I received these letters, and my answers to them, in which I flatly refused everything that was asked of me, bore strong marks of the effect they had had upon my mind. I do not however reproach myself with this refusal, as the letters might be so many snares laid by my enemies, and what was required of me was contrary to the principles from which I was less willing than ever to swerve. But having it within my power to refuse with politeness I did it with rudeness, and in this consists my error. . . .

BOOK XII

With this book begins the work of darkness, in which I have for the last eight years been enveloped, though it has not by any means been possible for me to penetrate the dreadful obscurity. In the abyss of evil into which I am plunged, I feel the blows reach me, without perceiving the hand by which they are directed or the means it employs. Shame and misfortune seem of themselves to fall upon me. When in the affliction of my heart I suffer a groan to escape me, I have the appearance of a man who complains without reason, and the authors of my ruin have the inconceivable art of rendering

the public unknown to itself, or without its perceiving the effects of it, accomplice in their conspiracy. Therefore, in my narrative of circumstances relative to myself, of the treatment I have received, and all that has happened to me, I shall not be able to indicate the hand by which the whole has been directed, nor assign the causes, while I state the effect. The primitive causes are all given in the preceding books; and everything in which I am interested, and all the secret motives pointed out. But it is impossible for me to explain, even by conjecture, that in which the different causes are combined to operate the strange events of my life.

I did not remain long in doubt about the reception which awaited me at Geneva, had I chosen to return to that city. My book was burned there, and on the 18th of June, nine days after an order to arrest me had been given at Paris, another to the same effect was determined upon by the republic. So many incredible absurdities were stated in this second decree, in which the ecclesiastical edict was formally violated, that I refused to believe the first accounts I heard of it, and when these were well confirmed, I trembled lest so manifest an infraction of every law, beginning with that of common-sense, should create the greatest confusion in the city. I was, however, relieved from my fears; everything remained quiet. If there was any rumor amongst the populace, it was unfavorable to me, and I was publicly treated by all the gossips and pedants like a scholar threatened with a flogging for not having said his catechism. . . .

The further I advance in my narrative, the less order I feel myself capable of observing. The agitation of the rest of my life has deranged in my ideas the succession of events. These are too numerous, confused, and disagreeable to be recited in due order. The only strong impression they have left upon my mind is that of the horrid mystery by which the cause of them is concealed, and of the deplorable state to which they have reduced me. My narrative will in future be irregular, and according to the events which, without order, may occur to my recollection. I remember about the time to which I refer, full of the idea of my confessions, I very imprudently spoke of them to everybody, never imagining it could be the wish or interest, much less within the power of

any person whatsoever, to throw an obstacle in the way of this undertaking, and had I suspected it, even this would not have rendered me more discreet, as from the nature of my disposition it is totally impossible for me to conceal either my thoughts or feelings. The knowledge of this enterprise was, as far as I can judge, the cause of the storm that was raised to drive me from Switzerland, and deliver me into the hands of those by whom I might be prevented from executing it.

After this, the people, openly excited by the ministers, laughed at the rescripts of the king, and the orders of the council of state, and shook off all restraint. I was declaimed against from the pulpit, called antichrist, and pursued in the country like a mad wolf. My Armenian dress discovered me to the populace; of this I felt the cruel inconvenience, but to quit it in such circumstances, appeared to me an act of cowardice. I could not prevail upon myself to do it, and I quietly walked through the country with my caffetan and fur bonnet in the midst of the hootings of the dregs of the people, and sometimes through a shower of stones. Several times as I passed before houses, I heard those by whom they were inhabited call out: "Bring me my gun, that I may fire at him." As I did not on this account hasten my pace, my calmness increased their fury, but they never went further than threats, at least with respect to firearms.

During the fermentation I received from two circumstances the most sensible pleasure. The first was my having it in my power to prove my gratitude by means of the lord marshal. The honest part of the inhabitants of Neuchatel, full of indignation at the treatment I received, and the maneuvers of which I was the victim, held the ministers in execration, clearly perceiving they were obedient to a foreign impulse, and the vile agents of people, who, in making them act, kept themselves concealed; they were moreover afraid my case would have dangerous consequences, and be made a precedent for the purpose of establishing a real inquisition.

After much persecution I determined, in consequence of the invitation of my lord marshal, upon a journey to Berlin, leaving Théresa to pass the winter in the island of St. Peter, with my books and effects, and depositing my papers in the hands of M. du Peyrou. I used so much diligence that the next

morning I arrived at Bienne before noon. An accident, which I cannot pass over in silence, had here well nigh put an end to my journey.

As soon as the news of my having received an order to quit my asylum was circulated, I received a great number of visits from the neighborhood, and especially from the Bernois, who came with the most detestable falsehood to flatter and soothe me, protesting that my persecutors had seized the moment of the vacation of the senate to obtain and send me the order, which, said they, had excited the indignation of the two hundred. Some of these comforters came from the city of Bienne, a little free state within that of Berne, and amongst others a young man of the name of Wildremet whose family was of the first rank, and had the greatest credit in that city. Wildremet strongly solicited me in the name of his fellow-citizens to choose my retreat amongst them, assuring me that they were anxiously desirous of it, and that they would think it an honor and their duty to make me forget the persecutions I had suffered; that with them I had nothing to fear from the influence of the Bernois, that Bienne was a free city, governed by its own laws, and that the citizens were unanimously resolved not to hearken to any solicitation which should be unfavorable to me. I was at length overcome, and consented to remain at Bienne, at least until the spring.

Wildremet immediately set about providing me with a lodging, and boasted, as a fortunate discovery, of a dirty little chamber in the back of the house, on the third story, looking into a courtyard, where I had for a view the display of the stinking skins of a dresser of chamois leather. My host was a man of a mean appearance, and a good deal of a rascal; the next day after I went to his house I heard that he was a debauchee, a gamester, and in bad credit in the neighborhood. He had neither wife, children, nor servants, and shut up in my solitary chamber, I was in the midst of one of the most agreeable countries in Europe, lodged in a manner to make me die of melancholy in the course of a few days. What affected me most was, that, notwithstanding what I had heard of the anxious wish of the inhabitants to receive me amongst them, I had not perceived, as I passed through the streets, anything polite towards me in their manners or obliging in

their looks. I was, however, determined to remain there; but I learned, saw, and felt, the day after, that there was in the city a terrible fermentation, of which I was the cause. Several persons hastened obligingly to inform me that on the next day I was to receive an order conceived in the most severe terms, immediately to quit the state, that is the city. I had nobody in whom I could confide; they who had detained me were dispersed. One, M. de Van Travers, a Bernois, who had an agreeable house not far from the city, offered it to me for my asylum, hoping, as he said, that I might there avoid being stoned. The advantage this offer held out was not sufficiently flattering to tempt me to prolong my abode with these hospitable people.

Yet, having lost three days by the delay, I had greatly exceeded the twenty-four hours the Bernois had given me to quit their states, and knowing their severity, I was not without apprehensions as to the manner in which they would suffer me to cross them, when the bailiff of Nidau came opportunely and relieved me from my embarrassment. As he had highly disapproved of the violent proceedings of their excellencies, he thought, in his generosity, he owed me some public proof of his taking no part in them, and had courage to leave his bailiwick to come and pay me a visit at Bienne. He did me this favor the evening before my departure, and far from being incognito he affected ceremony, coming *in fiocchi* in his coach with his secretary, and brought me a passport in his own name that I might cross the state of Berne at my ease, and without fear of molestation. I was more flattered by the visit than by the passport, and should have been as sensible of the merit of it, had it had for object any other person whatsoever. Nothing makes a greater impression on my heart than a well-timed act of courage in favor of the weak unjustly oppressed.

At length, after having with difficulty procured a chaise, I next morning left this barbarous country, before the arrival of the deputation with which I was to be honored, and even before I had seen Théresa, to whom I had written to come to me, when I thought I should remain at Bienne, and whom I had scarcely time to countermand by a short letter, informing her of my new disaster. In the third part of my memoirs, if

ever I be able to write them, I shall state in what manner, thinking to set off for Berlin, I really took my departure for England, and the means by which the two ladies who wished to dispose of my person, after having by their maneuvers driven me from Switzerland, where I was not sufficiently in their power, at last delivered me into the hands of their friend.

I added what follows on reading my memoirs to M. and Madam, the Countess of Egmont, the Prince Pignatelli, the Marchioness of Mesme, and the Marquis of Juigné.

I have written the truth: if any person has heard of things contrary to those I have just stated, were they a thousand times proved, he has heard calumny and falsehood; and if he refuses thoroughly to examine and compare them with me whilst I am alive, he is not a friend either to justice or truth. For my part, I openly, and without the least fear declare, that whoever, even without having read my works, shall have examined with his own eyes, my disposition, character, manners, inclinations, pleasures, and habits and pronounce me a dishonest man, is himself one who deserves a gibbet.

Thus I concluded, and every person was silent; Madam d'Egmont was the only person who seemed affected; she visibly trembled, but soon recovered herself, and was silent like the rest of the company. Such were the fruits of my reading and declaration.

END OF "THE CONFESSIONS"

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